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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ÉMĪN.

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
EMIN JOSEPH EMIN
1726—1809

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

SECOND EDITION

WITH PORTRAIT, CORRESPONDENCE, REPRODUCTIONS OF ORIGINAL
LETTERS AND MAP

EDITED BY HIS GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER

AMY APCAR

*Writer in modern musical notation of "Melodies of the Liturgy," "Melodies of Five
Offices in Holy Week," and "Melodies of Christmas and Easter,"
according to the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia.*

CALCUTTA

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS,
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1918

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THE
L I F E
AND
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
JOSEPH ÉMİN,
AN ARMENIAN.

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY HIMSELF.

LONDON:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1792.



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*The entire proceeds of the sale of this book
will be devoted to the needs of
the Soldiers of Great Britain
Crippled
in
The War for Liberty.*

FOREWORD.

Two years ago, when I decided on reprinting the "Life and Adventures" of my great-great-grandfather, I had in my possession no papers, letters, documents, or evidence of any kind concerning him, nor did I know of the existence of any, other than the book itself. A dilapidated copy of his "Life," and the simple inscription on the stone with its design of cannon and drums covering his remains in the churchyard of Nazareth's Armenian Church in this city, represented all that I knew of him. And I began to realize the truth of what he said in 1788, when he wrote that "in twenty years more, when he and all his good friends who knew his accounts to be true, shall be dead and gone he would be looked upon as a mere romancer."

Not knowing where to turn for some information about him, his frequent references to "the celebrated Mrs. Montagu" led me to look up the name of this lady in a biographical dictionary, and, almost simultaneously, in the strange way in which one thing so often leads to another, I came on the advertisement, in a bookseller's catalogue, of the "Letters of Elizabeth Montagu," published ten years previously by her great-great-niece, Mrs. E. J. Climençon. Thinking that this book might perhaps contain some slight references to my ancestor I sent immediately to England for a copy. To my surprise it proved to be the first link in the chain of evidence which thenceforward began to unfold itself.

Joseph Emin had come to know Mrs. Montagu through Lord (then Earl, later Duke of) Northumberland, who had befriended him when, after running away from his father in Calcutta, he had passed over four years in London struggling hard for his existence, sometimes on three halfpence a day, "without Money, without Friend, or any Body but Lord in heaven!" And, amongst the mass of correspondence (68 boxes, each containing from 100 to 150 letters) left by the "Queen of the Blue Stockings," as she was called, there were over twenty letters written by Emin the Armenian to herself and to her friends, besides copies of other letters made for her information, for she was much interested in him and exerted her influence in many ways to help him to attain his objects. While no letter, or any specimen of his handwriting, was to be found amongst his descendants in India, these letters had been carefully stored away by his kind friend in England—eventually, after the passing away of more than a hundred and fifty years, to come into my possession—for, after communicating with Mrs. Climençon, I acquired from her all the letters of Joseph Emin that she still possessed. Some, unfortunately,

had been already disposed of, for, as she wrote to me, little did she think she would ever hear of a descendant of Emin. Mrs. Climenson's work, containing many references to the people and the events of which he wrote, has been of great assistance to me, and I have to thank her for her permission to quote from it. Through Mrs. Climenson also, I heard of the existence of a portrait, which was a great surprise. I am greatly indebted to Lord Cobham for his kind permission, so willingly given, for the portrait to be photographed for reproduction in this book, to which it makes a very welcome and unexpected addition. There is a very faint inscription on the portrait which does not appear in the photograph, and of which the only legible words are

ARMENIA

AND

GEORGIA

and Lord Cobham considers that it is likely that the picture was the work of Arthur Pond, who painted several portraits for George Lord Lyttelton.

My grateful thanks are due to the Ven. W. K. Firminger, Archdeacon of Calcutta, for much kind help, constantly given, during the past two years. The Archdeacon informed me of the accounts of Joseph Emin in Lord Teignmouth's *Life of Sir William Jones*, and in Prior's *Life of Edmund Burke*; of the Notes in Morton's *Decisions*, and of the documents in the Imperial Record Department. Through the Archdeacon, who wrote to Mr. William Foster of the India Office, I received the notes on the events at Basra, and on the Hon. F. Stuart; and I have also to thank him for permission to quote the letter of the Armenians to Sir Elijah Impey and the Judges of the High Court from the *Rare Pamphlet*, reprinted in that most interesting publication of which he is the Editor, *Bengal; Past and Present*, from the pages of which I have gathered much information regarding the subscribers to Emin's book, as well as on many other matters.

My thanks are due to the Rev. I. S. Johannes and to the Rev. Garékin Johannes for searching out and translating Armenian inscriptions and records, and for other information kindly given; also to Mr. V. M. Galoostian for his help in translating from Raffi's *History of the Five Meliks*, for the Note on the Meliks of Karabagh.

And last, but by no means least, I have to warmly thank my cousin, Mrs. Walter Gregory, who, fortunately for me, happened to be in England when I began working on this book, for all the kind help I have received from her—in visiting the British Museum for the purpose of copying down the extracts from the pamphlets on the St. Malo Expedition; in taking over the original letters from Mrs. Climenson, and arranging for the troublesome business of the reproduction of these and of the portrait; and in generally acting for me in many things which

I, at such a distance, and in such troubled times, could scarcely have accomplished without her whole-hearted and untiring assistance throughout the past two years.

After the manner of the period the book was published in one unbroken narrative from beginning to end. I have divided it into parts and chapters, heading each chapter with a summary of the contents, and it is still further broken up by the insertion of notes, in smaller type than the narrative (besides foot-notes), on the personages and events mentioned in the preceding chapters, which seemed preferable to continual references to an appendix, to which few would take the trouble of turning. The spelling and punctuation of the original have been strictly adhered to. Nothing has been changed except the long s's. Emin's spelling of geographical, and even of personal, names in Armenia and Persia often varies in different places, but all, even the misprints, have been retained as found in the book. In modern maps, and I regret having failed to discover an old one, Armenian and Persian names are replaced by Russian and Turkish ones, which makes it difficult to follow his wanderings in those regions.

The original letters are printed exactly as written, excepting those quoted from Mrs. Climensson's book (the originals of which I do not possess), the spelling of which had been corrected. It is well-known that spelling in the eighteenth century had taken no decided or authorized form, and very often people, presumably educated, occupying the highest positions in life, did not spell much better than Emin, who was a foreigner, and a stranger to the language. Frederick of Prussia could not spell correctly either in German or in French, and Mrs. Climensson mentions the terrible spelling of John, Duke of Montagu, a relative of Mrs. Montagu. There are some curiously modern turns of phrase in Emin's narrative, "getting into a scrape," "ten to one," and others, and when Mrs. Montagu writes—"when one considers he was a porter 5 years ago, it is some rise to be allowed free conversation with ye Duke of Cumberland," one wonders whether some of the Americanisms of the twentieth century may not be but English of the eighteenth.

Although Emin was known as Joseph Emin in England, and published his book under that name, Joseph was the name of his father. Amongst Armenians, then, and up to a much later period, a man was known by his own and his father's baptismal names, and family, or surnames, were not in use. At present the grandfather's baptismal name is often adopted as a surname, and as most names are biblical, Armenians consequently are frequently taken for Jews. Probably the reason of Emin using his father's name was that his baptismal and family names were the same. *Emin*, as on the reproduction of the old title page, gives

the correct Armenian pronunciation; he seems to have first spelled it Ameen, and it is so spelled by his son Joseph in the title-deeds of what is now 23 Canning St., Calcutta, a house bought by Joseph in 1811. *Emin* is really an Arab word meaning faithful, and in Persian dictionaries *Amin* is rendered *safe, faithful, superintendent*. *Iman* is faith, *amin*, faithful, and Emin seems to have been a name given to his ancestor Emin the first, "for a reason well known but not necessary to mention here," as he says. In Armenian different members of a family bearing the same name are often distinguished numerically, and the numerals one, two, and so on, are also the first and second letters of the alphabet.

Two things stand out above all others in Emin's life—the intense patriotism which moved him, forsaking his comfortable home, to set out alone and practically penniless on his attempts to rescue his countrymen from the yoke of the Mahomedans, and his remarkable popularity with all classes. Royalty, workmen, nobles, rough sailors, wild savage mountaineers, "two footed monsters," Lezgus, Kurds, Governors and civilians of the E.I. Co.,—"he is an astonishing creature," writes Mrs. Montagu, "to take thus with all kinds of people." A man with this gift must surely have accomplished something had it not been for the enmity of the powerful class of men whom he did not "take with"—the ecclesiastics—whose jealousy, culminating in a merciless plot to put an end to his existence, forced him, on his third attempt, to abandon his projects.

I cannot do better than to end by quoting the words of Lord Teignmouth describing my ancestor:

"In Emin we see the same man, who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant and subsisting by charity—the companion of nobles, and patronised by princes and monarchs, ever preserving in his deepest distresses, a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence and a firm adherence to the principles of Christianity in which he had been educated."

A. A.

44 CHOWRINGHEE,
CALCUTTA.

November, 1918.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FOREWORD	v
LETTER OF SIR WILLIAM JONES TO THE AUTHOR (1788) ..	xix
NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS	xxiii
INTRODUCTION	xxvii

PART I.

I.

1530—1744.

[Genealogy—Death of old champion, his great-great-grandfather, at 110, fighting five Janizaries—Author born at Hamadan, 1726—To Bagdad in 1731-33—Besieged by Nadir Shah—His defeat—A second siege—Nadir retires—Grandfather Michael—Mr. Dorrel, resident of Basra—Ahmad Pasha's levée—"A European army could take Bagdad in five days"—Author's father goes to Bengal—Emin to Ispahan, 1742—A kind Turk—Michael unjustly imprisoned—Freed through Emin—To Basra, thence to India.] Note. .. 1-15

II.

1744—1751.

[Voyage of two months from Surat to Calcutta—Admiral Griffin's seizure, in 1746, as enemy (French) property, of two Armenian vessels—Great loss to Emin's father and others—Emin's desire to go to England—Father's opposition—Unsuccessful attempts—Taken as a deckhand on the *Walpole*, the "last boat of the season"—Leaves Balasore February, 1751—Life on board—Quarrelsome sailors—Pudding-making and its uproarious consequences—Woolwich in six months, September, 1751—"Chimney sweepers from Bengal."] .. 15-28

III.

1751—1752.

[Lodging, at Wapping with a Swede—Penny dinners—Stephanos—An academy—Twopence halfpenny a day—Stephanos turns Roman Catholic—Emin in great distress and homeless—A soldier's sympathy—Discomforts of beer-drinking to gain respect of common people—A master bricklayer—Emin called a German because indefatigable—Three halfpence a day—Escapes kidnapping—Sir John Evelyn's grandsons—Emin adrift again—A porter on £8 a year.] Note. .. 28-44

IV.

1753—1755.

- [Stephanos in great distress—Returning good for evil—Mr. Davis and Rs. 500 for Emin—Money refused—Two years a porter—Writer to an attorney—But Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter the Great may not intrude into copies of law-suits!—Lodging with a grocer—In the Park—Edmund Burke—His great kindness.] Note. .. 45-53

V.

1755—1756.

- [An Arab horse for Lord Northumberland and his Armenian groom—Northumberland House—Mr. Bale—An interview—Letter of Joseph Ameen to the Earl of Northumberland—All is changed—Duke of Cumberland—Woolwich at the expense of H.R.H.] .. 54-64
- Emin's new friends—Letter to someone unknown, perhaps to Mr. Pitt.. 65-69

VI.

1757.

- [War with France—Duke of Cumberland leaves for Westphalia—Emin stranded—(Letter to Mrs. Montagu—to Lord Northumberland)—His friends help him—Stade—Duke's levée—The Campaign.] Note.
- Correspondence. To Dr. Monsey—to his Patronesses—to Dr. Monsey—to Mrs. Montagu—Extracts from letters of Mrs. Montagu referring to Emin—Letter from Mrs. Montagu to her sister—Emin to Lord Albemarle—to Mrs. Montagu—Lady Sophia Egerton's letter of introduction to her uncle—her letter to Emin—Emin to Lord Cathcart—to Mr. Pitt—Mrs. Montagu to her husband .. 69-93

VII.

1758.

- [Expedition against St. Malo, June 1758—Note—Letter about expedition to someone unknown—Return to England.] Letter to Lord Lyttelton. .. 93-99

VIII.

- [Letters previously written to Calcutta to Governor Drake, and to Emin's father—His father's reply—The Black Hole tragedy—Letter to Heraclius of Georgia, sent through Mr. Shaw, Resident at Basra] .. 99-113

IX.

1758.

Letter to Mrs. Montagu from the Hague.

- [Sir Joseph Yorke—Mr. Mitchell—Frederick of Prussia—His reception of Emin—Frederick's consideration for his soldiers—Dangers of

CONTENTS.

xi
PAGE

riding with royalty in the dark—Frederick's kindness to an old German—After the levée—Mr. Mitchell's report and his orders to Emin—No fighting for Emin—At Munster—At the Hague—General Yorke again—Return to London.]

Note on Sir Andrew Mitchell—Correspondence—Emin's letter to Mrs. Montagu describing Frederick of Prussia—To Lord Lyttelton—Extracts from Mrs. Montagu's letters.

Narrative resumed. [Lady Yarmouth—Emin received by Mr. Pitt.] 114-128

PART II.

X.

1759-1761.

Letters to Mr. Davis—to Dr. Monsey—to Lord Lyttelton—A missing letter from Genoa.

[Decides on going to Turkey, thence to Armenia—Leghorn—Emin "a dangerous fellow"—Severe illness at Florence—Horace Mann—Emin reciting his adventures like Othello—Governor of Leghorn grants him a passport—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evelyn—Voyage to Alexandretta—Emin poses as an Englishman to the terror of a Turk—Aleppo—Etchmiatsin—Dogs set on him by holy monks—Penance for killing a dog, property of Holy Church—Companions in penitential chamber—Set free by the Catholicos—Returns to Aleppo—To England—Dr. Patrick Russell's letter.] 129-161

XI.

1761.

[Letters of introduction to Petersburg—A reception at Lady Yarmouth's two years previously—Lord Huntingdon—Emin's description of Frederick of Prussia—Lord Huntingdon's dinner—Suggests that Emin shall establish a new religion—Emin's rebuke—Reported to Prince of Wales, who wants to help Emin—Lord Northumberland objects—Ready to live upon air to please his lordship—London to Riga—Mutiny on board—Emin pacifies sailors—Emin's praise of British navy—Petersburgh—Mr. Keith—Count Vorontsov—Empress's kind thoughts for Armenians—Letter to Lord Lyttelton from Russia.] 162-179

XII.

1762-1763.

[Proposal that Emin should enter Russian service—Firm in his desire to help his own country—Keith procures letter to Heraclius from Vorontsov—Kizlar—Russian general objects to passport—Emin returns to Astrakhan—Moscow again—An unknown friend—Interview with Vorontsov and Galitsin—Consideration of Peter the Great for Armenians—Pleurisy again—Offered command of Armenians—

Refuses—Penniless again—Lord Buckingham's nerves—Mr. Boad's help—"Damn all great men"—Kindness of Englishmen unwillingly contrasted with behaviour of Armenians—"A soldier must speak the truth."] 179-198

XIII.

1763.

[Start for Astrakhan—"Avoiding temptation"—Project of marriage—Emin "stonehearted like Charles XII. of Sweden"—Kizlar—Russian General Stupition "grumbling like a bear with his tail cut"—His German wife's exaggerations—Tiflis—Heraclius—His nobles, "born 24 hours before the devil"—The graceless wolf of an old Armenian proverb—Kherim Khan threatening Tiflis—Heraclius' cowardice and Emin's disgust—Heraclius' jealousy and treachery—The price offered for Emin's blood—Heraclius bewildered—"All haramzadas and the patriarch just as bad."] 199-222

XIV.

June, 1763.

[Emin with Heraclius' permission goes to fight the Lezgus with 24 Armenians—Encounter with 52 of the enemy—The Lezgus cannot overcome them and finally march away—Heraclius failing to send supplies Emin has to return to Tiflis—"No one can be cheerful in Tiflis for half an hour"—Emin goes with Heraclius to Kakhet where he is well treated—Mischief-making priest Phillipos upsets everything.] 222-232

XV.

1763 (*continued*).

Return with Heraclius to Tiflis, "the city of discontent"—Emin's plain-speaking—Letter from Archbishop Jonas—40,000 ready to fight for him—Brave Purseck, whom forty Georgians cannot overthrow—Emin in confinement—Supposed to be a magician—Taken out of Tiflis to a camp—Emin's servant and his adventure in search of him—Another trick on the part of Heraclius.] 232-247

XVI.

1763—'64—'65.

[Night camps amongst the Georgians—Heraclius' treachery—But Emin passes through without any mishap—Writes to the grandmother of the young lady at Astrakhan—But now that he is penniless and in trouble, they will have no more of him—Atchakan, a mountaineer from Muchkiz, offers him a troop of forty of his relatives without pay—Eight thousand mounted troops at his command—A mischief-making Armenian informs the successor of Stupition and receives

CONTENTS.

xiii

PAGE

1500 strokes for his pains—Emin's servant Turkhan arrives from Petersburg with the third and last draft from Lord Northumberland.] 247-259

XVII.

May, 1765.

[Emin, having 12,000 men under him, pretends to have formed a plan for attacking Georgians—Letter written by the faithless Marian and his reply—Sets out with his thirty "wolf-like commanders" for Chachan—Slave market at Andia—Lezgus taking a child of six to be sold—Argues with his followers with no effect, finally dismisses them—Journeys on to Khunzakh—Nutzal gives Emin escort and passport—Sets out for Catickh—Ridiculous affair at the house of a Lezgui—Hajy Mustapha's kindness to him.] 259-276

XVIII.

1766.

Plot against Heraclius and his family—Warned by an Armenian—Shaverdy Khan plotting destruction of Yusup of Gulistan—Lezgus invite Emin to accompany them on a raid—Provided with troop of 'Turkmans—Emin's object to play off Mohamedan against Mohamedan, and save his countrymen—Commander of the Lezgus and Emin—Fighting between Kurd, Lezgui and Turkman—Hatham and Yusup, and the corn of Shameor 276-292

XIX.

1766—1767.

[Emin at Catickh, where resides Yusup of the Beglarians, Melik of Gulistan—Danger from Shaverdy Khan—Yusup hawking and drinking, heeds nothing—Mahomedans attack—Rallied by Ballah Mahomed—His provocation to Yusup—Aga Beg, in intervals of snuff-taking, shoots Ballah dead—His men fly—Disgust of Armenians with cowardly Yusup—Hatham's attempt to make Yusup submit to Shaverdy—Emin's imaginary wealth turns the scale—Yusup goes to his citadel of Gulistan—Ibrahim Khan provides corn for nine months—Wonderful fertility of this land, where inhabitants have everything but prudent management.] Note. 292-308

XX.

1767.

[Yusup's ingratitude to Emin—Emin set out for Gandtsasar—Johannes gives Emin a letter to Ibrahim Khan—Emin goes to Shushi—In the house of Mirzakhan—His wife relates the history of Panah and Shahnazar of Varranda—Ibrahim's durbar—The Khan's churlish behaviour—Emin's request of a horse—Ibrahim's behaviour next

	PAGE
day—Horse returned to him by Emin—Ibrahim taken aback— Return to Gandtsasar monastery—Amazement of Catholicos Jo- hannes—Emin's life in danger from Ibrahim Khan.] ..	308-323

XXI.

[Journeys on, meeting with silkwinders, gipsy Armenians and others— Monk Sukias again—A letter from secular priest Gabriel offering him support of 18,000 mountaineers needing no pay—Sukias, with 600 tumans for Emin, gives him thirty rupees accompanied by threats—Adventure with Mahmed Melick Beg—Emin by his ready wit saves the life of a poor Persian—Ali's cat who always fell on four legs—The Beg tries to get the better of Emin, who outwits him—"What art thou, angel or devil?"—Wanders on to an Arme- nian mountain village where he is kindly received.] ..	323-332
NOTE ON THE FIVE MELIKS OF KARABAGH ..	333-361

PART III.

XXII.

1767.

[Concerning a young Armenian—Emin continues his wanderings in his own land at night, like a cutpurse or a murderer in danger from Ibrahim Khan—Ibrahim Khan's officer Hatham Beg, and his cup- bearer or Saki—Emin sets out with his relative Movses—A story of soldiers in hospital in Flanders and the sweetness of plunder— Inhospitable inhabitants of the village of Maghry, where women may look at men, but no man dare look at women—Arrival at Orduar.] ..	361-376
--	---------

XXIII.

[Journeying on to Khuy—Johannes the Varthapiet or Archimandrite, with tears and lamentations cursing Heraclius on account of his and Catholicos Simon's behaviour to "our prince Emin"—Emin makes himself known—Immediate terror of the monk—Fervent anxiety to get rid of Emin as soon as possible—In great anxiety and per- plexity not knowing where to turn—An Armenian, Mehrab—Wants to report Emin to his master, Ahmed Khan—Ahmed Khan turns Mehrab out with much abuse as an ungrateful Armenian trying to betray one who runs through fire and sword to save his countrymen from slavery—Emin at Tiflis—Heraclius welcomes him.] ..	376-386
---	---------

XXIV.

[How Ganja came under Heraclius through the death of Shaverdy Khan, his rival, at the hands of a young Armenian repentant apostate— Battle between Lezgus and Georgians—Michael the centurion, an Ar- menian, commanding the Lezgus—Heraclius' treachery again— Emin ordered to charge alone—His miraculous escape—Michael's	
--	--

CONTENTS.

XV

PAGE

glorious death—Lezgus entrenched fighting desperately but outnumbered—A captive Armenian boy—Emin's rebuke to Heraclius—Heraclius for the second time drives Emin out—Narrow escape from drowning.] 387-397

XXV.

1768.

[Young Georgian nobleman guides Emin to Tzeretel—Dangerous roads infested by robbers—Return of Prince Solomon of Emeral Georgia—How dinner was served to the prince—Solomon's wonderful wine and the social effect it produces on Emin—Emin continues his journey—Armenians who beg his protection on the road—Tribesmen appear, old friends of Emin, and take him with them, quitting his troublesome countrymen—Turkman Chief—Terror of the Armenians moves Emin, who again consents to accompany them—Mahomedans warn him they will again treat him badly as soon as they are safe—Which is exactly what happens—Mahomed Hassan Khan, governor of Ganja, offers him a command, which Emin refuses.] 397-412

XXVI.

August—December, 1768.

[At Shushi for the third time—Joins Shia pilgrims journeying to Bagdad—They object to his presence in their holy assembly—Emin saves them from paying toll to the Kurds—"An angel, not an Armenian"—Emin solemnly agrees to save his skin—At Bagdad joins a caravan—Malalah a young Arab—Journey and wayside accommodation from Bagdad to Hilla and Samavat—Malalah's devotion—His Arab fleetness of foot—Frozen waterways—At Qurna embarks for Basra—The H.E.I.C.'s *Revenge*—Mr. Eyre, officer commanding, and his uncourteous treatment of Emin—Mr. Moore, the Resident—His suspicions—Satisfied by his Armenian broker still refuses his protection—Taken in by an Armenian—Malalah and Emin part with sorrow.] 412-424

XXVII.

1769-'70.

[A subscription made, Moore sends for Emin—*Success* arrives from Bengal—Emin returns to Calcutta, January 1770—Cool reception by his father—Lord Bute's son and his kindness, and that of other Englishmen—Mr. Cox, Persian Interpreter—Governor Cartier appoints Emin rosaldar to first brigade of Turkswars—Mr. Floyer, a councillor—Dinner at the Governor's—Arrival of English mail—Letter from Duke of Northumberland—Doubts of guests—Arrival of duplicate letter to confusion of doubters—Khoja Petrus, "earthly god of the Calcutta Armenians"—Emin's rebuke to him.]

Note. Copy of Document from Imperial Record Department .. 424-439

XXVIII.

1771—1775.

[Emin joins his corps at Dinapore—To Shahabad with troops under Sir Robert Barker—To Benares, then Calcutta, where Warren Hastings arrives succeeding Cartier 1772—Troops discharged—Letter from the Duke of Northumberland—Emin unable, being a foreigner, to serve in the army—Hastings grants him leave of absence to try his fortune once more in Armenia.]

Copy of document from Imperial Record Department.

[Goes to Madras—Armenians wish to support him—Bishop Ovanes interferes—To Bombay—Plague at Basra—Moore and others arrive at Bombay—After nine months they return and Emin with them—To Bagdad from Basra—Returns to Basra—Captain Twistleton's action against Arab vessels—Emin volunteers and is appointed to the *Success*—Arrival of Persian armed vessels and 3,000 troops—An action—Enemy sticks in the mud—Moore's plans defeated by H.E.I. Co.—Chance of gaining command of river and control of the Persian Gulf lost by the British 143 years ago!]

Note on Events at Basra 439—454

XXIX.

1775—1780.

[Emin and Moore—To Bushire—To Shiraz—Petition to Shah—Goes to Julfa—Catholikos Simon's treacherous plot against his life—Rather than fall a victim to the envy of this ecclesiastic, consents to marriage and life in Julfa—Disturbed state of Persia after death of Kherim Khan—Trouble at Ispahan and Julfa—By Ali Murad's orders Emin raises troop of Armenians—Ali offers to make him governor of Julfa—Immediate jealousy of bishop of Julfa—Emin narrowly escapes death at Ali Murad's levée—More plotting against him—"A dangerous man because he drinks no wine and is always sober"—But Ali Murad refuses to listen.] .. 455—465

XXX.

1780—1783.

[Condition of Julfa and risks run by Emin—After 6 years' residence Emin leaves with his eldest son—Severe illness at Bushire—Mahomed Ben Efy—His wife's kindness—Romantic history of Ben Efy and his courtship of his wife—Amongst Arabs only the brave can win the fair, but amongst Armenians only the rich.] .. 465—471

XXXI.

1783—1785.

[Emin goes to Muscat, Surat, Bombay—Movses formerly his servant now a prosperous merchant giving himself airs—Emin goes to Purrel

—Presented to Governor Boddam by Mr. Malet—Difficulty in procuring passage to Calcutta—Captain Smith of the *Admiral Hughes*—Mr. Matcham and his letter—Leaves for Calcutta—Stranded at Madras through Smith's mean tricks—Anderson of the *Success*—Emin scores off Smith in the end—Arrears of pay—Hastings on the point of leaving—General Sloper—Posted to a company of European Invalids—Colonel Pearse in command at Fort William—Company ordered to Chunagar—Emin gets leave to stay in Calcutta and complete his "Memorial."]

Copies of original documents—Application for Arrears of Pay—Letter of Col. Peter Murray—Emin's address to the Governor.

Narrative resumed. [Concludes his Narrative with a dedication to Col. Pearse and an apology to the reader.] 471-485

END OF NARRATIVE.

CORRESPONDENCE. Emin to Mr. Pitt, 1758—to Mrs. Montagu, 1785—Mrs. Montagu to her Sister, 1785—Advertisement of Emin's book, 1789—Edmund Burke to Emin, 1789—Emin to Mrs. Montagu, original, August 1791, duplicate, November 1791—Mrs. Scott to Mrs. Montagu (undated). 485-498

NOTES ON THE SUBSCRIBERS. 498-503

NOTES ON ARMENIANS, SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS—Letter of Moses Catchick Arakiel—Timber Chapel of the Armenians—Name of the Church—Address of Armenians to Sir Elijah Impey and Judges of the Supreme Court—Answer of the Judges—Armenians as Merchants—Their Charter of 1688—Extract from Bolts' *Considerations on Indian Affairs* on position of Armenians in 1772—The oldest Armenian tombstone inscription in India—Armenian Chronology—*Emin vs. Emin*, the earliest authority as to general law governing descent of land in the provinces or mofussil—"Maria Emin." .. 504-514

Records of Emin's family in Calcutta—Records in Julfa—Tombs of well-known Calcutta Merchants—*L'Envoi*. .. 514-522

GENEALOGICAL TABLES 524

INDEX 530

REPRODUCTIONS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS. *Facing page* 96

PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR " " 129
From the original at Hagley Hall.—By kind permission of the Owner.

MAP OF KARABAGH AND THE ADJACENT DISTRICTS 360
(Compiled from various sources.)

[SIR WILLIAM JONES* TO THE AUTHOR.]

MY DEAR EMIN,

I send back the last number of your Narrative with my very hearty thanks for the pleasure which the whole work has given me ; it has been highly interesting to me ; but, as there is no reasoning on tastes I cannot be sure that it will be thought equally interesting by others ; the style remains wholly your own ; for I have corrected only these errors in language and orthography, which were unavoidable in an English work written by a native of Hamadan ; and it is not the least of your merits that you have acquired such a command of words, in a language so different from Persian or Armenian. I know mankind too well to be surprized at the failure of your enterprize ; nor am I fully persuaded, that it was just, since Heraclius had a claim on Armenia ; unless you intended to establish a republican government, and could have been satisfied with the station of a private citizen. A pure democracy is the only natural form of government, it cannot indeed be of long duration, because the lazy, (who are the majority of every estate) must continue poor and weak, while the few who are diligent grow wealthy and powerful, and the chief use of a king is to keep down the pride and imperiousness of the few. A mixed government, therefore, like that of England, is the only form approaching to a state of natural society and likely to be permanent ; if your design was to transplant our constitution to Armenia, I heartily lament your disappointment,

* Sir William Jones (1746-1794). The famous Orientalist. Appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Calcutta 1783. Founder and President till his death of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. A man of almost universal erudition. The following memorandum was found in his handwriting. "Eight languages studied critically; English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit. Eight studied less perfectly but all intelligible with a dictionary, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish. Twelve studied least perfectly but all attainable; Tibetan, Pali, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese. Twenty eight languages." He overtaxed his strength, dying in Calcutta in his 47th year.

though I cannot wonder at it. Such a project I should think extremely laudable ; and you must think it so yourself, or you would not have undertaken it, but, since men are never so sure of loosing their just applause, as when they claim it, let me exhort you, when you revise your work, to strike out every passage that may favour of self-approbation. Let me also advise you to discard forever the Asiatick style of panegyrick, to which you are too much addicted ; weak minds only are tickled with praise, while they, who deserve it receive it with disdain. They, who say or write civil things as they are called, may not be flatterers, but they certainly resemble them ; as a brave man may be a real Hero, but if he dress like a fop, he will be mistaken for one ; I will add only one argument more : the Asiatick style, whether dedicatory or epistolary, is utterly repugnant to English manners, which you prefer, I know, to those of Persia. For all these reasons I return your dedication to Colonel Pearse uncorrected ; if I know him he would not be pleased with it, and I cannot be accessary to any thing that appears even in a questionable shape. Swift has misled you by inculcating that men of wit love praise, be assured that every man of wit (unless wit and sense be at variance) must prefer plain food to sugarplumbs, and would rather be rubbed with a coarse towel than with Dacca Muslin with all its flowers. Farewell and believe me ever, My Dear EMIN,

Your faithful servant,

Gardens, August 10, 1788.*

W. JONES.

* "*Gardens.*" Everyone in Calcutta who could afford it, had two residences, a town house, and a "garden house" somewhere out of town, indiscriminately called "*Gardens.*" Sir William Jones's house was in Garden Reach, whence, in the early morning, his carriage following him, he walked into town every day to his house on the road leading from the Old Court House (on the site of St. Andrew's Church) to the Esplanade. At the early age of 47 he died in No. 8 Garden Reach, a house no longer in existence.

NOTE.

Heraclius's claim to the sovereignty of Armenia, referred to by Sir William Jones. In the 9th century there was a family of princely descent in Armenia, of Jewish origin, called the Bagratids, who had been powerful from the earliest Artsakid times, and who had the hereditary privilege of crowning the kings. They became masters of the districts on the side of Georgia. Being Christians like the Armenians, they were harassed by the Arabs. During the decline of the Caliphate, when native impulses were revived in Georgia as well as in Armenia, the movement centred in a dynasty of Bagratid descent. This dynasty outlived their kinsmen in Armenia by many centuries, maintaining their throne till the end of the 18th Century, when Heraclius renounced his crown in favour of the Russian Tsar. Armenian royalty had been revived in a branch of the Bagratid family after an interval of over 450 years, in 885 A.D.

(From Lynch's *Travels in Armenia*.)

In Lord Teignmouth's *Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir William Jones*, there is a letter from Sir W. Jones to Sir J. Macpherson, as follows :

May 6, 1786.

I have already thanked you for your kind attentions to Emin, and I beg to repeat them : many in England will be equally thankful. He is a fine fellow, and if active service should be required, he would seek nothing so much as to be placed in the most perilous edge of the battle.

In the *Memoirs* Lord Teignmouth gives the following abstract of Emin's career :

"Few persons have passed through a greater variety of hardships and perilous^s adventures than the person mentioned by Sir William Jones under the name of Emin.—Born at Hamadan in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and ruined family to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of Europeans in arms, arts and sciences over the Asiatics, and the impression which he received from it, inspired an invincible desire in Emin, to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose he determined at all hazards to visit England ; and after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the accomplishment of his purpose, by working his passage as a common sailor in one of the ships belonging to the East India Company. After his arrival in England, he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction which he so anxiously desired ; but his pro-

gress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations and laborious employments to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance and in a moment of despair he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the Duke of Northumberland and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune by whose assistance his views were promoted. The great object of Emin was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it successfully in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraclius, the reigning prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious zeal and martial spirit of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of his enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation he was enabled, by the assistance of his patrons to proceed with recommendations to Russia and thence, after various fatigues and impediments which his fortitude and perseverance surmounted, he reached Teflis, the capital of Georgia. After eight years of wanderings, perils and distresses, through the mountains of that country and Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans and noways intimidated by the experiences of past dangers and difficulties, he made a third attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful and he again returned to Calcutta. During his residence in Calcutta he published an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended to revise, so far only as to correct the orthographical errors but without any amendment of style."

This was no light task, judging from Emin's correspondence. But Sir William evidently possessed infinite patience, and Emin was not the only Armenian whose mistakes it fell to his lot to correct. Writing to Thomas Caldicott from "Chrishna-nagar," October 10, 1787, Sir William says—"I have published nothing, but Armenian clerks make such blunders that I print ten or twenty copies of everything I compose, which may be considered as manuscripts."

In the address delivered by Sir John Shore* (afterwards Lord Teignmouth) to the Asiatic Society on succeeding Sir William Jones as President, he spoke of "the candour and complacency with which he (Sir William) gave his attention to all persons, of whatever quality, talent or education."

* Sir John Shore, born 1751, educated at Harrow, writer to E.I. Co. 1769. Member of Supreme Council 1787. Opposed the Permanent Settlement introduced by Cornwallis. Baronet 1792, Governor-General '93 to '98. Baron Teignmouth 1798, died 1834.

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ERRATA.

Page 77, lines 34, 35—*For* we are upon march every day by your Interest. I hope they will excuse me; *read* we are upon march every day by your Interest I hope they will excuse me.

Page 81. Signature to letter—*For* 3rd Lt. H. W.; *read* 3rd Lt. H. W.

Page 129, line 1 and heading—*For* Mr. Davies; *read* Mr. Davis.

Page 158, line 18—*For* Russel; *read* Russell.

Page 360 (facing), in Map—*For* Tiza Mts.; *read* Thiza Mts.

Page 424, line 8 of Summary of Contents of Chapter—*For* “earthly God”; *read* “earthly god.”

Page 454, last paragraph, lines 3 and 4—*For* Archdeacon Firminger says there is a house; *read* Archdeacon Firminger writes of a house.

Page 455, line 6—*For* *Echoes of Old Calcutta*; *read* *Echoes from Old Calcutta*.

INTRODUCTION.

[Author's reflections on Content—How his friends urged him for two years to write his Life and why he reluctantly consented in spite of his ignorance of English—Ordinary sufferings of soldiers and sailors far exceeding anything endured by him—Labours and troubles of authors—Superiority of Europeans to all other peoples—His admiration for the English nation above all others—His reasons for this—How they expressed their satisfaction when America gained independence—Their love of fair play—What would happen in England should a foreigner come to blows with an Englishman contrasted with what would happen in other countries in the corresponding eventuality—How the sailors on the *Walpole* applauded him as David knocking down Goliath—Ends by expressing his hopes for his own countrymen.]

In the name of Him whom no eye has seen, the only Maker of all, without whom nothing can be done, He who protects the good, and forgives the evil.

Let no man be confident of strength, no prince of power, no hero of his army, no wise man of his wisdom, no miser of his riches but only he who puts his whole trust in God, who will satisfy his desires, and confer on him an inestimable blessing. What is that inestimable blessing? Content. When such a man stretches his mind to undertake a great or extraordinary work, whether he succeeds or fails, rises to the summit of his wishes or sinks to the lowest degree of disappointment, he will not pine away or despair; on the contrary, he will be contented and resigned. That alone is to be called a blessing which is the great gift of Almighty God, by which Emin has passed with fortitude through many different scenes of life, for forty-five years successively. Had his toil been a hundred weight of iron, or a lofty mountain, it would have melted away as snow before the sun-beams.

The peculiar content in his mind may attend the mind of every honest man who wishes to carry on an honourable design; of which laudable quality if his countrymen had the smallest share, they would not have been made the tools of every nation and every power in the world. It is true, they have the empty appearance of rational beings, but, he is sorry to pronounce, that their minds are entirely destitute of all the principles of virtue, and even that is not without the will of God. Thus he contents his mind, praying the Supreme Being, all the days of his life, to favour him with tolerable sense

to write the Narrative of his Transactions in Life. Though at the earnest desire of his friends, yet he consents with reluctance, not being very well versed in the English language. He is firmly convinced in his own opinion, that the inexpressible partiality of his friends towards him, and their singular humanity, will not let his suffering for the cause of his country to be forgotten after his death, but are desirous that it may be transmitted to posterity, who may follow the same example, walk in the path of true understanding, and force through the obstructions of fortune, which prevented his prosperity.

The singularity of his sufferings would, in his opinion, scarce excite curiosity had he been an Englishman; for there are many private soldiers and daring mariners in England, whose excessive hardships and dangerous lives, in dreadful storms at sea, and hazardous battles by land, are an hundred times superior to whatever he has undergone: but, considering that he is the only Armenian, out of several thousands, and in thousands of years, who has had an inexpressible thirst for improvement and liberty, it is natural that the world should wish to know the particulars of his life: yet he is at a loss in what manner to proceed, since, if he should write every thing, much will appear fabulous to many persons who are not well acquainted with his character; but, if too concisely, he is afraid of disobeying his benevolent friends. However, he intends to preserve the medium, in hopes to meet the approbation of his candid readers, who condescend to indulge, and kindly pass over, any impropriety in his work; and will consider the difficulty and labour by which he has attained the noble language of a foreign country, and that without either a friend or money. If they could possibly dive into his thoughts, to observe the hardship he undergoes in this task with an unpolished education, they would compare his mind to a blunt, rusty knife, cutting a thick bar of iron.

His own labours make him sensible of the fatigue which those gentlemen undergo, who sacrifice their healths day and night, and waste their spirits, writing volumes upon volumes, deserving indeed great applause and honour from all the universe; who publish tracts on divinity, history, philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, agriculture, navigation; in a word, on all arts and sciences, civil or military; making themselves acquainted with the customs and manner of all nations in the universe, learning languages, translating books, avoiding the faults, and preserving the useful parts of them; resem-

bling the industrious bees, who extract the sweetest honey from all sorts of flowers; thus attaining an everlasting provision by immense fatigue, and freely bestowing on every body a sumptuous banquet.

The table of learning is laid open to every man and every nation, to enjoy and to eat without charge; very different from the ancient Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, or Romans, whose barbarous jealousy kept learning as a mystery, and deprived the people in general of improvement.

It is recorded in Justin's History of the World, that Alexander the Great hearing that Aristotle, his preceptor, had published a book, asked him by letter, why he did so? the answer was, that he did not write in such a stile as to be understood by every man. But the noble-minded Europeans in general have more enlarged sentiments, particularly the English and French, who are willing to find all mankind eager pursuers of knowledge, receiving the light of understanding, and driving away the obscurity of their minds, thus enabled to see and to distinguish good from evil. And if Europeans had not been industrious in point of learning, and that in their smallest quarter of the world, they could not have stood against Asia and Africa, nor have found America to civilize. They have stood most wisely and bravely the terrible shocks of several wild and barbarous nations. Mahomed the great Impostor, and, after him, his enthusiastic *khalijahs* or successors, who laid many kingdoms waste with fire and sword, without pity or remorse, were never able to subdue enlightened Europe. Thus observing the excellence of true learning, and the horrid misery of ignorance, Emin resolved to put his honest design into execution, of giving an account of his insignificant life, which he will, with trembling heart, take the liberty to lay before his friends and benefactors (though he cannot omit saying, that he would rather chuse to undertake the fatigue of the hardest campaign,) doubting, whether it will please the mind of the public, or finally dash him with chagrin.

When he came to have some knowledge in the language, he began to study as well as he could the disposition of Europeans; he observed one particular goodness in the English, on which he is rather doubtful how to express his sentiments, lest he should be esteemed a flatterer; but, as he is resolved, even at the hazard of his life, to persevere, he chuses rather to be wounded at the heart, than to tread over the truth, like many ungrateful persons, who, while they set down at the table of friends, eat the bread

and salt of gratitude, and, when they rise, let it drop on the ground, and trample it under foot, this being more common with us Asiatics than with Europeans.

Emin has been often checked in conversation by his worthy friends, and admonished not to open his mouth in praise of the English; but he could not help it; he will speak and write his mind here, which obliges him to make an apology before he proceeds; he having observed, from his first knowledge of that nation to this very juncture (a period of almost 35 years,) that they are glad and happy to hear, from the remotest part of the globe, of any people who are freed from slavery. When even their own countrymen, the colonists in America, revolted, though sorry for the disunion, they were often heard to express themselves with great satisfaction, that the Americans are become independent. Therefore, he begs his good readers to have the humanity not to entitle him a flatterer, but rather to indulge him in speaking the truth, and only the truth.

Lastly, he begs to explain more clearly his sentiments on that head, when his indulgent reader will observe the uncommon irregularity of syntax in this imperfect preface, and in his memoir. In his opinion, the old ballad singers in the streets of London could write better on the subject, and more intelligibly than himself, who puzzles his brains to express his meaning. He has made all manner of apologies to his friends, casting even burlesque on his poor deficient capacity, in order to excuse himself for two years together; but all to no purpose; they pressing him, with uncommon good nature, to write any how, well or ill, he was at last obliged by gratitude to consent, and to obey their will; which is a demonstrative proof of his prepossession in favour of the English. Far be it from him in the least to suspect his friends intentions, or to imagine that they mean to expose his weakness to the public; on the reverse, they are cordially willing to serve, as they have already served him ever since he has been honored by their notice; and if his own relations or countrymen had the tenth part of the same inclination and good will towards him, he might have been saved with them from being tossed up and down like a foot-ball, and kicked about by almost all Mahomedans and divines of the church; the first take their lives away, the others keep their souls in bondage, resembling exactly the two archangels in the Koran of Mahomed, named Azrael and Asrafil. These sacred ministers inadvertently stepped into his lines; but it is necessary he should conclude,

and begin his history; wishing in the mean time to please the ears of his readers, and afford yet more satisfaction to his contented mind. He as a soldier is not afraid, having put his entire confidence in them, shewing all his disorders and wounds, within and without his mind and body. Let them act as they think proper with a becoming spirit of kindness to fight the battle; but in case they find the adverse party too strong to stand against, let them, to please themselves, defend and retreat gently, saying, Emin has done his best, and his worthy friends lost nothing in the way, by his inoffensive and simple manner of writing.

Let him add a few lines more in regard to the common people of England:—Suppose a foreigner, (or, as they would call him, an outlandishman,) whether a Turk or a Jew, should come amongst them, and chance to be affronted by any of their dear countrymen in the street; if he should be spirited enough to return the blow, they would be pleased, crying out, Well done, and fair play! If the foreigner should happen to knock down, which God forbid, the Englishman, and should not keep him under, they would say, let him get up again, preserving justice all the while, till the end of the battle; whereas in all other foreign countries, which the author has observed in all his travels, if such an affray should happen, the Lord have mercy on the poor wretch who should affront any one of the natives; the whole multitude would rise to crush him under their feet, as if he were guilty of murder.

Instances of the kind he has often seen; and remembers well, when he first went on board of the ship lying at Balasor, a fortnight before its sailing, he was much despised by the crew, not being yet acquainted with their admirable sense, nor well understanding their language, which was the reason of his being treated in that disagreeable manner; but, when he knew them, he was no less pleased than an idle boy, who rejoices with all his heart in a holiday, and was angry with himself for not having been enough inquisitive to be acquainted with them before. One day a foreign seaman, with himself and several Englishmen, were handing down bags of rice in the main hatchway, when the foreigner gave Emin abusive language, who, then losing no time, brought the poor man down (although three times as big as himself) with a single slap on the left side of his face, not running to keep him down, but putting himself in a better posture to decide the battle in due form: but the combatant, stunned with the blow, sat down, was carried to his hammock, and, could not come on the deck for some days. What happened then? the

honest English mariners jumped up, and hallooed with loud voices, David has conquered the great Goliath! tapping him in the mean time on his shoulder, and all of them shaking hands with him in turns. Is not this a demonstrative proof of the nature of that brave nation? He desires, therefore, to know, in what corner of his heart lodges that unmanly vice of flattery? Truth shines like the sun in every honest heart, and affords a pleasant glow to every noble-minded man, who wishes well to every one that means well. Had he indeed a capacity equal to his will, he would rather chuse to treat on this head all the days of his life, like the late Dr. Campbell, who spent twenty years in writing his Survey of Britain, (*keia met zenjernama*, a Turkish expression, signifies the chain of eternity), than to write his own history, which is a novelty never before attempted by any of his richest countrymen. May they be inclined to receive the bright dawn of true knowledge in their gloomy minds so as to become considerable in the eyes of every nation, and after their inexpressible sufferings, to subdue the enemies of religion and liberty; to flourish in all kinds of learning, military or civil; to become virtuous in all respects; to be named free and true Christians, not resembling a certain nation, who are called half-christians by the mighty Russians, and to whom, when the common people quarrel, they say, Go your ways, for you have sold us your religion for our money.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH EMIN.

PART I.

I.

1530—1744.

[Genealogy—Death of old champion, his great-great-grandfather at 110, fighting five Janizaries—Author born at Hamadan, 1726—To Bagdad in 1731-33—Besieged by Nadir Shah—His defeat—A second siege—Nadir retires—Grandfather Michael—Mr. Dorrel, resident of Basra—Ahmad Pasha's levée—"A European army could take Bagdad in five days"—Author's father goes to Bengal—Emin to Ispahan, 1742—A kind Turk—Michael unjustly imprisoned—Freed through Emin—To Basra, thence to India.]

WHEN a handful of people exerting themselves to be called a nation are in an infant state, and destitute of perfect wisdom, they appear like an innocent hopeful boy in the eyes of the Omnipotent. A new state resembles an elegant lamp, the light of which, if the ministers are wise, they will always be watchful in preserving, and will continue from time to time to pour into it a proper quantity of pure oil, so as to keep it burning all the night long; and this is the case with the excellent Europeans, whose Christian sovereignty, as the writer observes with peculiar satisfaction, had its rise from that very cause, with the favour of the most merciful God; and he wishes from the bottom of his heart that they may preserve it as long as the frame of the universe shall endure.

In regard to the Asiatics or Africans, they, when in prosperity, are generally intoxicated with their success, and rolling in all manner of vices (he excepts his own harmless country), and continue stumbling in their soft beds, the light is extinguished, and the house remains in total darkness, then the enemy comes with sword in hand cutting them off, and taking possession of their whole territory. When he thus turned his wandering thoughts on his nation, from their beginning to the time of his troublesome undertaking, he observed their simplicity and weakness of mind, as yet resembling children imposed on by the holy divines of their church; he resolved therefore to lay the foundation of his hope, and go over to England to see the admirable European system of wise laws and useful regulations.

Before he begins to exhibit his imperfect memoirs, it is necessary to say something concerning the origin of his family, and the names of his ancestors; since in the East, he that denies or forgets his progenitors, is reckoned *harámzádah*, or base-born.

Emin, the head of the family, was called the First, for a reason well known, but not necessary to be mentioned here. The name of his son was Abraham, who had several sons; the name of one was Astuatsatur, or Theodorus, who with other Armenians emigrated from Armenia (after being reduced by the art of Shah Abbas, commonly called the Great), and settled in the town of Hamadan, situated at the foot of Mount Alwénd, where his great-grandfather, Emin the Second, was born. When a proper age, he followed the profession of his forefathers, enlisting himself in the military service of that barbarous prince, and by dint of courage distinguished himself in two extraordinary actions. He was the first in the whole army to scale the wall of Handchár and Bagdad, knocking down the centries; the rest of *dovetababs*, or resolute selected soldiers, seconding the onset, so that both cities were taken (this he had heard from

his own father Hovsep): he was consequently promoted to the honourable post of *minbafhy*, or colonel of one thousand men: but his singular conduct caused his ruin, through the jealousy of that ungrateful Persian nation, who took from him all his estate, and reduced him to the lowest poverty, and made him as miserable as his great-great-grandson was in England, who judges the condition of his venerable ancestor worse than his own, since he had only to take care of himself, while his ancestor had four sons and a daughter to maintain. He went therefore as a *choush* or guard to the caravans, and after that became a leader or conductor for some years; till having raised a small capital, he settled and married his children, bought land, planted a garden, thus working and amusing himself till he was an hundred and ten years of age.

In the time of Shah Sultan Hussain, in the year 1722, Ahmad Pasha, governor of Bagdad, marched with an immense army and attacked the town of Hamadan, and after a siege of three months, took the place by storm, destroyed 60,000 Mahometan Persians in three days and three nights, and killed, in cool blood, 800 Armenians in their church. Emin's family hiding themselves in a *kahriz*, that is to say, subterranean cavity, in the house made for that very purpose, this brave veteran (his great-grandfather) would by no means be persuaded to conceal himself with his family, saying these very words: "My dear children, I dreamed last night that a great fall of snow was so very deep as to cover the crown of my head. This is the last day of my life, wherein I am to be sacrificed. You will all be made captives, but not defiled with the foul hands of infidels; my grandson Michael will deliver you. Behold it is beneath me to be afraid of the Turks! that in my youthful days I have driven an hundred of them before my horse. Whenever the two armies, Persians and Turks, came to an engagement, I was always the first that challenged the Turkish army in single combat; I have cut off the heads of my antagonists, which I carried and pre-

sented to the cruel Shah Abbas, (the old way of making war remains to this day unaltered, when two armies face each other, hostility begins by single combatants,) and with my corps of cavalry I used to make a way by breaking the enemy's columns. Depart and be blessed ;—let me now make my last will." Then, taking his great-grandson Hovsep in his affectionate arms, and giving him more blessings than the rest, he spoke the following words : "This is my beloved boy, whom Providence will favour ; his male child shall be baptised Emin, after my name, who, by God's assistance, will lift up the sword of defence to revenge the cause of his country and the blood of his ancestors, that was shed for the truth, and in the most sacred path of Christianity. Never despair, Mahometanism shall fail, and will be subdued under us true believers in God, through our Saviour Jesus, and your posterity shall see the golden age first when the sheep and wolf shall graze together, seeing them all very well secured." He took his Herculean club, and sat himself down on a brick bench behind the fastened gate of the house, when, on a sudden, five blood-thirsty Janizaries broke open the door with pole axes. The bold veteran seeing it, stood his ground to receive the assailants armed with guns, pistols, and swords. He knocked one of them down on the ground almost speechless, and struck out the eye of another ; (whom we have seen at Bagdad several years after, named Abbas, by trade a horse-dealer ;) two of them being disabled, the other three not daring to cope with him sword in hand, retired to a little distance, fired their pieces together, and killed Emin ; after which they took possession of the house full of European goods, to the amount of 5,000 tumans.

When the Turks had sufficiently exercised their cruelties on the Persians for three days, a proclamation was issued from Ahmed Basha, to abstain from destroying any more ; and this encouraged the concealed people to come out from their holes : presently after, came fresh orders from head quarters, to enslave them. Fortunately a Turkish Aga, or great officer in the army,

was acquainted with the author's grandfather Michael, and with Ahmed Bassas Ferman* in his hand, came just at that critical time when the diabolical Turks were going to lay violent hands on them. He thus preserved the honour, and made a bargain with them both for males and females, amounting to sixty-five souls, at twelve tuman per head, the whole sum amounting to 780 tumans, which, at twenty rupees to each tuman,† makes 15,600 rupees, paid by Michael before-named, who arriving from Bagdad a few days after the slaughter, took the mangled body of the old champion from among the dead victims of his religion, and buried it in the church with great solemnity.

Hamadan being then settled under the Turkish government, Emin's youngest son, Aratun, at the distance of two days journey from that town, with 400 tumans sewed up in his quilted waistcoat, was murdered by some Persians while he was sleeping.

In the year 1726, Emin, the writer of these memoirs, was born at Hamadan, and in 1731 or 1733, he went with his family to Bagdad. Presently after, the Turks had evacuated Hamadan.

In that very year (if he is not mistaken), his father Hovsep was gone to Basra, and before that, his grandfather to Bengal, to buy articles of commerce. In the meanwhile the town of Bagdad was surrounded by Thahmaz Kulykhan, afterwards Nadir Shah, the deliverer of Persia.

During a siege of full nine months, his mother and his next youngest brother died of common disorders, but not for want, although the Mahometans were reduced to eat the flesh of horses, asses, dogs, cats, and mice; but his grandfather's father took care, three months before, to lay up wheat, barley, corn, grain of all sort, which saved the family from starving with the rest of the inhabitants. In the end, Nadir Shah was defeated by

* Firman.

† Two hundred years ago! The toman, or tuman, before the present war broke out, was equal to Rs. 2-4 or Rs. 2-8.

Thopall Osman Basha; and Emin's grandfather came soon after from India, exactly forty days after Thopall Osman's army was routed by Nadir, who laid siege again to Bagdad, and continued his operations about three months, the garrison being almost exhausted for want of provision, men, ammunition, etc.

When Ahmad Basha was very near reaching, with reluctance, the brink of capitulation, news arrived that Khorasan was in danger from the Osbeg Tartars, and the whole kingdom was not far from revolt; which circumstance obliged Nadir to make peace with Ahmad; so that he marched back, and left Bagdad in quiet. Here his great-grandfather, a man of great faith and extraordinary natural talents, instilled many notions into his head concerning the origin of his ancestor; which need not here be mentioned, as it might be taken for a romance. This venerable man died at Bagdad,* aged eighty-two years.

Emin's grandfather, Michael, was almost ruined by an Armenian treacherous informer, named Kardash, but for the protection of one Mr. Dorrel, resident at Basra,† who happened to be then at Bagdad, and was much taken notice of by its governor Ahmad, who grew so very fond of him, that he used to call him My Balioz Beg.‡

It may not be unpleasant to insert here what passed one day at Ahmad's levee: after he had shown the English gentleman the fortifications of Bagdad, the pashé said, it was so strong, that Nadir Shah could not take it; and still continued

* Three members of the family are therefore known to have died at Bagdad, Emin's mother, younger brother, and great-grandfather. There are several stones on Armenian graves in India as old, and older, in good preservation, so that I hoped to secure the inscriptions, if any, on these graves of the Emin family through my cousin, Major Bertram Harvey, who went to Bagdad with the British forces, and who did all he could to help me, but did not succeed in finding the graves. It seems that the only stone procurable in Bagdad is sandstone, which is perishable, and no tombstones of that period are in existence. There are two Armenian churches in Bagdad, one in, and another situated a little way out of the city.

† The first time this place is mentioned the name is spelt as it is at the present day; later on in the book other forms are used.

‡ *Balioz* is, I believe, an Arabic word, meaning Consul, or the equivalent to Consul.

pressing to know his opinion of it, Mr. Dorrel answered the question in these words: "May it please your highness, if an European army besieged it instead of Nadir, they would have taken the place in five days time." Which expression made the Basha turn pale, and he said, "Gavoor, if I had not sworn, I would cut off your head." A similar sarcasm was made by an English groom, who attended the late King of Prussia:—His majesty one day, before he mounted his horse, began to reflect on the late Duke of Cumberland,* and his defeat by field-marshal Saxe: the English groom could not swallow the bitter pill; and, while he was stroking the horse's mane, he said, loud enough to be well heard, "O poor horse, I wish you could speak, you would ask his Prussian Majesty, who ran away first at such a battle, for you are the very English horse he then mounted."

Michael, being much reduced through that wicked Armenian, and hearing of Nadir Shah's conquest of the Afghans, the Osbeg Tartars, and Indostan, while Persia enjoyed abundance and peace, thought it necessary to send his wife, with four sons (Moses, David, Melchisedech, Malachi) and a daughter, back to Hamadan, together with his grandson Emin, who was then about eleven years of age. At that time, a horse-load of fine flour was sold for a single rupee, grapes of the same quantity for five abbasis, or two rupees; in a word, every thing was cheap in proportion.

A year after, his father Hovsep returned from Basra, with a dreadful illness, so that it appeared impossible for him to recover; but with care, helped by the extraordinary excellence of the climate, superior to any other in Orahstan Persia,† he

* *Marlboro.* Et l'Angleterre, a-t-elle produit quelque grand général qui m'ait succédé ?

, *Lichtenstein.* Le duc de Cumberland.

Marlboro. Combien de batailles a-t-il gagnées ?

Lichtenstein. Il a été battu à Fontenoy, à Hastenbeck, et a manqué d'être fait prisonnier à Stade, lui, et son armée. (*Dialogues des Morts. Œuvres posthumes de Frédéric, roi de Prusse.*)

† *Arahstan* = garden, paradise. Perhaps he means the garden of Persia, though the part referred to is hardly the most fertile.

recovered his health, and married a second time. Not long after, came his grandfather from Bagdad, with as much indisposition.

But this tranquillity did not last long ; Nadir's zeal, compassion, and humanity, were changed into cruelty. The villanous and wicked Persians began to oppress, and exact money ; presently famine ensued. On one hand, the subjects were obliged to pay the king's tax : and, on the other, with inexpressible difficulty to provide bread for their families. To withstand the shock of this enormous oppression, the author's family were forced to sell their houses and goods for a tenth part of their value.

Before this calamity began, his three uncles went to Khorasan, and his father to Bengal, for the purpose of trade. Some years after, he, being then sixteen years of age, heard that one of his uncles was gone to Gilan ; and his grandfather, observing his military disposition, lest he should enlist himself in Nadir's service, thought it prudent to let him go to Gilan, there to amuse himself with his uncle for some time, so as to be prevented at least from his supposed resolution. His grandfather was obliged to leave behind him his wife, with their youngest son and a daughter, together with the author's mother-in-law,* and fled ; whence he sent for Emin, who set out with his uncle in a caravan as far as Casbin ; his uncle went to Hamadan, to relieve his mother, brother, sister and other relations : Emin, with another caravan, set out for Ispahan. He had a fever, or was much indisposed, when he set out for that place. No sooner were they parted than he being alone, and having no other Christian to help him, the Mahomedan Persians began their usual barbarity ; every hour in the day inviting him to their false religion, then using him ill with abusive language, all the way to the town of Kom, where he was obliged to change the *charvadar* (or the man that hires his ass to travellers). And

* Step-mother.

when he reached the city of Cashan, the caravan pitched in the middle of the court of a caravansarai, exposed to the heat of the sun in July; the other travellers had their tents, but Emin had none to rest under. Luckily for him, the people of the caravan halted there a week, and his charvadar was a Turk, otherwise he might have been destroyed at Cashan.

On the first day of their arrival there, he having scarce eaten anything for several days before, went to a cook's shop, with a voracious appetite, and made a very hearty dinner upon strong broth of sheep's head and feet, in which was mixed a great quantity of vinegar with garlic, to make it more palatable for him, whose ague and fever used to attack him every other day. No sooner was he out of the place, than he found himself as thirsty as Mahomedans are for the blood of Christians; and he went three times down sixty steps or more, to the *evam-bar*, or reservoir of water, built at Cashan by the late Shah Abbas. The place was so very cold that his thirst was instantly quenched, and, when he came up again, he was as dry as ever, and grew quite senseless. Not knowing what to do with himself, seeing a boy about ten years of age with a large gurglet of water on his shoulder, Emin ran, at the hazard of his life, forced it from him, struck off the neck of the vessel, and drank the whole, which was almost four bottles of English measure. While the poor boy went to acquaint his Mahomedan parents of the rash behaviour of a Christian, sick as he was, yet through fear of being stoned to death, he took to the hills and made his escape; but going all in a flutter, he threw himself on his bed under the intense heat of the sun, where he lay delirious all the time from Wednesday noon till nine o'clock on Saturday evening: he then awoke all of a sudden, when, opening his eyes, he found himself lying on his quilt, a part of it being rolled under his breast, and discovered a black mark on the white ground, five feet in length and as much in breadth, when he perceived it to be the mark of blood from his nose: it immedi-

ately occurred to him, that his poor mother died at Bagdad of a bleeding at the nose; he was a little alarmed at this circumstance, but more at its continuation: in the meantime he saw his honest *charvadar*, with a drawn scimitar in his hand, standing over his head. He took it for granted the Turk was going to make an end of him, and crying out boldly to the man, "Why are you waiting, friend? make your blow good, strike home, let me die in the truth of my faith," and stretched out his neck to receive the stroke which he expected. To his great surprise, the honest Turk said to him with a mild voice in these very words: "Be easy, Armenian lad, poor in body, bold in mind, you have been almost dead for these three days; the Persians wanted to take you by the legs and throw you into that deep hole; I drew my sword, and watched all the time; I saw there was life in you, your pulse beating slowly. This morning, when your nose began to bleed, I lifted you up with my own hands, and laid you on your bed, so as not to stain your clothes. By degrees I observed as the blood ran, you began to draw breath better and better; let it run, do not be afraid; I think it is the work of God, who sees the heart of us all, saw you true to your own faith, and saved you from perishing by the hands of these diabolical Persians. It is through their own wickedness that God has delivered them into the hands of us Turkomans, and has sent Nadir Shah to plague them. Take courage, put thy trust in God, he will preserve thee from all evil doers; I am your real friend as you have pronounced me, and that also is by the will of God." These consolatory expressions from that brave man, with a continuation of the discharge of blood, made the author almost well; but his mind was uneasy, in not having it in his power to show his gratitude, since his miserable uncle had given him but twelve rupees at Casbin, though he had with him sixteen bales of raw silk of Gilan.

Next day the caravan set out, and the author. When he arrived

at Julpha* (the suburbs of Ispahan), he found his grandfather both sick and poor, for want of the money which he had before desired his son Melchisedech, at Gilan, to remit to him, when he wanted Emin to come to him. The old gentleman in a few days recovered his health, and Emin fell again into a very dangerous illness for five months, without being able to leave his bed, without a servant to attend him, or money to procure medical assistance, he drunk water all the while, but scarce eat anything. Six rupees the remainder part out of his twelve, lasted till they received 200 rupees from his father in Calcutta; who desired his own father, Michael, to send or bring Emin along with him thither. His illness saved him from being starved, which would probably have been the case if he had been in perfect health. As for his grandfather he made a shift to live, being entertained by a rich Armenian merchant, named Evanes of Noofnoos, a village in Nakhchovan Armenia, who had been formerly a servant of Emin's grandfather. This gentleman had a dislike to the author, because his father, in his youthful days, had beaten him for some misdemeanor.

When winter approached, Emin began to open his eyes from his illness, getting strength every day, when a Persian Beg of Hamadan, an officer in the king's army, without cause or reason, took Michael up, and made him a prisoner in his own house, in one of the streets of Ispahan, called Shamsabad (or the Dwelling of the Sun), under a false pretence that he was a fugitive from Hamadan. He was kept three days, with a view of exacting a sum of money: the Beg, considering the meekness of the grandfather, and not having experienced the spirit of the grandson, who made it his business from Julpha, twice every day, to call

* According to the historian Arakiel, Shah Abbas deported Armenians seven or eight times into Persia and settled them in different parts of the country; on the third occasion the people of Julpha were transferred by force, and a new town was built on the right bank of the river Zenderooh, and called New Julpha where fourteen thousand Armenian families were settled. Old Julpha in Armenia was destroyed by fire when the inhabitants were carried away.

on both the old gentleman and the officer; and, finding the unmanly intention of the Beg, he threatened him, and went immediately to complain to Nadir Shah, then at Ispahan. When he came to the gate of the palace, he found there an officer, or one of the Arza Beg's deputies, who said to him, "What do you want, young Armenian?" He answered, that he came, first, to be enlisted; and then, to complain to his majesty of a man, who, without justice or the king's order, had made his grandfather a prisoner on purpose to extort a sum of money from him. He said, "Stay a little, I will conduct you to the king; but, tell me the truth, are not you afraid of Nadir Shah?" pointing to the Persians brought out in the arms of the servants, some strangled, some with their brains knocked out, others with their ears and noses cut off. He answered without emotion, "They deserved it, and are well paid in their own coin": and added, that he would serve the magnanimous king truly and faithfully, like the rest of the Armenians, who fought bravely, and are well indulged by his majesty, like his own children: for Nadir, in all his reign, never hurt an Armenian, except two of the chief merchants of Julpha, who had sworn falsely by his head, and were burnt alive in the grand square of Ispahan in the year 1746.*

The officer, hearing Emin's sentiments, consented with all possible cheerfulness and affability; and was going to enter the gate, in order to present him when his grandfather and the fellow who had confined him, were come down on their knees, laying hold both of the king's officer's and Emin's feet, begging them not to proceed further, and, with much difficulty, prevented them at last; which pacified Emin. The good-natured officer, in a great passion menaced the villain, and said to him, "It was lucky for you, this Armenian lad's grandfather came with you, otherwise not only yourself would suffer, but all your followers would have shared the same fate; you would have been hanged

* Agha Emniaz Khoja Minassian, and Agha Haruthiun Shahrmauiantz. The name of Emniaz has no connection with the name of Emin.

as so many dogs, like the rest of your wicked countrymen ; you see they are dragged away from his presence." The fellow looked as pale as death, and sneaked away, frightened out of his senses. The officer then said to Emin, "Go, my brave boy, serve your old grandfather, and obtain his blessing ; I see in your countenance, that one day you will become a great man ; then remember what I have told you." The Armenians thanked him with their best respects, and went back to Julpha. But, though his grandfather was pleased with the daring action of Emin, he still was in fear lest he should one day take the same resolution.

A month after, Nadir marched with his invincible army from that place towards Mashhed ; and Michael thought proper to set out with the author in a caravan, over the Gilan mountains, to Basrah. He was then eighteen years of age. Nothing extraordinary happened during the journey ; and, when they reached that place, they did not stay there more than a week, but embarked in a hurry on board of an Armenian heavy-sailing vessel. In fifty days, with great difficulty, at last they made the island of Cashin, in the gulf of Persia. Thence they sailed to Cannanor, where they, with several Armenian passengers, were put on shore by the captain, whose name was Marut, a man of an indifferent character. He used them all very ill ; and his vessel was taken, on the same coast of Coromandel, by a Portuguese man of war. They went to Cochin, where they stayed five months ; and thence back to Surat, where Emin found his uncle David, who took great care of him. They refreshed, after ten months' fatigue and hardship ; he cared little for himself, but greatly for his venerable old grandfather, who had all the trouble of bringing him up in a pious way, and was more fond of him than of all his six sons and two daughters. As the author's mother died young, and left him young, he was also taught the Armenian language by his grandfather, and lived with him from the age of six years to nineteen or twenty ; hence he knew more of the

old gentleman than all his own children: he scarce ever saw him angry in all that whole period; he prayed first for his enemies, then for his family.

When the unwelcome news was brought of his second son Moses, who was killed by the Akhwans at Tabriz, he shed but few tears, raised up his head and hands to heaven, thanked and glorified God, pronouncing at the same time the words of Job, "God has given, and God has taken away." The author saw this with his own eyes in Calcutta; and, when absent, was informed by others, that when his other three sons, and a daughter died at different times, all grown up, some twenty-five, some thirty, some forty-five, some forty-two years old, he behaved with the same fortitude and Christian patience: in a word, his great piety was equal to the known bravery of his grandfather Emin the Second.

NOTE.

[Page 2. SHAH ABBAS of Persia reigned from 1587 to 1629. In 1603 he seized Old Nakhichevan and Erivan. To prevent the Turks (Osmanlis), who were preparing to re-conquer the country, from obtaining supplies or assistance from the inhabitants, he forcibly, with indescribable cruelties, deported the Armenians into Persia. Thousands perished by the way, but those who reached their journey's end were given land to settle on, for the Shah desired that his indolent Persians should improve by learning the trades and handicrafts practised by the Armenians.

Page 3. Shah Suleiman was succeeded in 1694 by his son SHAH SULTAN HUSSEIN, who was defeated, deposed and confined in the fortress of Ispahan by the Afghans under Mahmoud Shah in 1722. His son Thamasp fled to Khorassan and Mahmoud reigned until 1725, when his favourite general Ashraf in disgust, or pretended disgust, at his sovereign's tyrannies, strangled him and became Shah himself. In the second year of Ashraf's reign, the chief, Mahmoud of Khorassan, wishing to ingratiate himself with the Shah, sent his favourite camel-keeper, the robber chief Nadir, to him with presents, offering him his allegiance. While in Ispahan Nadir plotted against Ashraf, assuring the Persian princes that he could easily be got rid of. Returning to Khorassan, he

offered his services to Thamasp (the rightful heir) at the head of 500 war-hardened Afshars and Kurds, and with Thamasp went back to Ispahan in 1728, and brought about the downfall of Ashraf. But before Ashraf fled for his life to Shiraz, he killed Sultan Hossein, father of Thamasp, and in turn was himself killed by a band of Baluchis before reaching Shiraz. Thamasp ascended the throne and Nadir became his commander-in-chief, with the title of Thamasp's Kuli Khan (kuli = slave). He defeated the Afghans at Mehmand and at Murchakar in 1729, later on incited the Persians against Thamasp, seized him and sent him prisoner to Khorassan. A campaign against Bagdad followed, and a victory at Bhagwand in 1735. He became Shah in 1736. He drove the Afghans out of Persia, invaded India, and defeated Mohamed Shah at Karnal in 1738. Then came his triumphal entry into Delhi, whence he carried away the famous peacock throne. The last great Asiatic conqueror, Nadir's career ended with his assassination in 1747. He was born in Khorassan about the year 1688.]

II.

1744—1751.

[Voyage of two months from Surat to Calcutta—Admiral Griffin's seizure, in 1746 as enemy (French) property, of two Armenian vessels—Great loss to Emin's father and others—Emin's desire to go to England—Father's opposition—Unsuccessful attempts—Taken as a deckhand on the *Walpole*, the "last boat of the season"—Leaves Balasore February, 1751—Life on board—Quarrelsome sailors—Pudding-making and its uproarious consequences.—Woolwich in six months, September, 1751.—"Chimney sweepers from Bengal."]

THE author and his grandfather, by the assistance of his uncle David, procured a passage at Surat,* on board of a country

* In Mr. Mesroby Seth's "History of the Armenians in India," it is stated that the first port where they formed a permanent settlement in India was the city of Surat, where they erected two churches, one still preserved. Bishop Thorgom Koushagian, Armenian Bishop in Egypt, who visited Surat at the end of 1916, copied out all the inscriptions on Armenian tombstones which were within reach, some being, as he told me, "on the roof," (probably meaning ceiling), he was unable to copy. The oldest one bears the date of 1579, and being that of the wife of a priest, is interesting, as it shows the presence in India of Armenian clergy at an early date. It is included, with others, at the end of this book.

ship, and in two months arrived at Calcutta, where he found his father Hovsep carrying on a slave merchandize. Some months after, came the mournful news before-mentioned, of Moses being killed at Tabriz, with the loss of his estate, amounting to 5,500 tumans, equal to a lack and 10,000 rupees. Next, his own father sustained three considerable losses. Sulaman Pasha exacted 18,000 piastres from his second uncle, Mirzabeg, at Basra. Then followed loss upon loss, destruction after destruction, a family of sixty-five souls reduced to a few, and (except Emin the Second) all dead, and departed without fame.

It would have been happier for them all to have been killed in an action like men, than to die in that mean way of merchandize, without head or tail, like a flock without a shepherd: it would not be despicable, if it were carried on and protected, as it is by Europeans. The late admiral Griffin, like Nadir Shah, in the year 1746, took two Armenian vessels at the bar of Madras, one from Basra the other from Mukca,* all with ready cash, amounting to twelve lacks of rupees, with passports and protection from the honourable council of Calcutta: yet he carried them to England. The honourable court of directors † took great pains, and did the utmost to recover the vessels and money by law, but could not; and they were at last condemned as enemies' property. When the lawyer was making his speeches on the subject, the author unfortunately was sent by an Armenian to the court of king's bench, the very year in which he arrived in London.‡ At the confiscation of those vessels, he did not care so much for the unsufferable loss, as when the lawyer pleading, said, "How is it possible that inhabitants of Calcutta, Armenian merchants, should be possessed of so great a sum of money? They are like the Jews in Holland, who carried on a trade with the money of the enemy, when the Dutch were

* Mocha.

† Of the East India Company.

‡ 1751.

engaged in war. The property belonged to our enemy the French, and is justly and most lawfully taken by the admiral. The Armenians, underhand, are commissioners for them; they have not any interest in this affair."* That cruel sentence, so disagreeable to Emin to hear, affected his mind so deeply, that when he went home, he fell sick, and could not come out for forty days, till his indignation was over. Happy it would have been if the present supreme court had been then instituted in Calcutta, the admiral might not have possessed the character of a despotic prince, nor many poor Armenian families have been ruined, nor their names disgraced by the unworthy appellation of Jews. It is beneath even the lowest class of his harmless countrymen, to act like that forlorn people, or to deal with any other European nation as they do with the English; for the writer persists in maintaining his just opinion of that famous republican nation, whose excellent laws resemble not a single taper, which enlightens only the apartment of one master, but the sun, which spreads its magnificent light over all the universe; and though, in bad seasons clouds and fogs may draw a veil over it, yet the inhabitants are sure of sunshine again; for it is evident, that nothing is perfect in our sublunary world, nothing but God in heaven, who is above us all.

Let us not lose the chain of our narrative. In one year, his father Hovsep lost about 30,000 rupees by those two ships;

* Armenians had owned ships in these regions, and further East, before 1685. Reprinted from the *Catholic Herald*, Aug.-Sept. 1913, there appeared in *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. viii, Serials 15-16, an account, annotated by the Rev. Father Hosten, S.J., of the visit, in 1709, of an Italian Missionary, the Abbate D. Matteo Ripa, to Calcutta, Chander-nagore, and Bandel. In the course of his narrative the Abbate says, "I returned from Bandel....to Sciantanagar and....embarked thence with the Armenian gentleman who owned (*padroni*) the ship which was to take us to Manilla." A footnote says, "One of the Armenian gentlemen who travelled to Malacca in the *Santa Croce* was Giovanni Isacar.... He was the chief man in the little fleet of 4 ships going to the Philippines. He had the largest share in the concern, and was called the Admiral. Ripa went with him to see the Dutch Governor of Malacca.... Before 1685, a *Santa Cruz* belonged to Joseph, brother of the rich Armenian John Demarcora.... In 1702, a ship *Santa Croce* David Marcus Commander arrived from Manilla."—David Marcus is an Armenian name.

add to it 18,000 more in the affair of Basra, which makes 48,000. A year after, he was sent to Dacca to learn trade, which he did not like at all. Some months after, an Armenian died there without issue: according to Mahomedan law, the nabob's design was to confiscate the deceased's property, which was all mulmul goods already made up in bales; but the other Armenian merchants begged Emin to put on mourning dress, and consent to stand as a son to the dead Armenian; and with great difficulty he so did, running a risk of being tortured: they would have made him stand on one leg in the sun, attended by a fellow, who would have run a sharp pointed needle into his other leg, so as to prevent its touching the ground, in hopes of forcing him to injure other Christians, and to declare that such and such persons owed the deceased a sum of money: but the providence of God saved him. The Armenians there, industrious enough, in great haste packed up the goods, and sent them with him to Calcutta; where, for his pains, he was offered a sum of money, but did not accept it, thinking it beneath his dignity to sell his honourable hereditary right, his father then living, as Esau sold his birthright: he did that act for the sake of his Christian countrymen, to prevent wild beasts from eating the flesh of lambs. Afterwards the grandees of Dacca were apprised of the circumstance, but it was too late.

He was then in Calcutta, very cautious not to open his mouth or utter a word of his intention of going to Europe, when, all on a sudden, his father, just at ten o'clock in a propitious morning, asked him if he chose to learn Portuguese? * he said, no; the second question was, French? he answered in the nega-

* Portuguese was the commercial language in Bengal at that period. Mr. J. J. Campos delivered some lectures on the "Portuguese in Bengal" in Calcutta in 1918, in the course of which he said that it was little known in Calcutta that the Portuguese language was the *lingua franca* in Bengal long after the Portuguese power was extinguished. Bengalees, English and other Europeans freely spoke it, Lord Clive, who knew no Indian language, spoke Portuguese fluently and gave commands to his soldiers in that language. All the earliest foreign missionaries preached in Portuguese.

tive; after a little pause, the third question was, English? here Emin hesitated a little while, and with a very low voice said, yes, lest the father should suspect his design; and continued writing all the time with a pretended indifference. His father said, "In how many days time can you learn it?" he answered nothing; while his father, standing by the side of the table, began to count from one month till he came to six months; then the son agreed, for fear he should lose the opportunity if his father changed his resolution. But he immediately accompanied Emin to the English school* in the Old Court-house, at the age of nineteen; where he no sooner picked up a few words, than he made a shift to ask Mr. Parrent, his schoolmaster, Whether the law of England could stop a person, who should chuse to leave his father and go to a far country? he laughed heartily, saying, "What slaves you are, and how ignorant is your nation, who have resided so many years amongst us without knowing our laws. Provided you will not make any requisition to your father for money—I find your mind is turned towards Europe; and it is your duty to ask your father first for his paternal blessing; but, in case he should not be inclined to consent, then do as you think best; and remember, that you will meet with great difficulty in getting your bread in England."

This was joyful news to Emin, who, for two years and a half, had pined with grief and loss of appetite, not knowing how to find a vent for his distracted mind. He went home directly, and spoke of it to his father, hoping to gain his consent, and to obtain, if possible, his blessing: finding the old gentleman quite averse to the plan, and very unwilling to part with him, he said nothing, but took the first opportunity to inquire for the houses of India captains; after which, with another Armenian

* St. Anne's Church stood at the north-west corner of Tank Square, and the school known as St. Anne's Charity School was held in a house which stood on the ground now occupied by St. Andrew's Church, in the north-east corner of Tank, now Dalhousie, Square. The Mayor's Court was held in this house, and it therefore came to be known as the Old Court House. Emin had not far to go, for he must have been living near the Armenian Church.

of the same age, a distant relation of his, he went to one captain Williamson, and was introduced by the steward. When they both stood before the captain, his companion, who understood Portuguese better than himself, was frightened and speechless; Emin therefore advanced, and, as well as he could, began to tell his design: the good captain put several questions to him; the first objection he made, was to the Turkish black turban and long clothes. Emin said, the first might be taken off, and the second cut short; the captain then said, you are not a sailor; he answered, yourself were not one, when first you went on board, we shall learn every thing in good time; upon which the gentleman seemed very much pleased, and told them to call the next morning for a note to go on board. When he returned home, he began to consider the matter more seriously, and said to himself, who knows but my father may petition the governor to bring me back from the ship; I had better wait for another opportunity. He staid therefore with vexation and anxiety a full year, till the next monsoon, passing the time most disagreeably and heavily; went a second time to another captain, whose name is unknown, but who was a very choleric man, hardly heard himself speak a word, and was very near knocking him down, swearing furiously and saying, Do not you like to live well in India? half of my ship's crew have deserted through the good things in Bengal, and you are fool enough to want to go to England to be starved there; get away, you are mad. Emin would rather have been favoured by the captain with a pair of black eyes and a broken head, than to have had his refusal, and was angry with himself for not venturing the year before with good captain Williamson. However, he did not despair, but went thence to the next door, where lived captain Cash, commander of the Tavistock, which had been before a man of war. This honourable gentleman perceiving a great disorder in his countenance, from an agitated mind, said nothing, till some gentlemen, who were there, went out; he then approached Emin

with great mildness, and advising him like a tender father, to be dissuaded from his intention, said, "depend upon it, my friend, you will not be able to go through the laborious work of the ship, nor able to live when you are in London; I know your countrymen here are numerous and very rich, and I dare to say, you have a father; what ails you, that you are so sanguine for going to Europe, without a single rupee in your pocket?"

The writer took no notice of all these unsuccessful proceedings to his father, whose condition of life he knew to be reduced very low; besides that he then had a dangerous illness and great vexation of mind. On the one hand was emptiness of pocket; on the other, the thought of losing an only son, whose resolution was not to be changed: he was therefore obliged to have recourse to a voyage to Mukha* for the recovery of his health and some little profit. Having gone on board, and before the ship sailed, he wrote from Culpee to his brother David, who was then come from Surat and inserted in his letter the following paragraph: "Dear brother, please to acquaint Emin, my only son, that his obstinate temper, I am convinced, will not be altered, nor will even be shaken by a battery of cannons. I know he is not to be dissuaded from his design. Do you not remember, when he was but five years of age, a Hamadany Mahomedan wanted to caress him, he took up a stone and knocked out the fellow's eye: he is our ancestor Emin, come out of his grave with the same fearless disposition. I think he may succeed in his laudable notions, on condition that he keep himself very strict in chastity, with honour and honesty, walking as he has been brought up, in the path of religion, grounded on the principles of truth. All my objection against his going to Europe was, that, young as he is, he may not be able to curb himself so as to withstand the temptations there in a free country, as he would if he had been kept under our watchful

*Mocha.

eyes. Tell him so from me, and let him go ; may Heaven prosper him in all his ways which are good." This effaced the anxiety of Emin's distracted mind for his paternal blessing. He went then with redoubled courage to the fourth gentleman, named Thomas Fea, commander of the old Walpole India-man, and begged that he might work for his passage ; this captain made more objections than the others, particularly observing him to be so very thin : but the captain rather looked affable in his countenance and conversation, which made the writer imagine his offered service would not be accepted, but would rather raise a laugh, and cause him to be sent about his business. Desponding as he grew, helpless as he felt himself, the Indiamen having all sailed, and the Walpole being the last ship of that season, he thought of no other remedy than to throw himself on his knees at the feet of the captain, like a deplorable captive desirous to be set free. He was ordered by the captain to call again the next morning, and so on every day for a whole week ; at last he was advised by the European servants to see the sircar, who no sooner received a couple of rupees, than he immediately spoke to the captain, and obtained a note to go on board. Had he been acquainted before with the nature of the captain's black ministers, and their effective influence, he might have saved himself all the time he had lost, and all his vain intreaties, with that insignificant fee ; and this shews the great interest of the natives at that time in the employments of many, who depend more on them than on their own excellent sagacity, which might have helped them to discern a man of spirit, in ever so destitute or distressed a situation. But patience was his great comfort, and assisted him to pass over all such trifles.

He went home, saw both his grandfather Michael, and David his uncle ; took leave of them with their blessing ; and after two days was on board at Balasor. The third mate, the captain's own brother, no sooner read the note, than he began to stamp on the main deck, with such unnatural swearing and

cursing, that he thought the vessel would have gone to the bottom, bawling out and calling for the boatswain; upon which, immediately a broom with a swab were ready brought, and trusted to Emin's hand. "Take care, Mr. Armenian (said the mate,) to keep the main-deck always clean, more especially the hog-stye, and particularly the gallery; you foolish booby, that preferest a cold to a hot country, hell to heaven;" reading the curious note over and over again, while Emin was standing, as he was ordered, at the foot of the gang-way, holding the swab in his right hand, and the broom in the left, to hear the lecture of his most improving commander; who making a second motion, said, "Do you hear me, sirrah?" Yes, please your honour, said the poor boy: "Take very great care then (said he) of those two instruments, to execute the duties of your office, for you are fit for nothing else;" then, with a horse-laugh, he turned his back, and began to walk upon the quarter-deck. Emin cared not a pin for his abusive expressions, saying to himself, "That is all but a puff of wind compared to your brother's polite smiles, which wanted very little to turn into a dreadful storm, sufficient to wreck the feeble boat of my poor heart." In short, he did not mind abuse, when his resolution told him, he was going towards a paradise upon earth, to have his eyes opened, and take a view of the world. A fortnight after, the captain, with two English ladies, passengers, came on board: next morning, about the 14th February, 1751, the Walpole sailed. Three weeks more the author continued in that foul office, and then was removed upon the quarter-deck, together with his countryman John Masseh, who is also living in Calcutta at this present time; and, thank God, he is possessed of pretty good estate, and passes his life happily.

Though Emin had gained the minds of the ship's crew, by oversetting the big foreigner mentioned in the preface; yet they were not well enough reconciled to him and his countryman, to let them hang their bag of pudding in the copper. Several

times, when they had every second day's common allowance of flour, and had made it into dough, they hardly approached the kitchen door, when the sailors hooted out, growling like lions, and calling them lousy slavish Armenians; adding, "you are not better than our enemies the French, who in time of war are for conquering us; and in peace, to come to England like beggars, to take the bread out of the mouths of Englishmen." This obliged them to throw their dough over board. They were advised by some to complain of it to the captain; but Emin thought it a mean way of acting, and began to work his brains how to be even with them. He went to the steward the next flour day, and got their allowance; a potfull of fine hogs-lard was hanging over by the side of the boatswain's cott, and Emin thinking it no harm or theft, took a good quantity of it, as a thing of no value: behold! it was the boatswain's own property, and esteemed on board as good as butter! The owner of it came, and taking Emin by the tip of his ear, pinched it with such force, that the blood began to trickle down from it; then gave him a slap on the face, and said to him, in a very friendly manner, "Take care not to learn thieving, for you are going to England, where if you should commit the same fault, you would be hanged for it. I find you are ignorant of the ship's custom; if you knew it, you would not act so; go, mind your pudding." Thereupon he, with his messmate Masseh, went to work, mixed the flour, hogs-lard, and some water, together pretty well; then rolled it upon a board as thin as parchment, and folding it from every side, spread each plait with sugar, so that the thickness of it become three quarters of an inch, just big enough for a grid-iron; which the captain's cook, a good-natured elderly man lent them, seeing that they could not come near the great copper on account of the men. Both the Armenians, very glad of the favour, made a shift in an hour and half to broil their pudding, which they took up, and setting down under the larboard side of the gangway in a princely

state, began to make a dinner upon it with all the appetite imaginable, chusing that place on purpose to be in the way of the men, by whom they had been deprived for six weeks on ship-board of eating pudding. As they passed and repassed the curiosity of the men led them to inquire how it was made, every one of them tasting a bit, and, when they were informed of the method, they approved it, and swore that they would follow the example, not considering the ridiculous consequences of it. In a ship's company among thirty or more messes, allowing only an hour's time to each grilling with one gridiron, in such hot weather, in the captain's cook-room, they must of course bid farewell to the ship's work.

A day after, having their allowance of flour as usual, the operation began; the captain's pantry was broke open in the night, and robbed of all the butter; a hogshead of sugar was broached, and the boatswain's pot vanished; some of them were flogged, some reprimanded; but the best part of the uproar was to follow: About ten o'clock the contest began, by their striking one another unmercifully, with the gridiron, in disputing who should use it, without considering the shortness of time they had to spare. The captain and the rest of the officers were alarmed, and asked, what was the matter? The poor men were ashamed to speak; when a young lad more acute than the rest, said in a good-natured way, "Sir, these two little Armenians are the cause of the disturbance:" upon which the captain laughed heartily with the passengers, and saying to them, "Very well done—now I see you have learned how to live in the world." He then sent them two bottles of wine, which they returned, and accepted a gallon of water. The bloody-frosed and black-eyed gentlemen sailors, instead of being angry with Emin, came and shook hands with him, while he and his countryman sat in the same place eating their pudding boiled in the great copper, without interruption from any of their brother sailors, and lived ever after in the same manner, un-

interrupted and well treated by them. They afterwards gave Emin the nickname of Nadir Shah's son.

In a ship of any other nation, if such an affair had happened, what would have become of him who was the occasion of it. Nothing less than death and destruction. He remembers at Ispahan, that, when the army of Aly Murad Khan, the late King of Persia, was dispersed without fighting, (through his own imprudence), as they were marching away, a mule started at something by the side of the river Zandarud, and let fall his load, which was only kitchen furniture belonging to one of the Khan's. The leader of the mule desired an Armenian of Julpha, with two other Mahomedans that were only passing by, to help him to load the beast. Aly Murad became successful again, the deserted army came about him, and he marched back from Hamadan to Ispahan. The owner of the mule then brought an action against those three persons as guilty of plunder, and ruined them entirely, besides their being bastinadoed in a cruel manner; and this he saw happened while standing at the top of his house, at the distance of three hundred yards.

Neither the author, nor his companion, while on board, drank any brandy, but their allowance of drams they gave away to the sailors; two of them had most of the drink, and they were very good in taking care to wash every week.

The ship being very old, sprung a great leak below the head five or six feet under water, and three feet to the left of the keel, so that all hands set up plying the chain-pumps all the way to St. Helena Island, and then patched her up. All that he did not mind, nor anything, while the weather was warm; but when the ship began to get under higher latitudes, he recollected the meaning of Mr. Fea, the third mate, at Balasor; each having four shirts and four coarse drawers to wear in all sorts of weather: and sure enough he felt one of the torments of hell,—“gnashing of teeth.” It was beneath his spirit to skulk like other foreign sailors or lascars, who had not coverings

sufficient to appear on the deck with good grace. He thought himself in the right of it not to sham sick, but worked on the deck, which kept him warmer, and thus preserved the good opinion of the brave seamen; as for keeping below the main hatchway, which he experienced in the night, every time he went down after his watch was over, slept for an hour comfortably; but the other three hours he was in great misery, shaking and trembling through cold. This happiness he enjoyed in his mind, that his suffering of hardship was for a good cause, and he was never disheartened, since it was his own choice; and thanked God, he was not sick in all the passage.

Exactly in six months the ship completed her troublesome voyage, and arrived at Woolwich on the 14th of September. Emin was then very happy in the sight of Old England, swelling like a peacock with the bright feathers of his imagination. When reflecting on his empty pocket, he shrank down; but when he remembered God, he was as hopeful as ever, and in good spirits. The captain had the kindness to tell him, that he might stay on board during the time of the unloading, and to get a shilling a day according to custom; then knowing his situation, and that he had no money, nor a friend to go to; but he was foolish enough to stay only ten days.

One Sunday morning, while on board, he and his countryman had some beef stakes dressing in the kitchen, when they saw a shortish Englishman come on board, who unluckily passed into the same place, and said very rapidly, "Who are you? I see the people are all gone on shore, you are only left here with the custom house officers; are you the captain's slaves?" Then he repeated in a teasing manner, "What are you? devils or animals? Oh! I see you are chimney-sweepers come from Bengal, to get your living in our country but I can tell you, you are too old, you wont be received into the service." No sooner had he heard that they were Armenians, than he threw down the stick he had in his hand, and began to tread upon it, saying "Ay, ay,

I know you now ; I have seen the Armenians in Constantinople, whose necks, like this stick, were under the feet of the 'Turks.' When he had finished his speech he took up the stick, and as quick as lightning stepped into the boat and went away. This spoiled the author's dinner, took away his appetite, and he passed all the day without touching anything.

III.

1751—1752.

[Lodging at Wapping with a Swede—Penny dinners—Stephanos—An academy—Twopence halfpenny a day—Stephanos turns Roman Catholic—Emin in great distress and homeless—A soldier's sympathy—Discomforts of beer-drinking to gain respect of common people—A master bricklayer—Emin called a German because indefatigable—Three halfpence a day—Escapes kidnapping—Sir John Evelyn's grandsons—Emin adrift again—A porter on £8 a year.]

ON Monday morning, a Swede, who was married to an English woman, came with a boat, and took them both to his house in Wapping (at the sign of Wapping Old Stairs): he was a very honest man, his wife a very good sort of a woman. Emin, with Masseh, his countryman, lived there upon bread and cheese about a week, and paid a shilling a week for sleeping. The landlord took them to the India House, to receive six months pay, at 9s. per month, which made 3*l.* 14*s.* In their way back, they met with the Swedish master of the house, who said to them, "My lads, this small sum is hardly enough to buy you a second-hand suit of old clothes in Ragfair; what then will you do to live, as you are to stay in this country, to be educated and brought up genteelly? Your best way I think will be, not to lose the opportunity of returning to Bengal with the rest of the lascars. A regulation is made by the Honourable Company, to work the ship in day-time only, and not to keep watch in the

night, for a free passage without pay ; otherwise you must do one of two things, either beg or starve. If you enter as a common servant or footman into gentlemen's houses, in the first place, nobody knows you to give you a character. Supposing that there were, what would you do for want of the language, for you are hardly understood. I find it was a wild notion which some wicked man contrived to put into your head, to leave behind you a country equal to paradise, and to come into this confounded cold region, where one is obliged to work like a horse, to break his heart for a livelihood only. I myself, for fifteen years, have worked hard and with great difficulty made a little money, and married that good English widow. I became an able housekeeper at last, and it is through her prudence and good economy, that we live somehow happily, so as to bring both ends to meet ; for even a man of great fortune, if he is not careful enough in the management of it, will soon become a bankrupt, and be sent to gaol to be pickled."

The author heard all this with indifference, till they reached the house in Wapping. The two moneyless Armenians walked up to their rooms, consulting what to do ; immediately after, the maid-servant of the house, the beautiful Sally, lately married to a sailor who was gone to sea, came and stood before them, saying in a pathetic, good-natured manner like to an angel, "Good young men, my master and mistress, particularly myself, observing this week, that each of you have eaten but a pennyworth of bread and cheese, my poor heart burns for you. I have heard my good master and mistress telling your deplorable situation of life ; which puts me in mind of the distress of my sweetheart, the dear sailor," (meaning her husband,) and then the tears trickled down like pearls from her lovely eyes over her delicate cheeks, and deeply affected the spectators, who sympathized with her, admiring her unaffected fidelity to her lawful love. "What will you please to have ? (said she). Give me some money, I will go to market, buy you some meat, and dress it myself for

you, to save you from killing yourselves; don't be uneasy at having but little; God will provide for you, and take care of my dear sailor too—bless him!" fetching a very deep sigh.

Emin begged of her to go downstairs, stay half an hour, and then come up again. After she was gone, he dived into his mind with deep reflection; surprized to find in a week's time so much goodness, and truth of love, in the females of that blessed Island, who labour as hard as any to preserve the sacred tie of matrimony with faithfulness; and consequently formed an honourable idea in his mind, which he, in the space of several years, happily found realized by many, both high and low. After his contemplation on the subject, he called the lovely Sally, with as much affection as a brother to a sister. "Well, my dear, (said he,) take this money," which was exactly three-pence; "please to buy a pennyworth of beef stakes, a pennyworth of potatoes, and with the third penny, two halfpenny rolls; dress the meat well, and let us have it as soon as possible; for, as you observe, we are really very hungry." Sally, hearing the writer's stately orders, ran down like lightning, and told her mistress of the unaccountable extravagances of Emin and his countryman. The landlady could not help laughing; but good Sally, still in great concern, came up again, and conducted them to about fifteen doors higher, to a very neat Dutch woman who kept a cook's shop, chiefly selling broth, a large bason for a halfpenny; so, with a halfpennyworth more of bread, broke and put into it, they made a tolerable dinner.

In this manner they passed another week; during that time, Sally took great pains, and when she had an opportunity to come and stand by, she comforted them with as much sincerity as if they had been her dear brothers. She was endowed with a talent, which he thinks it would be ungenerous if he should omit mentioning:—As she was obliged to rise early in the morning to work, she always, in her choice of songs, warbled the song, "All in the Downs the fleet was moored," etc., with so fine a

voice, and so pathetic manner without any affectation, that the hearer of it might have snapped his fingers at the most admired Italian singing girl. The reader may very well suppose that the author was in love; and he owns it; and so would any one else of a well-meaning heart have been, to find so great fortitude and virtue in a poor innocent servant—the genuine produce of a famous country he is really in love with; which, true enough, is torment and plague to those who are ungratefully wicked in their erroneous way of judging. It is true, the English nation, by their extensive learning, are sensible of the difference between the goodness of the admirable laws of their own mother country, and the miseries of others: yet it is impossible to judge perfectly by theory, unless (which God avert) they had proved it by experience.

At the end of a fortnight, they met an Armenian at the Royal Exchange, named Stephenus, who shipped off Masseh to Amsterdam, and took Emin to his lodging, at one Mr. Newman's on Dowgate Hill, facing Skinner's Hall. The author had about fifty-two rupees, besides a few shillings, the remainder of his pay; he gave them all to Stephenus, out of which he paid three guineas to Mr. Middleton, master of an academy in Bishopsgate-street, beforehand, agreeably to the rule established; and afterwards three more, when he had finished some learning; and agreed to pay a shilling a-day to Mrs. Newman for lodging, washing and boarding. He lived in that house exactly fifty days when the Armenian began to change his mind. Mrs. Newman found fault with his eating, which she thought was more than a shilling's worth. Stephenus said, "I will give you a guinea a-month, but cannot afford more: manage as well as you can." He contented himself even with that, better than with nothing, lodging in the same house, and paying a shilling a-week to sleep in the garret, two shillings and six-pence for washing and mending, and a shilling for shaving twice a-week, making in all fifteen shillings; there remained six shillings to live on, little more than two-pence halfpenny a-day. Almost for seven months he made a

shift, in that miserable starving condition, and diligently attended the academy; when, to his sorrow, Mrs. Newman, his landlady, gave him a month's warning to leave the lodging, and said: "The Armenian petty merchant will not stay with us on your account: as he pays thirty pounds sterling a-year for his table, should he leave the house, it will go against the grain with us." Poor Mrs. Newman made many apologies, and shewed great uneasiness for the author's distressed situation.

This circumstance was owing to the unhappy Armenian's being turned papist, and wishing him to be in the same way of thinking; but could by no means prevail on him to become a turn-coat like himself. He remembered the same ill usage from some Mahomedan Persians, when he was persecuted in the city of Cashan; but, trusting in God, he did not despair. He was obliged to absent himself from the academy, and try if he could get any employ. Mr. Newman and his good wife advised him to go to the register-office, a little mean room behind the Royal Exchange, and promised to give him a good character. Miss Newman, their daughter, was sent by them with Emin to have his name registered in a book, where several gentlemen who wanted servants had set their names and directions. According to the custom, he paid a shilling, which he had found in one of the winter nights, about nine o'clock, walking in the Exchange in order to keep himself warm, as he was not permitted, by the severe order of the Armenian, to enter the room, or go near the kitchen fire; a barbarity neither a Turk nor a Jew would have been guilty of. The register master, laughing and making a jest of him all the time, directed him every day, in the morning, for a week, to different gentlemen; when he, with great difficulty, for want of proper food to keep him in strength, found the house being chiefly at a great distance, almost at the other end of the town, the gentlemen said, you are made a fool by the register, we are provided with servants. Some of them said, he looked very ugly; some swore; some said, he looked pine

ways for a Sunday; and another said, "If anybody should chance to see your countenance, he would not have good luck for a fortnight together."

In this unspeakable condition he was directed at last to go to Drury Lane, to a broken house, where he found a carpenter working and a labourer, who was a soldier. When they were acquainted with his errand, they told him that their master was not a fine gentleman to keep a footman, but a bricklayer. Emin's answer to the honest soldier was, "that he did not care if the person was a scavenger, to get bread by industry he would work at anything; but if he should not get business, he was resolved rather to die with hunger, like a man, than to beg." This moved the brave soldier to such a degree, that it made him cry like a child; and turning himself towards the carpenter, "It is hard," he said, "to be a stranger; for I was in the same situation once in Flanders." He treated Emin with a pint of beer, which he drank against his will; in the mean time, he promised to speak a good word to his master. While he was comforting Emin, in came a gentleman, named Mr. Emir, a fresh looking man, about thirty years of age. The honest soldier accosted him, and began his mediation; but no sooner did he hear the name of a foreigner, than he flew into a passion, kicking about the rubbish, damning Emin for a Frenchman. He assured him of the contrary, and that he was an Armenian; that he had nothing in the world but a good character. The gentleman took the appellation for a German, and said, "Very well, I am very glad you are not a Frenchman; step in the next door." He then called for a pint of beer; and seeing the author almost wasted away, ordered some bread and cheese; and stood by the bar. While Emin was eating, and again drinking up strong beer, to have his good opinion, (since the common people in London have the conceit, that if any labouring man does not drink strong beer, he will not be able to work,) Mr. Emir, the master bricklayer, was standing by looking at him, and pitying him

with as much concern as if had been his brother. Emin could not be persuaded that he should pay all; he paid for the bread, and the master for the beer.

This happened in the month of May, when he was twenty-six years of age; the days being long, the carpenter and soldier left off work and went away at the settled hour. Master Emir ordered Emin to sit on the rubbishing ground to work, and gave him a pickax to make holes at the narrow ends of slates to fasten pegs into them, which serve to fix them on the tops of houses. The author sat himself down contentedly to work; but while the bricklayer was taken up with other things, he broke, in half an hour's time, near 200 slates, not knowing how to manage the tool. When his master came back to look how he was going on, he cried out, "O Lord, you ruin me; you have spoiled three shillings worth of materials!—come, come, that is not your business, it does not signify, I only did it to try you; I can see that you are willing to work; what you told me agrees with your industrious motions, you appear indefatigable; never mind it, you will be able to live in our country, for you seem to be a true German." The author trying to correct the misunderstanding, said, "Sir, I am not a German;" he answered, "Well, well, Germans and Armenians are all alike, as long as you are not a Frenchman, I am glad of it." He added, "This is Saturday, to-morrow is Sunday, when all good Christians must go to church, and I hope you are one?" "Yes, master," said Emin. "Then," said he, "if you will come on Monday morning, you shall have half-a-crown a-day, like the rest of the workmen;" bidding a good afternoon, which made him in some degree happy.

Emin had at that time two shillings left out of a guinea, the remainder of last month's allowance by Stephenus: and, when he went home and told his mother-like Mrs. Newman what had happened, seeming to be pretty cheerful too, she said, "The work is very laborious, and equally dangerous: as you are not

used to climb up high ladders, who knows but you may fall down, and break your neck into the bargain. Your best way will be to go to Blackwall or Deptford, and work with the people loading and unloading ships; and consider you have but a fortnight more to stay in my house, for your Jew countryman every day threatens to leave us if you don't go away." He said nothing, went up to his garret, which, although very clean, to him appeared a loathsome dungeon, in which he hardly enjoyed comfort of bed for the space of nine months. He could not close his eyes that whole night, nor the next following, partly through hunger, partly vexation of mind; but praying to God, he bore it as well as he could.

Disappointing Emir the bricklayer, two hours before sunrise on Monday morning, he set out for Deptford. When he came to an ale-house by the side of the Thames, he called for a pint of porter like a lusty fellow, to appear well in the eyes of the housekeeper, sensible that for two days before he had not digested the same liquor, so that he poured poison upon poison. When he thought he could speak with assurance, he said to the woman, "Pray, madam, is there any vessel here, to be unloaded?" drinking up the pint, and calling for another, to appear more generous. She said, "No, Sir, you are too early, the Indiamen are not yet arrived; you have no occasion to spend your money in vain; I see you drink against your will, and are not very well." He begged to lay himself down on the bench; she had no objection, and said to him, in a grave manner, "After you have rested a little, step into the next long room, there you will see many men lying and rolling upon dry hard boards, all for want of work." A few minutes after, he got up and visited the mansion, with its owner. It was a real purgatory, where, if he should escape dying with hunger, he must share the same misery with them. His heart was filled with the distracting portion of beer, without a soul, in a plentiful country, to be found, who would bestow on him a drop of the antidote of hope. He can

hardly recollect how he reached the lodging on Dowgate Hill, where he had just sense enough to throw himself down in the house. The darling drink of porters, the medical barley wine, had such an effect on him and took away his strength to such a degree, that he was not able to walk upstairs, and lay down upon the stone pavement in the yard, at the office door.

The kitchen window, on the first floor, was over that place; where he could hear the Armenian speaking to the people, murmuring against Emin, dropping unbecoming expressions enough to poison the hearer, hallooing loudly to Mrs. Newman, and saying, "What is become of your garret-lodger? your honest husband was foolish enough to believe him, and give him a good character for honesty; who knows now where he is pleasuring?" Mrs. Newman answered, with a loud voice, "Say what you will, he is an honest young man; what you say is all spite, because he would not be a papist like you; nor do I care a pin for your staying or not in my house; and I am assured, nobody else in this city will let you board so reasonably as we do; I am an Englishwoman, do not like your overbearing temper; hold your tongue."

To this dialogue he listened five minutes, and lay down, from half an hour after six, to almost eleven o'clock, in the most tormenting pain. Just as they were going to supper, the servant maid came down to shut the back door, and saw him sprawling on the stones. She was frightened at first, but when she knew who he was, she ran up, screaming, and told her mistress that Mr. Emin was dead. This happened aptly to her boarder's reflection, and her good-will towards the author; she immediately ran downstairs, with her husband, daughter, and servant, who took him up in their arms, carried and laid him on his bed; made him to take a glass of wine, with some rhubarb, and with a little care, cured him of the disorder and saved his life.

He reprimanded lightly the old unthinking cruel man, who meditated another method of revenging himself upon Emin, and the next morning called him to his room. Emin supposed his

compassion to have been moved, or inclined to reconciliation. But on the contrary, he produced an account of the expences he had been at, and made the balance due to be seventeen pounds sterling: he then said to Emin, "As you cannot afford to pay me now, it is necessary to draw a bond in form, on condition to pay the balance in six months." Well knowing he could not pay it in six years, (Mrs. Newman was then standing behind the door, and heard all that passed,) Emin said to him, "Sir, since you depart from your word, as you have departed from your father's religion, I give my word, that I will pay the sum when I am able; as to a writing under my hand, that is not to be expected." And added, "That he was sensible of his wicked intention, and that, if he would not be easy with the answer he received, he would give him a good thrashing, and expose his character on the Royal Exchange among all the merchants." Upon which Stephenus looked as pale as death, resembling Shylock the avaricious Jew in the Merchant of Venice. When he came out of the room, he saw the landlady standing in the way; she stepped in, and said to the Armenian, "He served you right." Then she came out, and said to Emin, "Well done! now you have behaved like a man of spirit."

The author seeing it was impossible for him to get any sort of employment in the light service of a gentleman, made it his business to go upon the Royal Exchange every day except Sundays, his finances being reduced so low as that he was obliged to make a more pinching calculation, and lived upon three halfpence a-day for three weeks, in order to linger away by degrees to the welcome gates of death. He found at last, on the 'Change, a sailor in a blue jacket, belonging to Crisp's office, talking to some other countrymen, perhaps no less destitute than himself. Curiosity as well as necessity, led him to know what they were about. The man in the blue jacket said to him, "Well, my friend, will you do as they do?" "What is it?" said Emin. "They have no friends in London, like

yourself," answered he; "and are desirous to go to Jamaica: they are to sign indentures for so many years, some ten, some fifteen, some twenty. After the time limited shall be over, they will have a piece of land given them for their service. Though it is a little hard in that hot country, yet if they survive, and behave soberly, they may make their fortune." By that sort of dog rhetorick he filled the author's head full of sense, and his belly full of victuals. He said he would consider.

Three days after, as the month was expired, he left the lodging; for that day he made a shift to walk in the 'Change, saw the man again, agreed to go on board the next day, and ashamed to tell the fellow that he had no place to sleep in, was obliged to walk in the streets of London for the whole night, from one end to the other, like a watchman, having no more than three halfpence in his pocket. The next morning providentially he met Mr. Middleton's son William. Now he hoped to live in England, as William stopped him, at the top of Bishopsgate-street, and was very inquisitive to know the reason of his pale look, and the cause of his absence three weeks from the academy. At first he hesitated, but to no purpose but when he told his case, the young gentleman cried; forced him to the academy, told his father, and Mrs. Middleton the mother who pitied him extremely, and were sorry for not knowing his distress before. The father said to the son, "Will, take him to your room, let him have some victuals first, then we will talk the matter over."

The wandering writer took great care in eating, for fear of ill consequences. The young gentleman conducted him to his own room, treated him with great humanity (being then hardly twelve years of age); which behaviour could not have been surprising if he had been a full grown man. He brought breakfast, dinner and supper with his own hands for several days after. Emin slept in the house that night.

The next morning, Mr. Middleton the father asked him the

reason of his falling out with the Armenian Stephenus. He said, "Sir, I will not trouble you with the story; please to send and ask the people of the house of Mr. Newman; they will tell you at once." Immediately an elderly servant maid was sent for that purpose. When she came back, she related all the circumstances, and Mr. Middleton was made easy in regard to his character. He then said, "What do you intend to do now, Mr. Emin?" He answered, "Sir, I am obliged to this young gentleman for his hospitality, which saved me from dying in the street for want. I beg it as a favour to take quarter in your house three or four days more, if it is not troublesome, and then I will go away about my business." "Whither do you intend to go," said he, "let me know it?" Emin then proceeded thus: "The bread of idleness is poison to a man who would rather starve than yield to it. I have agreed to sell myself on the 'Change to work in the West-India plantations for a livelihood." He then repeated his grateful thanks. Mr. Middleton said, "Can you bring to me the person with whom you have made the agreement?" "I don't know, Sir," said Emin; "if you please I will go for him." He went; and when he had found him on the 'Change, he said to him, "Come, let us go to a friend of mine just by, who is desirous to know the nature of the indenture which is to be signed." The man no sooner heard the name "a friend" mentioned, than he flew in a passion, and said, "We have nothing to do with any one that has even an acquaintance in the place. Get away! don't trouble my head about it." But when the author went back and told Mr. Middleton of it, he very gladly expressed himself thus: "You have escaped being kidnapped; for those soul-buyers make harmless creatures believe them till they get them on board, and then by compulsion oblige them to sign the wicked indenture, instead of ten or fifteen years, as had been settled a-shore, and according to their ages, make them write forty or fifty years, so that the poor simple slaves must live

and die in misery. In my opinion, your best way will be, if you do not think yourself demeaned by it, to stay in my house, and wait on the gentlemen, keep the key of your desk, and when you have an opportunity, sit in the academy and mind your learning with them: you will then have boarding and education by your own industry, without being beholden to any one, and the servant will not be long before he goes away; you shall have the same wages that he has, which is nine pounds a-year."

All this passed before the gentlemen in the academy, above forty-five or fifty in number, half of them boarders, and half day-scholars. The author accepted the offer with cheerfulness; his young friend expressed great joy, and made him in a manner his companion, treating him with civility, while the old servant continued in the house. The gentlemen thought it rather unpolite of Mr. Middleton, to say that he should wait on them, and with great reluctance could bring themselves to send him even on an errand, as he had been a school-fellow of theirs for nine months before that happened. But Emin took pains to inure their delicate minds to command him as their waiting servant, expostulating, and showing the difference between his former and his present station; begging, in the mean time, that they would be so good as to consider his present preferable situation to a life of slavery, which, if he had not escaped, they would have been continually calling him to mind, and saying, "Oh, poor Emin! he is gone, and lost for ever; though the artful kidnapper said, he would be a great man."

Among the boarders there were two brothers, the grandchildren of the late old Sir John Evelyn; the name of the youngest was John, amazingly considerate for his infant age; he took more notice of everything than the rest; was surprisingly exact in his morning and evening prayers; yet very cautious not to be seen by any: he used to comfort Emin, when now and then he found him a little thoughtful.

One day, as the author, after school, was sitting at his table writing some accounts in his book, both brothers came in and sat upon the desk before him, teasing him. As not being in one of his best humours, he begged of them to let him alone; they still persisted to play and laugh; when, by accident or intention, his young friend even set the inkhorn on the page of the book, and daubed it from top to bottom, which wrought upon his wild Asiatic temper to strike the face of his best friend, and set the poor innocent's nose bleeding. He wished that very instant the elder brother had been strong enough to have beaten him heartily for that unaccountable conduct; but he, seeing the poor child in that bloody condition, took him by the hand to carry him to Mr. Middleton and make a complaint. The author then took for granted, that without fail he must prepare for an asylum on board of the crimp ship for the West India plantation. The harmless bleeding lamb, instead of concurring, made this very speech: "Dear brother, I have received the blow of that ironhand according to my desert; we plagued him first; what business had we here after the academy was over? Your heart I am sure is sorry for me, but consider Mr. Emin's case; what will become of him, if Mr. Middleton were shewn the condition I am in? He will be turned out into the street, without a friend; what shall we get by that? Come, Mr. Emin, do not make yourself uneasy, it is all our fault: upon my honour I will not open my lips about it to any one in the school, and you shall have a new book from me: come, give me your hand, let us be friends, again; do not mind, it is all over." What will the candid reader think of this singularity? It is to be hoped he cannot avoid being sensible of the author's meaning: in endeavouring to write the rough narrative of his life, he inadvertently comes in the way of truth, and spreads the light of it upon every page, without which every line of it would appear as dark as midnight.

The man went away a few weeks after: Emin succeeded to

the office, cleaning twenty-four pairs of shoes, and twice the number of knives and forks, and running on errands for all the gentlemen, who, though he did not think it reasonable to be paid, yet would by force make him accept some, saying, "If you refuse, upon our honour we will never speak to you any more."

Twice a-week he carried some eatables in a hand-basket to the country-house for the family, nine or ten miles, down to Aldborough Hatch; sometimes he walked, and at other times rode on horseback.

In that situation he passed life very comfortably, and more so through the good-nature of his school-fellows, and their amicable expressions. As he could not sit at table to dinner with them, they honoured him by turns with inviting him to drink tea every afternoon in their separate apartments. But, to his great sorrow, Mr. Middleton broke; and, being indebted to some tradesmen to the amount of 4000*l.* was obliged to conceal himself till a commission of bankrupt was taken out. As Mrs. Middleton could not trust the secret to any one in the house, she deposited a note with the faithful Emin, who by direction found the tavern where the gentleman was (he believes somewhere near St. Paul's), and delivered the note to the waiter. Presently after came out Mr. Middleton, who treated Emin with half a pint of wine, and a present of half-a-guinea, giving him an answer to the note, which he brought to the lady. No soul knew of the secret from him for the space of thirty-five years.

A fortnight after, Mr. Middleton came out. Mr. Reeves, another academy master, took the house; and Emin lost his wages, 6*l.* 10*s.* which were then due; ill-natured fortune making him a sufferer as well as other creditors. At that time he had no more than 10*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket, with an old Rag-fair coat and waistcoat, and six sack-cloth shirts, darned by a good washer-woman in an hundred places, like the late king of Persia Carim Khan's head-shawl, or the patched shoes of Peter the Great in the battle of Poltowa.

The Armenian merchant Stephenus, like Charles XII. of Sweden, pressing very hard for his 17*l.* the author offered himself to the new schoolmaster to stay in the house as a servant; he answered very coolly, that he was provided. The young gentlemen, his dear comforters, were all gone to their respective homes; and he was left alone again to his fate, with a hungry stomach. But fortunately, Mr. Warren, a barber, happened to know him at the academy, where he used to do some little errands. As the gentlemen were his customers, and he frequented the house, often dining there, and walking in the place, he knew Emin's character, and asked him, if he was strong enough to do porter's work? He answered without hesitation, yes; to save himself from going to take a survey of the streets of London again, after running eighteen months up and down. Oh! could he but catch that imaginary goddess Fortune, like one of flesh and blood, in a place where no soul should be but God alone, he would make her sensible of the cruel bitterness of the distress which she inflicts!

As the author thought he could not do otherwise, he consented to Mr. Warren's proposal; and was conducted by him to one Mr. Robert's, at the corner of Sun-yard, in the same street, a grocer, to whom he was recommended properly for his good character, agreeing to serve at the rate of 8*l.* a year. The master said, "If the porter behaves well, I promise to make his wages 10*l.* next year." He then began to work like a horse: in eighteen months he cleared his debt, partly by wages, partly by vails; and managed so as to save a little from his wages to pay for his trifling learning, whenever he had an opportunity.

When the government ordered a lottery to raise money for the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities,* he had courage to

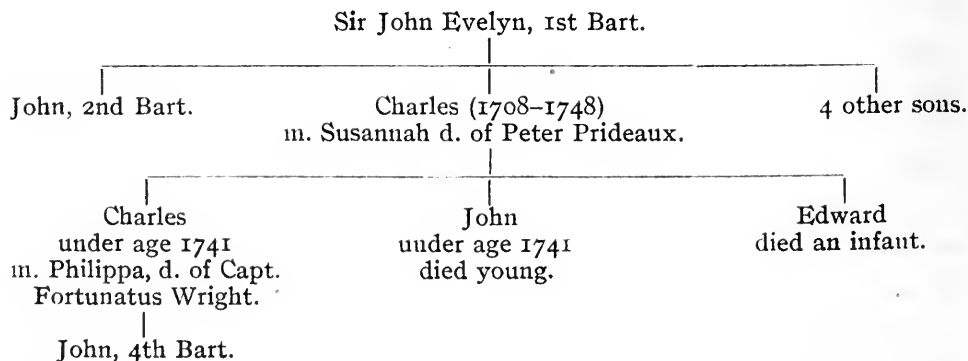
* Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), British Physician and Naturalist. Resided in Jamaica 1685-1686; Physician to Christ's Hospital, London, 1694-1724; Physician-general to the Army from 1716; President of the College of Physicians 1719-1735; Physician to the King from 1727. His library (50,000 vols. and over 3,000 MSS.) and collections were bequeathed to the nation on condition that £20,000—much less than their value—should be paid to his heirs; they formed the nucleus of the British Museum.—*Century Cyclopædia of Names*.

buy half a ticket, which cost him a guinea, and had a small prize of 4*l.* 10*s.*

His upper garment began to appear a little decent, but his linen was in the same plight, darning over darning; and not to use those faithful companions too ill, he thought it necessary through compassion never to wear them in the night-time, lest some unforeseen casualty should befall them, and deprive the author of their agreeable company.

NOTE.

Page 40. GRANDSONS OF SIR JOHN EVELYN. Not succeeding in tracing both these grandsons of Sir John Evelyn from the *History of the Evelyn Family*, by Miss Helen Evelyn, I referred to this lady, who very kindly sent me the following family tree, saying that she thought that the boys mentioned must have been the sons of Charles Evelyn. Later on, at Leghorn in 1760, my ancestor renewed his friendship with the elder of the two brothers, and he writes of the death of the second one, John, having taken place at school of smallpox.



IV.

1753—1755.

[Stephanos in great distress—Returning good for evil—Mr. Davis and Rs. 500 for Emin—Money refused—Two years a porter—Writer to an attorney—But Charles XII of Sweden and Peter the Great may not intrude into copies of law-suits!—Lodging with a grocer—In the Park—Edmund Burke—His great kindness.]

ONE of those days he received a very pressing letter, dated twelve o'clock in the forenoon, from Mr. Stephenus, the Armenian Jew,* begging for Christ's sake that he would go to him; which accordingly he did. In going up stairs, he first stepped into the parlour to visit Mrs. Newman, whom he had not seen for almost two years. Inquiring for the petitioner, she said, "Go up stairs into his room, and see the condition he has brought himself to; I do not know but it may be the judgment of Heaven upon the man for his behaviour towards you, as I have told you before a hundred times that you will thrive, and do not know how he will end his life at last; go up, Sir, go up." When he entered the mansion, he found the windows all covered with flannels, caulked up like a ship, smelling most disagreeably, with a candle burning before him, and himself sitting by the fire-side: as his tongue, mouth, and lips, were swelled so that he was not able to speak a word, there were pen, ink, and paper, ready on the table; he took a pen and wrote the following words: "Emin, you are sensible that I have been your great enemy, and endeavoured to ruin you all the time you have been in this country; but God was with you:—help me, for the bloody cross of Christ!—if you do not go this instant to Mr. Muilman, and tell him my deplorable case (who has taken for granted that I am in the country), to-morrow I shall be sent away to prison

* Needless to say, there is no such thing as an Armenian Jew!

by another Armenian, called Peter Paul, and by a Jew, to whom I owe 300*l.* sterling, on a joint bond." He finished the letter, and fell down on his knees. The miserable object of pity affected the author so deeply, that he forgot his own hardships. Immediately he ran to Mr. Muilman, a merchant in Old Broad Street, acquainted him with the affair, and thus was the means of saving both the life and credit of Stephenus. This happened in December; the poor man lived some years after, extremely reduced, and died at last in great misery, in the same honourable employment of a porter, which Emin himself was obliged to undertake. But he was, and is, really sorry to the heart, without the least dissimulation; for he thinks, that to rejoice at the down fall of an evil-doer, is one of the meanest emotions of a cowardly mind, and ought to be disdained by every man of humanity.

The author, from the time of his coming to London, during eighteen months at the academy, and twenty-one months in the service of Mr. Roberts (almost three years and a half), never missed an opportunity of writing to his father in Calcutta, from whom he received no answer; which made him the more uneasy in his servile situation, as he had given over even the hopes of his existence. But the same Armenian jeweller mentioned before, named Peter Paul, had on his arrival from Madras brought with him a servant from Bengal, who said to Emin, "Your father is angry with you; he cannot hold up his head among the Armenians, who continually in conversation are casting reflections upon him in that place, and laughing at him for his imprudence, in venturing to let his son go to learn English; well knowing the wildness of his temper before, and how untameable he was while in chains of strictness, which with his own hands he had broken, and let him loose to fly to the remotest part of the world, there to be lost for ever." The author was made happy in his exile, hearing his father was alive; but could not help laughing at those cowardly gentlemen, who, not observing the beams in their own eyes, try to take the mote out of a neigh-

bour's eye, without sense enough to distinguish the moon from a piece of green cheese.

Some time after, about ten in the morning, the author, working in the shop, taking some sugar out of a hogshead, looking as dirty as a chimney sweeper, saw a gentleman stop at the door in his coach-and four, named William Davis, Esq., formerly chief at Dacca, in the honourable company's employment. He inquired for Joseph Emin, gave him a letter from his father, and stood till he read it over. The contents were, that he was to receive from Mr. Davis 500 rupees, upon condition that he would return to Bengal, otherwise not to be entitled to a penny of the sum. He said to Mr. Davis, "Since my father mistrusts me, be pleased to write to him, that his son will neither receive the remitted money, nor submit to such severity, as he trusts himself to God, who will take care of him." Mr. Davis much, on the whole, approved the author's declaration, and said, "Call upon me in Norfolk-street, when an opportunity offers." Mr. Roberts was surprised, with all his family, to think what could be his servant's reason for chusing to stay in the house as a labouring porter, rather than receive 500 rupees, and return to his father like a gentleman: "Our country is depopulated," said he, "for the sake of India; yet this man, in this low condition of life, prefers the former to the latter; he must know something which is a mystery to us. Well, well, Mrs. Roberts, Joseph is an honest fellow, and I am very glad he does not go for our own sakes: you know we like him as one of the family; and as he likes us as well, let him stay as long as he pleases." The author was not mindless of Mr. Robert's humane care, who now and then, when he had a great deal to do in the house, employed a ticket porter to do part of his work.

As Sundays are free to all servants in the city, Emin's delight was to rise every Sunday in the morning, early enough to march up to St. James's Park to see the guard relieved, and back again to breakfast. In his way he called on Mr. Davis, who told him,

he would write to his father that he could not come that season but would the next: "I shall keep," added he, "the money in my possession till then." Emin not thinking it proper to contradict him, thanked him, and went away to the city. Some time after, he answered his father in the negative, that he would neither receive the remittance, nor return to Bengal to hear his reprimand, and to have the mortification of seeing others laugh at him in their sleeves, who stretch forth their mouth unto heaven, and their tongue goeth through the world: he further declared, that he would not come away easily, without an ample satisfaction to his mind: he humbly begged of his father not to be displeased, but to pray for his son, whose honour was so much at stake. He concluded, "every thing in good time, dear father; patience overcomes all."

He stayed three months more in the same house, which was exactly two years complete; but found the work too hard; and by carrying heavy loads in a basket on the knot upon his shoulders, hurt himself at last, and was obliged to take leave with three pounds thirteen shillings, which he had saved, in his pocket.

He went thence to one Mr. Webster, attorney-at-law in Queen Street, Cheapside, upon whom he used to call twice a-week, to know if he could get a place as a writer in some gentleman's counting-house, as he had been recommended two years before by a Mr. Philpot, one of the gentlemen boarders of Mr. Middleton's academy. Mr. Webster, on inquiry, found Emin to be out of place; and knowing well that he could write a tolerable hand, employed him to write in his office, favouring him with board and lodging in his house. This little genteel success became a great subject of conversation among his brother porters, and the servant maids in Bishopsgate-street, who said, "Oh, Lord! the little Armenian porter is turned a gentleman"; not knowing it was but for a short time.

There he copied cases of law-suits about six weeks. He

never missed a page without some quotation from the lives of Peter the Great of Russia, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and Telemachus; which, by mere chance, he found in the room, and thoughtlessly inserted them among the lines of his writing. Poor Mr. Webster was obliged to scratch them out for hours together, saying, in the meantime, to his Armenian clerk, "Sure, Mr. Emin, you have some very odd notions in your head; I believe you will be a soldier at last." Finding it impossible for him, in spite of the utmost caution, to avoid errors, which dashed him with chagrin; good Mr. Webster could bear it no more; paid him twenty-six shillings, telling him politely, that the term was over, and there was no more business for him to do.

He went away; and took a lodging somewhere about the Temple, where he staid a week; thence he removed to Holborn; thence to the Strand, to one Mr. Philpot's, who kept a grocery, cyder and perry shop. He became a father, and his wife a mother, to Emin; who took his lodging up two pairs of stairs, bought his own sugar and tea, and every morning had a penny-worth of buttered roll for his breakfast. He resided with them in this economical manner. The kettle on the fire in a small room below stairs near the shop, was boiling gratis; each person put a spoonful of tea in the jointpot; and each had his cup and saucer, in which he took care to put sparingly a certain quantity of sugar. If he dined with them on common days, he paid three pence for his dinner; and if on Sunday, a groat. He kept no company with those of the same station with himself; nor had he, indeed, even from the time of his arrival in London. Now and then Mr. Philpot procured some writing jobs for him: when he had time to spare, he generally read those heroic books before-mentioned; and constantly attended every morning the drilling of the recruits in St. James's Park, as well as the exercise of the king's guards.

One Sunday afternoon, as he was walking in the park, he saw among the multitude, Mr. Bodly the lawyer, whom he had

seen at Calcutta, at the Old Court House, pleading at the bar, when he was a school-boy there. His heart jumped for joy with thinking he should hear some news from him about his father. This gentleman was accompanied by another, very tall and well made, but a stranger to the author; who followed them up and down before Buckingham-Gate four times, but had not courage enough to speak; when observing the countenance of Mr. Bodly's noble-looking companion to be more affable, he took off his hat, and accosting him told him that he knew that person. He immediately returned the compliment, and asked Emin what the gentleman's name was? He answered, Mr. Bodly. He then said, "Tell me your reason for not speaking to him, since you know him?" The author said, as he had been so many years in the East, breathing the air of that quarter, he feared some rebuking word from him, such as he had heard on the self-same ground some months ago from captain Grady, who was the chief mate of the Old Walpole Indiaman, in which he had been a lascar. The noble-looking gentleman was much taken by the observation, as well as the remark of the author, and desired him to walk with them. In a few minutes he satisfied himself with Mr. Bodly in regard to Emin's father. The noble stranger began to inquire very closely the reason for his coming away from Bengal. The author perceiving him to be fond of conversation in his walk, thought it proper to open to him the wounds of his heart.

As he was going on with rapidity, inadvertently the gentleman dropped a reflecting word on two officers who were walking within fifteen yards before them, and said, "Those red-coats are the willing slaves of the nation." This made Emin stop short, and hold his peace. They took him with them into the small Wilderness where they ate some rusks and drank some milk, and came out of the park. When it was just dark, Mr. Bodly went to his habitation, and his noble companion invited Emin to his apartment, up two pair of stairs, at the sign of Pope's Head, at a bookseller's near the Temple.

No sooner had they sat down, than the gentleman, beginning the conversation, asked the author the reason of his stopping short in the midst of his narrative; he answered, "On account of your reflection concerning the military gentlemen." "My friend," said he, "you did not understand my meaning; there is as vast a difference between you and them, as between mid-day and mid-night; they are enlisted in the service for a livelihood; you have left that fine country for improvement, that you may become considerable, and be of service to your countrymen." This soothing way of talking made Emin lay open every particular of his honourable motives; and he then begged to be favoured with the name of a gentleman who treated him with so much courtesy. He very politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service; I am a runaway son from a father, as you are." He then took half-a-guinea out of his pocket, presented it to Emin, and said, "Upon my honour, this is what I have at present, please to accept it." Emin thanked him, took three guineas and a half out of his own pocket and said, "I am worth so much; it will not be honest to accept of that; not because it is a small sum; if it were a thousand pounds, I would not. I am not come away from my friends to get money; but if you will continue your kind notice towards me, that is all I want; and I shall value it more than a prince's treasure." When Mr. Burke understood that he could read and write, he gave him the *Tatler*, and made him read a paragraph of it. He approved him, and said, "Very well; lay it down. I am your friend, as much as it lies in my power." He took Emin's direction; who bade him good night, and went away.

The next morning, Mr. Burke had the condescension to visit him in his room; and advised him to read such and such books. Emin begged of him to indulge him with the liberty to wait on him now and then. Mr. Burke said, "As often as you please; I shall be glad to see you:" and a few days after, introduced him to his relation Mr. William Burke, who is now sometimes

here,* and sometimes at Madras; and who has been equally kind ever since. For the space of thirty-one years, neither of them shewed the least reserve; the former distinguishing him by polite correspondence, the latter by personal kindness, which his grateful heart has obliged him to remember all the days of his life.

Emin had been at Mr. Philpot's about a month before he was made happy by the acquaintance of Mr. Burke; his three guineas and a half lasted him another month; and he was obliged at last to apply to Mr. Davis, and received ten guineas, part of the 500 rupees, and promised one of two things, either to pay it back, or to receive the whole when he returned to Bengal. He did this through necessity; but he did not give over his hopes, and he trusted that the providence of God would assist him to the very hour of his setting out for that country, and would not let him go without compassing his design, to appear among people, who, like Banians, are entire strangers to humanity; standing ready to spit out their poison without remorse or consideration. They would say, "He is come at last; a lascar he went, a booby he has returned." The weight of this thought he felt heavier than all his past misfortunes. Had not Mr. Burke consoled him now and then, he might have been lost for ever through despair; but his friend always advised him to put his trust in God; and he never missed a day without seeing Emin.

* Calcutta. William Burke lost money in stock jobbing transactions, and was ruined by 1769. He failed to get a post in the E.I. Co., and went to Madras with despatches for Lord Pigot, the Governor. He had letters to Philip Francis, who invited him to his house, but as Burke got an appointment as agent to the Rajah of Tanjore he returned to England. He returned to India in 1779 as Paymaster to the King's forces, and in '82 was Commissary of the forces. Cornwallis said his appointment was an unnecessary job, and that service with Burke meant putting large sums in his own pocket. He died in 1798. (*Dict. of Nat. Biography*). The *Dictionary of National Biography* also says that the "two Burkes befriended Emin the Armenian."

Archdeacon Firninger says in his *Notes on Old Calcutta* that William Burke was, in 1787, occupying a house on the Garden Reach Road, which had become his property, as he mortgaged it in 1788, and it was sold in 1801 by his executor to the Company for Sa. Rs. 30,000.

He was writing books at the time, and desired the author to copy them; the first was, as imitation of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the second, The Treatise of Sublime and Beautiful.

NOTE.

EDMUND BURKE.—It was about this time (1755) that Mr. Burke accidentally formed an acquaintance in St. James's Park with a very enterprising and original character, who, though a native of the East, nearly friendless in England, and who, consequently, appeared in rather a "questionable shape," presented evidence of a mind so much above his situation, that he instantly, to the best of his power, befriended him. This man, with a little more of the favour of fortune, might have turned out one of the most conspicuous, as he was one of the most adventurous spirits of modern times.

Previous to his introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, Emin had become acquainted with Edmund Burke, whom, as already stated, he accidentally met in the Park. After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments at the sign of Pope's Head, a bookseller's near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service. I am a runaway son from a father, as you are." He then presented half a guinea to Emin, saying "Upon my honour, this is what I have at present—Please to accept of it."

Mr. Burke next day visited Emin and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years Emin acknowledges that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke, Emin had little left for his maintenance, and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. The whole of this story is characterised in a high degree by the humanity and generosity which always distinguished this great and virtuous ornament of our nation. (*Prior's Life of Edmund Burke*, p. 29).

V.

1755—1756.

[An Arab horse for Lord Northumberland and his Armenian groom—Northumberland House—Mr. Bale—An interview—Letter of Joseph Ameen to the Earl of Northumberland—All is changed—Duke of Cumberland—Woolwich at the expense of H.R.H.]

IN the month of November, when one morning the author was going along Cheapside, he met a young man in a Turkish habit, and had the curiosity to speak to him in that language, as he found him to be an Armenian; both parties were glad to see each other. Emin after inquiry, was informed that the man had been sent over with an Arabian horse, as a groom, by the English merchants at Aleppo, for his Grace the late Duke (at that time Earl) of Northumberland.* The Armenian groom desired him to call on him at Northumberland-house, as he was an entire stranger to the English, in order to explain some words to the people of the house; to which he agreed very gladly, not foreseeing the happy consequences of it. The next morning accordingly he went, and stood interpreter between him and the servants of the house, more particularly his Grace's gentleman, Mr. Bale, who wanted to give him a commission for an Arabian horse, and was glad to have Emin's assistance, to give a particular explanation. His countryman desired him to dine there with the footmen, but not with him at the second table; where his Grace's gentleman, the Duchess's gentlewoman, the steward, and head French cook, and Mr. Lambe, groom of the chambers, were; which unpolite behaviour, obliged Emin to reprimand the man pretty smartly; upon which, both Mr. Bale and Lambe appeared, taking him by the hand, made him set

* Hugh Smithson, 15th Earl of Northumberland, 1714–1786. Made 1st Duke of Northumberland in 1766.

with them at the same table at dinner. The Armenian told Mr. Bale as well as he could, that Emin said, though he was taken so much notice of, yet he was a subject of Emin's. This little circumstance was insinuated to his Grace without the knowledge of the author, who was not in the least aware of the interest Mr. Bale had been making, from the first day of his frequenting the house, to introduce him to his Grace's audience. While Emin was doing some little writing business here and there, and saved just enough to pay the ten guineas back again to Mr. Davis to whom he said, that as he could not do otherwise, he would work for his passage, nor could accept the money; on purpose that when he arrived in Bengal, understanding the English tolerably well, he might get employment there, and not be obliged to hear the mortifying expressions from the Armenian Banians, nor to bear the cool reception of his relations. Good Mr. Davis used his utmost endeavours to persuade him, but he would by no means accept the money; he said, since he was so worthless as not to be maintained by a whole kingdom, not to be trusted by a father, it was beneath him to submit to meanness. He once trusted in God, and would stand to his word, though his heart was hung by a single hair; but his hope told him, That Great Maker would not desert him. Thereupon Mr. Davis wrote a note, and recommended him to Mr. Crab Bolton* in a little square near Bishopsgate-street, that time chairman of the court of directors, who favoured him with a writing to ship himself on board an Indiaman for Bengal. When he came home, he found the Armenian groom waiting for him, and saying, "Lord Northumberland wants you, let us go." He could not believe it, but went. No sooner had he entered the house, than Mr. Bale told him, that his lordship was desirous to see him. He said, "Let me go back to put on a clean shirt, and a more decent coat." Mr. Bale said, "My lord will know a man with-

* Henry Crabbe Boulton, Director 1753. Deputy Chairman 1764. Chairman in '65, '68, '73, died in October, 1773.

out fine cloaths." Emin consented, called God in his heart to his assistance, and entered the library, where the duke was standing by the side of the table. After making his bow and paying respects due to his greatness, the duke said to him, "The Armenian groom Asataim does not understand English, nor is he, with his broken *lingua Franca*, able to make us understand him; we are at a loss to explain to him the different marks of horses. Have you seen the chestnut-coloured Arab that he has brought over?" "Yes, my lord." "Pray, Mr. Emin, what do you think of it; is it a true one?" "Yes, my lord," said Emin; "if your lordship will give me a commission, I give you my word I can procure a better." "Pray Sir, where is your father?" He answered, "In Bengal, my lord." "What is your reason for chusing to go to Aleppo?" "My lord, the Indian climate is too hot, it does not agree with me." "How old were you when you left Persia?" "Between seventeen and eighteen." "You were too young," said his lordship, "and cannot be a judge of horses." He said, "My lord, I know the nature of the Arabs, as I understand Turkish, Persian and Armenian; I can go among them in their own tents; they are the most hospitable people in the universe. I learnt their manners in Bagdad. After making presents of a few yards of English green cloths, with some coffee and sugar, and having tasted bread and salt with the chief of the clan, I shall become one of the family; then I can depend upon them in getting a genuine Arabian horse." (The author's intention was to throw himself that way to the mountains of Armenia, since Nadir Shah had then been dead but three or four years,* and people were stirring pretty briskly.)

"No, no," said the duke, "Let us drop the horse story. Pray let me know the motives that brought you hither from Bengal?" The author said, "My lord, my father is a poor

* Not quite correct. Nadir was assassinated in 1747. Persia was convulsed by rebellions after his death, Shah succeeding Shah.

man; I came with the black lascars as one of them, and shall go on board in a few days." "Pray, Mr. Emin," said his lordship, "conceal nothing from me; tell me the truth, for I see there is some extraordinary thing in your mind; conceal nothing from me; I will upon my honour stand your friend; do not be doubtful of my word." The author said, "My lord, your gentleman is apprehensive of having introduced a sharper to rob your lordship; you have heard the clack of the door three times since my coming here, you bad him not to come in; I beg your lordship will let him enter, to make his mind easy, then I will begin the history." Nothing at that time could please his lordship so well as the remark Emin made; the Earl laughing heartily at it, called Mr. Bale in, by ringing the bell, charging him strictly not to tell any person his lordship was at home. Upon which Mr. Bale, seeing his lordship was safe, went out with tranquillity. His lordship then said, "Now, Mr. Emin, let me hear you;" with such condescending affability and good-nature, that the author was encouraged to a degree of inspiration.

When he began to tell him the story of the various misfortunes of his life, the hardships that he had been through, and the adversity which still awaited him in the cause of his country; it affected his lordship so, that he could not refrain from shedding tears. To shew the feelings of the human mind, he is now no more, to the great grief of Emin's bleeding heart.* When the writer was near finishing the narrative of his life, and said that he could read and write, his Grace desired him to draw a short memorial of it, looked at his watch, and found it was one o'clock in the morning; he then asked him, if he was indebted to any one? Emin said, no; he had but a single shilling in his pocket; his Grace offered his purse; the author with much ado took one guinea out, and returning the purse, made a

* The Duke died in 1786. Emin is writing in 1788.

bow, bade his Grace good morning, and went away to his lodgings. He then began the promised letter, and did not sleep the whole morning till he completed it as well as he could. The following is a copy of it.*

[A LETTER FROM JOSEPH AMEEN TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.]

MY LORD

I present you with the Specimen of my Writting I promised. It is too bold I am afraid to make myself the Subject, when I write for your Lordship, but forgive my good Lord the Language of a Stranger. I have been in too low Condition to know how to write proper to your Lordship but you speak to me more kind and humbly than mean People, so I am encouraged. I have very good designs and I have suffered very much Hardships for them. I think your Lordship will not despise a person in mean Condition for thinking of some thing more than Livelyhood. I have with a very good will thrown behind me a very easy Livelyhood for this Condition mean as it is, and I am not troubled. If I can carry my Point at last, As long as I can remember my own Family and I remember my Great Grandfather, they have always been Soldiers, and always did Remember Christ, tho' they were torn out of their Country of Armenia by Shaw Abbas and planted in Hamadan after their Captivity they were Soldiers still: two of my Uncles did Spill their Blood in the Service of Kouli Kan my Father was his Slave for many Years, but he was at last forced to fly into India, because this Tyrant had sharpened his Battle Ax more against his own Army than upon his Enemies. Soon after my Father sent for me to Calcutta in Bengall where he is a Merchant, There I saw the Fort of the Europeans and the Soldiers Exercise, and the Shipping and that they were dextrous and perfect in all things, then I grieved with myself, for my Religion and my Country, that we were in Slavery and Ignorance like Jews Vagabonds upon Earth, and I spoke to my father upon all this, because our Fathers did not fight for their Country, but I understood that the black Armenians in the Mountains† were free, and handled Arms from their Childhood, and that those under Patriarch, who are subject to the Turks and

* Instead of the text of the letter as published with Sir W. Jones's orthographical corrections, I prefer to insert here the text of the letter as presented to Lord Northumberland, the copy of which Emin gave to his friend Mrs. Montagu, and which she preserved with the rest of her correspondence.

† See p. 60.

Persians did not want Courage, but they are all Ignorant, and fight only with a wild and natural fierceness, and so they have no order and do nothing but like Robbers, but I resolved I wou'd go to Europe to learn Art Military and other Sciences to assist that Art; and I was sure that If I would go into Armenia like an European Officer, I may be usefull at least in some degree to my Country; but my Father did not listen to me, for God did not give him understanding in these things. I could not bear to live like a Beast, eating and drinking without Liberty or Knowledge. I went to Capt Fox of the Ship Walpole and kissed his Feet a Hundred Times to let me work for my Passage to Europe before he would bend to me, but he did at last admit me, and I came to England with much Labour, but it did not grieve me when I thought of my Country. I ent'red with my little Money into Mr Middleton's Academy. I had the Honour to tell your Lordship so before. I was first a Scholar, and when my Money was gone, I was a Servant there for my Learning, but he was broke, and I lost every thing. I went into the Street to work for my Bread, for I could not bear to go wagging a Tail at Peoples doors for a bit of Meat, I will not grieve your Lordship with the Misery which I went through. I do not want to be Pitied. I got Service at last with Mr Roberts a Grocer in the City, in this time I carried burthens of near 200 Lib upon my back and paid out of my Wages to learn Geomerty, and to complete my Writing, and just to begin a little French, but because my Lord I almost starved myself to pay for this and carried Burthens more than my Strength, I hurted myself and could not work any longer, so that I was in dispair, and did not care what become of me, but a Friend put me to write with one Mr Webster an Attorney in Cheapside which for a little time got Bread, but I was resolved in dispair to go again to India, because no body wou'd put out his hand to help me to learn, and my Uncle sent £60 to Governor Davis to carry me back. I am afraid I am too troublesome in my Accounts to your Lordship but we people of Asia can't say little and a great deal like Scholars.* Now I met by chance some Gentlemen who encouraged me, and gave me Books to read and advised me to kiss Colo Dingley's hands and shew my business to him, he was a brave Soldier, took me by the hand, spoke to his own Serjeant an Honest Man to teach me Manual Exercise and gave me Blands Military Discipline and promised to help me to learn Gunnery and Fortification; but I was again unfortunated, for when light just began to come to my Eyes he died, and I was like before except that I knew a little of Manuel Exercise and read some of the Roman History, could learn no more nor live, I was broke to Pieces, and bowed my Neck to Governor Davis to go over to my

* Cannot say much in a few words.

Friends without doing any of these things I suffered for. I am in this Net at present but I am happier than all Mankind if I can meet any great Man that can prevail on Governor Davis to allow me something out of the Money he has, only upon Condition I return to blindness again that I may go through Evolutions with Recruits, and learn Gunnery and Fortification; and if there is a War to go one Year as a Volunteer. If Governor Davis writes that I have a Great Man here my Protector my Father who looks upon me as a Person run away and forsaken, will make me an Allowance to learn. If I could clear my own Eyes and serve my Country and my Religion that is trod under foot of Mussulman, I would go thro' all Slavery and danger with a glad Heart, but if I must return after four years Slavery and Misery to the same Ignorance without doing any good would break my heart my Lord in the End. I beg Pardon; I have experience of your Lordships Goodness else I would not say so much. I would not receive but return, and I want nothing but a little speaking from the Authority of Indian Governor to my Friends, I have always been honest, those I have been Slave to will say I am honest. Mr Gray trusted me. here is a Sort of Story nothing but your Lordships goodness can make tolerable to you. I am much Obligated to your Lordship for your Patience and shall be very proud of giving your Lordship all the Proofs in my Power that I am your Lordships very much Obedient and most Obligated humble Servant.

JO. AMEEN.

NOTE.

Armenians in the mountains who had never been conquered.

[Emin here refers to the five Meliks, or Chiefs of Karabagh, men of noble birth who for some reason or another had quitted their native territories in other parts of Armenia, and had settled in the Karabagh mountains, the natural features of which region, combined with their own valour and skill in warfare, had enabled them to protect themselves against the incursions of hostile peoples and tribes,—such as Turkmans, Kurds, Osmanlis (the real Turks), Lezguis, and others,—and to preserve a certain amount of independence—until that fateful day when the arch-intriguer and villain, Panah Khan, ex-shepherd and town-crier, set foot in Karabagh.

The word Black is connected with them in various ways. Kara-bagh in the Turkman language means Black Garden,—probably an allusion to the marvellous fertility of the soil,—and the Meliks of Gulistan were nicknamed the Black-heads—in Armenian, “*Sevak'lukh*.” This clan, pos-

sessed from former times the right of bearing on their standard, or coat-of-arms, the royal emblem of an eagle. Not the golden eagle, nor the double spread-eagle of actual royalty, but a black-headed eagle, and, according to the statement of a member of this family (b. 1795, d. 1884) who came to India in 1813, only "half an eagle." What he intended to convey by this description I have not been able to discover, but from the nickname it would seem that he probably meant the head and neck of the bird—in heraldic parlance, an eagle's head couped. The first of this clan to settle in Karabagh was the Black Centurion,* *Sev Apov*, so called on account of his swarthy complexion, which was inherited by several of his descendants; not, however, by the one who came to India, for he was a little fair man with brown hair and grey eyes—and of an unparalleled obstinacy!]

That morning (being Thursday) the author carried this writing, and would have given it to Mr. Bale, his friend, to present it, but his countenance was not so kind as before, it appeared full of jealousy; and, with a sinking voice, he told him very coolly, He had nothing to do with it; and then turned his back. Emin, like a faithful dog, following him, said, "Sir, you need not be uneasy in your mind, I am not a person to be suspected, or to undermine any soul in the house. When his lordship last night kindly offered me leave to stay, I thanked him saying, I wished to live and die in the field like a man. Then Mr. Bale, with some indifference, said, "Very well, give it to the porter Jones." The letter was opened, that Mr. Bale might read it first: the jolly door-keeper lighted a candle, put his own seal upon it, and promised cheerfully to deliver it into his lordship's own hands.

The author went home, reflecting on the cross reception of Mr. Bale; but comforted his wounded heart with the following sacred verse: "O! put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them; for when the breath of man goeth forth he shall turn again to his earth, and then

* Centurion = *Uzbashy*. Apov was his baptismal name.

all his thoughts perish." He resolved to struggle no more, packed up his things, and, on Monday morning, sent the servant-maid of the house for the porter and waterman. When they came up stairs to him, bargaining for the fare, one to take his things to the water-side, the other to row him on board the ship which lay somewhere down the river, who should come up just at the time but his honest friend old Gilman, the washerwoman's husband, stamping and roaring, and saying to him, "My dear boy, I called at Northumberland-house to take your countryman's linen to wash; Mrs. Smithson the housekeeper asked me, What was become of the little Armenian that my wife washed for? I told her I carried his linen home last Saturday evening, when he made me a present of half-a-crown, besides what was due; that when we took leave of one another, he said, Pray for me, I am going on board for Bengal; it will either be to-morrow, or Monday morning. And I told her, he must be gone by that time. Mrs. Smithson said, My Lord has been enquiring, ever since last Thursday, of all the servants of the house, to know where he lodged. I told her, every one of them knew it; and that I had, with my own eyes, seen his countryman, the Armenian groom, almost every day with him in his lodgings; why did not he shew the way? My dear boy, that illnated fellow was standing by when these words passed. Mrs. Smithson said to him, O fy, fy upon you, Asataim! what do you think his lordship will say to that? The good woman gave me a shilling, and two glasses of wine; and desired me to run as fast as I could, to see if you were not gone away; and to tell you, that the great duke of Somerset wanted you. I have more to tell—that I have given a good character of you; told her that you were an honest boy; and remember that we, the brave people of Ireland, are more true to our friends, and have better hearts than your own countrymen."

Emin thanked the old man, made him some amends, gave a shilling to each of the men (the porter and waterman); dressed

himself, and set out immediately to know his Grace's pleasure. When he entered the house, honest Jones wished him joy; abusing the groom for keeping his lordship in suspense, which made the whole family uneasy for four days together. The second servant he met was his former friend Mr. Bale, my lord's gentleman, who, with an outward appearance of good-nature, conducted him into the drawing-room, brought a dish of chocolate with his own hands, and said, "His lordship is busy, rest yourself a little, he will be here presently." In about five minutes, Emin's princely protector entered, and received him in his mighty arms, as he hopes his lordship is now received in the bosom of Christ. After blaming him in a kind fatherly manner for not leaving his direction, he said, "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has seen your memorial, and much approved the spirit of it, saying, the actions of the author will be equal to his writing: henceforward Emin belongs to your lordship, and shall be entirely protected by me. His Royal Highness also promised at court, to send you to the Royal Academy at Woolwich. Now, my dear Emin, you shall not want any thing, His Royal Highness expressed himself sanguinely in your favour before a great many noblemen, and I am sure he will do every thing to forward your good designs; yet you are my own."

While his noble patron was comforting his new-found son, whom he had given up for lost, twenty messages on cards were brought with compliments, desiring of his lordship to see Emin. His lordship said to him, "Look at these cards, and visit those who sent them, paying your respects one after another. I have this to add, that your letter has been copied by 300 different gentlemen, ever since last Thursday." His lordship made him accept five guineas whether he would or no; inviting him to his table at all times. He consented to the first favour, and refused the second offer, for which, he said, he was not yet worthy, till a proper time; when his good behaviour

should help him to be known better, he would then merit that great honour his lordship generously conferred upon him; and said, "It is not long since I was but a common servant; with what assurance can I take the liberty to sit at the earl of Northumberland's table? what would the world say of me? or how could I digest my meat without deserving it?" His lordship was very well satisfied with these words; Emin taking leave, went out to his lodging where he related the whole to his friends.

He was introduced for a whole fortnight, from the next day, to a great many gentlemen and ladies. Both the Mr. Burkes were more glad of his success than many envious men were sorry. Among his new friends, were the late Mr. Charles Stanhope my Lord Harrington's brother; Doctor Mounsey, of Chelsea-hospital; the late Miss Talbot, Lady Anson, Lady Sophia Egerton, the Bishop of Bangor's wife, the Earls of Pembroke and Bolingbroke, with their countesses; a little after, the Dukes and Duchesses of Richmond and Marlborough, the celebrated Mrs. Montague, the late Earl of Bath, the Earl of Orford, and the late Lord Cathcart; every one of them was kind and very glad at all times to favour him with their countenance; besides many others, who would fill up two pages if he were to name them all.

When his Royal Highness commanded him to go to Woolwich, to be instructed there at the Royal Academy, under several masters, in the arts of gunnery and fortification, he boarded at one Mr. Heaton's for thirty pounds a year, with a blue uniform and a guinea per month for pocket-money; to be paid by the late adjutant general Napier, at the expence of his royal protector.

EMIN'S NEW FRIENDS.

Mr. Charles Stanhope. John Stanhope, son of John Stanhope of Elvaston had 3 sons, 1. Thomas, who succeeded at Elvaston, M.P. for Derby, who died in 1730. 2. CHARLES, Secretary of the Treasury and treasurer of the Chamber, temp. George I. 3. William, 1st Earl of Harrington, a distinguished soldier and statesman during the reigns of the two first Georges, President of the Council and Earl of Harrington in 1742, later Viceroy of Ireland. Married Anne, daughter and heiress of Col. Edward Griffith, by whom he had twins. His son William, 2nd Earl, succeeded to the estates of his uncle Charles Stanhope, who died unmarried in 1760.

Dr. Monsey of Chelsea Hospital. Dr. Messenger Monsey was the son of a clergyman, born 1698. He became physician to the Earl of Godolphin, and later physician to Chelsea Hospital. He was most eccentric, and, if his portrait at the Soane Museum was like him, hideous in appearance; but he had a coarse, rough and tumble wit, and evidently was so droll in manner, that he became a sort of pet buffoon of the Montagu and Lyttelton circle. . . . He was at this time a widower with one daughter, Charlotte, whose husband, William Alexander, was elder brother to the 1st Earl Caledon. Mrs. Alexander had one child, a daughter, Jemima,* who married the Rev. Edmund Rolfe and was mother eventually of the 1st Baron Cranworth. . . . Dr. Monsey begged Dr. Cruickshank, in case of his dying away from his own doctor (Dr. Forster), to dissect his body before the students, set up his skeleton for instruction, and put his flesh in a box and throw it into the Thames.—*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu* (Climenson), vol. ii, p. 98.

Catherine Talbot, only daughter of Edward Talbot, who died in 1780, second son of Dr. William Talbot, Bishop of Durham, and brother of Lord Talbot; her mother was daughter to the Rev. G. Martyn, Prebend of Lincoln. Dr. Secker (Archbishop of Canterbury) owed his first preferences to Mr. Talbot's recommendation to his father, the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Secker never forgot these obligations, and after his marriage to Miss Benson in 1725 took Mrs. and Miss Talbot to live with him, which they did until his death. He left them an easy income for their joint lives. Miss Talbot was intimate with all the "bas bleu" society, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Lords Lyttelton and Bath, and was a very highly

* This is the "grant daughter" Emin refers to in a letter to Dr. Monsey.

educated person and much esteemed by all who knew her—she died in 1770, aged 49. Her mother survived her until 1783, when she died at the age of 92.—*Communicated by Mrs. Climenson.*

Lady Anson. Elizabeth (b. 1748) eldest daughter of Philip Yorke, 1st Earl of Hardwicke (1690–1764,—Lord Chancellor 1736, Viscount and Earl 1754), and sister to Sir Joseph Yorke. Married George, Baron Anson, Admiral of the Fleet and first Lord of the Admiralty. Lady Anson died in 1760, and Lord Anson in 1762. Emin refers to Lady Anson's kindness in the most grateful way, in many of his letters.

Lady Anne Sophia Egerton, daughter of Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent, wife of the Bishop of Bangor, and niece to Charles John Bentinck, son of Hans William, 1st Earl of Portland.

Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke, b. 1734. d. 1794. Married Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. Colonel of 1st Regiment of Dragoons.

Bolingbroke, 3rd Viscount St. John, 2nd Viscount Bolingbroke, born 1734, succeeded in 1751 to the honours of his uncle, Henry, 1st and attainted Viscount Bolingbroke. Married in Sept. 1757 and divorced in 1768 Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, "in such a hurry they could not wait for settlements, but were married upon an Article."—*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu* (Climenson), vol. ii, p. 116.

Charles, 3rd Duke of Richmond and Lennox, K.G. (1734–1806). In 1765 Ambassador extraordinary to the Court of France, in 1766 principal Secretary of State.

Hugh Smithson, Sir, 1st Duke and 2nd Earl of Northumberland (1714–1786). Married Baroness Percy, only surviving child of the 7th Duke of Somerset, who in 1749 was created Earl of Northumberland with special remainder to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson. The Duke was succeeded in his dukedom by his heir male, in the barony of Percy by his daughter, and in the earldom of Northumberland by her husband, who was created Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy in 1766.

George, 3rd Earl of Orford and 2nd Lord Walpole (1730–1791). Lord of the Bedchamber and Ranger of St. James' and Hyde Parks.

Cathcart, Charles Schaw, 9th Baron (1721–1776). Married in 1753 Jane, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton. A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland, wounded at Fontenoy.

Lyttelton, Sir George, 5th Bart. and 1st Lord Lyttelton, born 1706. Secretary to Prince of Wales 1737, one of the Commissioners to the

Treasury 1744, cofferer to the Household and Privy Councillor 1754, Chancellor and under-treasurer of the Exchequer, elevated to the peerage 1756 by the title of Lord Lyttelton. His son Thomas, 2nd Lord Lyttelton, married in 1772 Apphia, second daughter of Broome Wilts, of Chipping Norton, and relict of Joseph Peach, governor of Calcutta.

George Lord Lyttelton wrote "Observations on Cicero," a "Monody" on the death of his first wife, a "Dissertation on St. Paul," and a "History of Henry II." Although Emin does not mention Lord Lyttelton in his book, he seems to have been on very friendly terms with him, no doubt through Mrs. Montagu's influence. Dr. Monsey, Lord Lyttelton, and later, Lord Bath, were amongst Mrs. Montagu's most devoted admirers, and all three very friendly with Emin.

Dr. Monsey on Sept. 26, 1760, wrote a letter to Lord Lyttelton describing his visit to Tunbridge to see Mrs. Montagu, saying "It may be new to your Lordship tho' not strange, that the Earl of Bath is fall'n desperately in love with one who seems not insensible of his passion, and I think 'tis time for you and I to look about us, for an Earl is better than a Baron or a quack Doctor.....it is impossible to tell your Lordship with what warmth he talk'd to me about her, and so now there are 3 fools of us!—*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*

William Pulteney, 1st Earl of Bath, b. 1684, d. 1764.

[LETTER WRITTEN BY EMIN.]

(*Copy of letter to some one unknown,* perhaps to Mr. Pitt.*)

SIR

My Education was too rough to give me hope I please a Gentleman of Judgement in writing; nor is it my Study to write, but to do something. You give me great Honour to desire seeing poor performance, & unfortunate Story; but this encouragement I receive, gives blood to my Veins; so I do not despair that I may do something at last in Country, that is so low to want to be served by such little Skill as mine; which is now nothing, but what it can be made by the Nobleness of my great Lord Northumberland & Consideration of yours. This thought pays me the labour I already had, & all besides that I shall suffer in time to come in carrying my Designs: I was born Sr at Hamadan in Persia, which is one of

* This copy was given to Mrs. Montagu, and preserved by her. It is not dated, but apparently was written about this time.

the Places, where my unfortunate Nation lies in Captivity since Shaw Abbas. My Father taught me, like other Armenians only to write and read our own Language, & to get Psalms be heart, to sing them in the Church, but he did not shew me to handle Arms to fight for that Church, as my Uncle, who was killed at his Church Door, nor any thing to kindle up my Heart to understand great Affairs. He was for good while himself in the Army of Kooly Kan, but after his House was ruined at Hamadan, I travelled to Ghillan, from Ghillan went to Ispahan, from Ispahan to Bassorra & from thence to Calcutta into Bengall, where my Father was Merchant, & had his thoughts to make me the same; but I saw plain, that our People, when they consume their flesh to grow rich, and have made a little money, they are robbed for foolish invented pretence sometimes by Bashaw, sometimes by the Cawns, & sometimes by Nabab; because they have not Sowrd in their own Hands; so they labour in vain, but I saw that People of Europe were wise, & strong in themselves; fighting as one man. & I thought, if I can be like European Soldiers, I will go to my Countrymen the black Armenians in the Mountains; for I heard they were never conquered, & that they were brave bold men; and if I can teach them art of War, it will be great use; for the Soldiers of Turk and Persian are brave on Horse back, but they are not worthy to be called an Army, & the Towns not fortified artfully as I understand in Europe. I spoke my thoughts to my Father, when I saw the Soldiers & the Ships of the Company; but he turned his Countenance from me and abused me; I could not bear to live so; I ran away, & worked my Passage from Bengall to London; whilst my Money lasted, I was at Mr Middletons Academy to learn the English Language, and writing; afterwards I was obliged, to quit my learning to work for my Bread; I suffered much Hardships in a strange Country without Friends or Money; but I will not trouble your goodness with my Misfortune. I was Porter to Mr. Roberts Grocer in the City. here I carried heavy Burthens for two Years, and with my Wages paid to learn some Geometry, and to perfect myself in Writing, and to begin French; but my labour was above my Strength; I began to fail, because I was striving without Hopes. I lost my Health, & was at last obliged to quit that Service. A friend recommended me to an Attorney one Webster; here I eat & drank, but I had no peace, because no person looked upon me to give me light in my Design. I fear that I am troublesome Sir, but you are very good; at last, I got some Friends who advised me to apply to Col. Dingley; this brave Gentleman was very kind to me, but he died very soon after he knew me. I was then in my old distress, and almost bended my Neck to my Relations to return to miserable Blindness, and Slavery again in India; when Providence sent me to my Lord Northumberland, who lifted

me from the Ground. You Sir, have done me great Honour likewise; you have both put a Seal upon my Heart, & it is Your own always. I am very greatfull Sir

Your most obedient & obliged
humble Servant

JOSEPH AMEEN.

VI.

1757.

[War with France—Duke of Cumberland leaves for Westphalia—Emin stranded—(Letter to Mrs. Montagu—to Lord Northumberland)—His friends help him—Stade—Duke's levée—The campaign.]—NOTE.

Correspondence. To Dr. Monsey—to his Patronesses—to Dr. Monsey—to Mrs. Montagu—Extracts from Letters of Mrs. Montagu referring to Emin—Letter from Mrs. Montagu to her Sister—Emin to Lord Albemarle—to Mrs. Montagu—Lady Sophia Egerton's letter of introduction to her Uncle—her letter to Emin—Emin to Lord Cathcart—to Mr. Pitt—Mrs. Montagu to her husband.

EMIN had just began to pick up some small knowledge in Euclid's Elements, Algebra, and drawing plans of forts, in the course of thirteen months; but hardly enough to make him fit for any of the branches in the art of war, when the hostilities began with France. Lord Cathcart spoke in behalf of Emin to his royal protector, what he should do? and asked, whether he should continue in the academy, or follow the Duke to Westphalia? His Royal Highness told his lordship to ask him, which of the two he chose? and he answered, that he preferred a campaign, where the practice of the art of war was displayed, to living in the dull theory of it; that as he was then thirty-one years of age, the seeing of one campaign might be more useful to him than study at home for five years. Such was his answer through Lord Cathcart to the Duke, who approved it much, and said to his lordship, he was glad to hear Emin preferred fighting to study. He then ordered general Napier to buy him two good horses, with camp equipages; and, having before recommended him to the Hessian General, ordered him to follow.

His Royal Highness having crossed the Channel before the Hanoverian army,* Emin was left behind neglected. The Duke his patron said, it was a delicate point to interfere in, and could not give him advice, and went to his country seat; general Napier would have nothing to say to him any more, and immediately cut off his allowance.

LETTER TO MRS. MONTAGU.

(May 16 1757)

MADAM,

It was your desire that I shou'd write to you of my Situation when I come down here, which is at present a very doubtfull one, & am sorry to say so; because it will be only making you uneasy. I saw Mr Muller the Cheif Master of our Academy who by the Orders of the Duke & General Napier did pay my Expences before his Royal Highness consented my going with Hesens over to Germany, but now he tells me he is not certain whether I am to have the same Allowence from the Duke or not. I don't know how to go on, & what Step will be proper for me to take; I hope Dr Madam you will not fail to give me your good Advise as soon as you receive this. I beg pardon for this Trouble I give, I will not have my Queen be vexed at the Misfortune of her Slave who looks upon all sorts of Misfortunes of this World but a pleasant Dream. We have a Fraze among us in Persia, they say a Brave-man's head is always in Troubles; so I am happy when every thing proves contrary to me, and I don't care what becomes of me I am but a Mortal, I will do my Endeavour as long as I have any Life in me to serve my Country, and if I am born to save my sheperdless Nation, none shall be able to hinder me, Gods will must be done, unto whom I will put my whole Trust, be glad o! my wise Queen of Sheba for I am happy.

It is my Oppinion that my Royal Master the Duke will hardly think of answering General Napier's Letter, which was sent on my Account as he has so much to think, and so much Business upon his Hands, that it will be necessary for me to leave that way of proceeding, and begin another new one.

Thus If you can make any Interes for me to the Duke of Marlborough by Mr Medows† who is my Friend, & knows his Grace very well, to procure me a Commission of Lieutenantcy in the Royal Regiment of Artillery of Woolwich, it will be much better for me,

* April 9, or 10, 1757.

† Brother-in-law to Mr. Montagu.

for then I can go to the King of Prusia at my own Charge by the Leave of my General, and I will have no more waiting at the Great Peoples Door, from 8 in the Morning to four or 5 in the Afternoon, at last hardly any admittance. There are great many Vacancies in the Regiment I have already mentioned, now is the time to help me, don't you imagine that my Patron will be displeased at my getting a Commission for he has done his best, he is above asking such small Favour as this, therefore let the Ladies, & noble Ladies, that have any Love, regard or Esteem for their Persian Slave assist me in this case, & which I will not forget it as long as I live; please to present my most obedient Service to them all.

If I could succeed in this Plan it will be a very great Consequence to me, for being in the Army two Years by that time the Fate of my Letters which I have sent to Prince Heraclius will be determined, and besides the East India Company will be glad to have me in their Service, and will be a great Honour, & happiness to my worn away Father. This is all I can say at present, and will await with patience for an answer. Pray give my Compliments to my Hearty Friend Mr Montague & to honest Dr Dr Monsey. I am

Madam,

Your and all the Noble Ladies of England
who are my beloved Friends
most obedient, most greatfull humble Slave

JOSEPH EMIN.

The 16th May 1757 on Church Hill at Mr Heatons Woolwich.

To M^{rs} Montague.

TO LORD NORTHUMBERLAND.

MY LORD

(1756—7)

I was in the Dust when your Lordship looked upon me, but I was not so unhappy then as I am now: at that time I could charge myself of the Likeness of no fault and I was so little, that I had no body to envy, and accuse me: but now your Lordships Goodness has held me up to ye whole world, and if you turn your face from me at this day, all men will say that I have misbehaved or that my patron who knew me from the first would not have rejected me, Whenever I look into myself, or out upon myself I see nothing, but what is your Lordships, the bread that I eat, the Cloaths that I wear, the Learning that I have Learned, the friends that look upon me, the Sword that I wear which is Glory to me,

all these are your Lordships, is not then your Lordships Goodness in my mind? where shall I hide it? but when people say he is unworthy what shall I answer? I am not unworthy my Lord, I am not: I am not ungreatefull! You Look at me no more, I hold my tongue wthin my Heart, but Your Lordships Goodness is there speaking to me, If I Come to be a man I will speak of it, if I become a worm to be trod on, it will be in the Dirt with me. I do not know how I have the misfortune to displease your Lordship. I Cannot approach to you. I do not know now at this point that my Life turns, what to do without your Counsells, for I will do nothing but what you approve of, the war is now my Lord, to morrow it will be peace, as it was when I first Came to England, and I shall Lose an Opportunity which may never return, the thought of this makes my Life more miserable than when I Carried burthens when Mr Stanhope forced me to go to Diversion I had no pleasure there twice that I went the musick was not pleasant to my Ear. My businiss is not done. I Struggled long time to go to Germany by his Royal Highness's favour, I begin to despair, but if this Honour is too much I will by your Lordships permission go with my fathers money in Mr Davis's hands which will be fully sufficient to procure me all I Shall want. to the Camp of His Royal Highness, where I Shall have an Opportunity of being in Action, or if this will not be permitted. I will go to the King of Prussia, I would if I dare beg of your Lordships Goodness some Recommendation perhaps to my Lord Albemerle for it is but few persons in the world that will Look at a man from their own Benevolence without the Recommendation, as my Great Lord Northumberland has looked upon me. When I beg of your Lordship to do something for me, it is not so much to desire you to it, as humbly ask your Lordship Advice, whether it should be done, I say of the Recommendation, I do not presume for more than that I will be satisfied in your Lordships Determination. I am not wanting in respect to your Lordship. I am not wanting in Gratitude for your Goodness. I have done no mean thing, and your Lordship is too generous to beleive any thing bad of me without letting me defend myself, and I have hopes for that reason that your Lordship will yet Look upon me and give me permission, and I Shall hope Recommendation to Germany where I will think both in the Camp, and in the Hour of Battle of your Lordships Goodness and your Noble Ladys who have been my first and best friends and patrons. whatever becomes of me, may the Great God protect your Lordship, and your Noble family to be Like your Lordship, the friends of distress'd men, that strive to be men Like your Lordships.

Allways remembering and
dutyfull humble Servant

JOSEPH EMIN.

(On the back, in Mrs. Montagu's writing.)

This letter was written to Lord Northumberland at a time when he imagined his lordship had taken some offence at his conduct.

His other noble friends were all very sorry, not knowing how to advise him. He said, "The time of advice is over; if you will enable me, I will soon make my way to overtake my royal master, in spite of some ill-natured souls." These noble personages, finding the ardour of his spirit, soon understood his meaning, and made up a purse of sixty guineas among them, which he accepted. He found a courier going over with letters from the ministry, and having agreed to pay the man half of the chaise hire, set out in company with him for Harwich; whence they took their passage in one of the king's cutters, which, after three days dangerous sailing, made the river Elbe. On the fourth day he arrived at Stade, and on the fifth, at a village where his royal master was quartered. After refreshing himself a little, before he was admitted, he drew an address, and sent it in by Lord Albemarle,* at that time the Duke's aid-du-camp. The following are the words of it, as well as he can recollect:

"To his Royal Highness the great Duke of Cumberland.—Your Royal Highness has taken by the hand a distressed soldier, who was mingling in the ashes of oblivion; you have raised him in the eyes of the world; may God forbid he should be forsaken; he would drop down, and be lost for ever. He finds he has done nothing to incur any person's displeasure, but was neglected after your Royal Highness left him behind. He is come by your Royal command, with resolution to lay his head and heart on the ground before your Royal Highness's feet. He has made it his choice, rather to embrace death than to return back

* George Keppel, 3rd Earl of Albemarle (1724-1772), A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, bearer of the dispatches announcing the victory of Culloden to London. C-in-C. at the reduction of the Havana in 1762.

with a disappointed face ; and he humbly implores leave to subscribe himself your Royal Highness's" &c. &c.

When this short petition was carried by the nobleman, a few minutes after he was admitted to the levee ; which was the first time of his being honoured by that favour, during the thirteen months in which he was protected by the duke in London. No sooner had he entered the place, when the duke stretched out his hand to him, which he, making a low bow, kissed, and stood back. The first question the duke asked in a most martial commanding voice was this : " Emin, why did not you come over with the troops ? Did not you hear my orders to Napier, to fit you out, and send you with the Hessian general ? " He answered, " May it please your Royal Highness, according to command, I waited on him no fewer than fifteen times, and my lord Cathcart interposed to his utmost ; but to no effect : the poor general had too much upon his hands to think of your Royal Highness's servant." Then his Royal Highness graciously took pains to explain the matter in German to the general officers who were all round him in waiting. The duke said, smiling, " Well, my Emin, what said lord Northumberland when Napier would not trouble his head about you ? " " His lordship," he answered, " was taken up in going to his country-seat ; and declared he could not interfere in a point so delicate, when your Royal Highness had taken me under your auspicious protection : he was cautious in giving any advice whatever." " I know you had no money," said the duke : " how then did you manage it ? " Emin said, " May it please your Royal Highness, while your humble servant was not known to you, he was in a state of misery ; but since he has been honoured by your protection, his heart feels an increase in the riches of happiness. Should he in your absence be dashed on the hardest rocks, he is sure milk and honey will flow from them under your auspices. He was assisted ; and he hopes he shall never be in want of money ; but that his conduct will gain him the good opinion of the world, and maintain the good-

will of his magnanimous royal protector, whom Heaven preserve."

After this short oriental speech, an order was sent to call general (then major) Frydakh,* who commanded 600 yagers,† or hunters. His Royal Highness taking much pains to explain the case to the officers, and they in their turns saying, "ya, mun hartsak, das ist eun brave kerl,"‡ that is, "yes my duke, he is an honest man." No sooner was the officer come in, than the glorious duke took Emin the porter's hand, and putting it into major Frydakh's, said these very words: "I am some how doubtful of this man's courage. As he is so desirous of seeing service, I charge thee to be very strict, putting him in the front of every action, and bring word to me how he behaves himself:" then turning to Emin, he said, "Go with him; let me hear a good character of thee." Here Emin's heart broke the chain of slavery, and jumped for joy, forgetting all his former distresses; when he, who was but a meek sheep before, became a loose tearing lion. He kissed a second time the duke's hand; and was not gone ten steps from the house, when the duke called him back and said, "Do not let me see you at head quarters: do you hear!" He bowed, and went away with the officer, who had four horses, which were for Emin's use, and treated him with all the politeness imaginable, taking as much care of him as he could of his son. He dares not say, that the good usage of the general was merited by his wild rapidity in a whole campaign, in eighteen different skirmishes, and at the battle of Hussenbach§: but when it was reported every day at the head quarters, unknown to him, the duke approved of it. He was then removed, by order of his Royal Highness, to be under general Carlton; and when the cessation of arms had

* Freytag.

† Jägers.

‡ "Ja, mein Hertzog, das ist ein braver Kerl."

§ Hastenbeck, 24th July, 1757.

taken place at Stade, the duke kept him three days at the head quarters, gave him twenty ducats, and sent him over again with a courier to London.

NOTE.

[By the time Cumberland, who had sailed on April 9th or 10th, reached his command in Germany, French troops had penetrated into Westphalia nearly as far as Ems, and then a delay occurred, during which Cumberland occupied Paderborn. The surrender of Emden to D'Estrées on July 2 cut off Cumberland from communication with England except through the port of Stade on the Elbe. Then came Cumberland's defeat by D'Estrées at Hastenbeck on July 24, and Cumberland fell back on Verden, the last fortress towards Bremen.* Richelieu occupied Hanover on Aug. 11, but never moved against Cumberland until Aug. 23, when Cumberland abandoned Verden and fell back again—this time to Stade, Richelieu pursuing him to Bremervörde, about 20 miles from Stade, where his exhausted troops were checked by the Hessians and Richelieu, in his turn, fell back to Klosterzeven. Then came the intervention of Denmark, and, although the Rochfort expedition was leaving England to relieve Cumberland, he signed the Convention of Klosterzeven on the very day it started. On his return to England after the loss of Hanover, his father's reception of Cumberland was such that he resigned his command and all his appointments,† Sir John Ligonier succeeding him.

On June 18 Frederick with 34,000 Prussians was defeated at Kolin by Marshall Dann, commanding 53,000 Austrians, and his advance into Bohemia was held up.]

Emin wrote a letter to Mrs. Montagu, saying

"The French seem afraid of us, tho' so much inferior in numbers..... I hear the king of Prussia takes to himself the whole blame of his disgrace in the late affair, and says if he had

* Emin's way of putting it—"His Highness thought proper to return to his camp in Aferden."

† On Oct. 25 Mrs. Montagu wrote to Mrs. Boscawen, "The Duke, it seems, is gone to plant cabbages; as soon as these great folks are disgusted they go into the country; the indignant statesman plants trees upon which he wishes all his enemies hanged, his occupations are changed, but his passions not altered."--*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*

followed the advice of the Prince of Bevern, it had not happen'd; there is something more great perhaps in a Monarch owning his error than in gaining a victory, but it will not have the same effect in establishing his affairs in Germany, so that in his situation the least advantage over the Empress Queen* would have been of better consequence. Sir John Mordaunt, General Conway, and Colonel Cornwallis are going abroad with some forces as the Newspapers tell us, and the French seem again disposed to disturb us with the apprehension of an invasion."—*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*

This was the Rochfort expedition commanded by Hawke and Mordaunt, intended, by a diversion, to relieve the pressure on Cumberland. Regarding this the following letter was written by Mrs. Donnellan to Mrs. Montagu on the return of the expedition, "All I can gather of this most shameful affair is that there will be no more known till there is a publick enquiry, and then if the scheme is proved by the general officers to have been impracticable, those who sent them on it, must suffer.....Sir J. Mordaunt† and Admiral Hawke have both been to Court, the Admiral was received graciously, the other taken no notice of, 'tis said he stooped to kiss the royal hand but it was pulled back from him.....after some of the troops were in the boats in order to land, there was a council of war called, and when Hawke thought they were landed, they were ordered on board again.....Hawke desired them to come to some resolution for he would either land them or come home. Colonel Conway‡, I hear, showed the most spirit, and that our common men showed no unwillingness to action."—*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*

LETTER TO DR. MONSEY.

(July 30 1757)

My Love and duty to Mrs Montagu the Great
and to her husband.

DR DOCTOR MONSEY

The inclosed is to be copied and sent to all my Noble Friends, you will I hope make my Appologies to them that I had no time to write it fair, we are upon march every day by your Interest. I hope they will excuse me. I have sent Letters to all of them, and two Letters to you & with this will make three, I ex-

* Maria Theresa.

† General Sir John Mordaunt, a nephew of the famous Earl of Peterborough, sixty years old at the time of this expedition, commanded the land forces.

‡ Seymour Henry Conway, cousin and bosom friend of Horace Walpole, b. 1720 died 1795.

pect to have an answer to them all, and to know how they are pleased, I give you my word I shall never trouble them any more I love them, I honour them, and I will remember them in all my days, and in all my Life who are the support and the Comfort of my Heart.

I was in a very bad hole you will see by the inclosed, it was God that protected us, or else we might have been taken Prisoners by the French; I received not hardly a scratch from the Enemy, I am as well and as healthy as ever my bed is of Straw, and my eating black Bread, some time we lay out for three or four nights in the field without any cover, it was three days we had hardly any thing in the world to live upon before we had that insignificant Battle, tho the danger where we were posted was greater than any thing can be; you will please to send one the Coppys of this Letter to the Ladies to my Friend Mr Burke at the Grecian Coffee House in Devoreux Court Temple Bar.

Excuse me Dr Dr I am in haste
Your sincere and gratefull Servant
J. EMIN.

the 30th July 1757.
Limburg.

No I wou'd have you to ask Mr Burkes advice about this Letter before you cobby it for my Friends I will write no more till I have from you Pray don't you be mad because my Friend is an Irish Gentleman, but I can tell you that he is your beloved son-in-Law's Countryman I dar say you will be mighty pleased of being acquainted with him.

(On the back of this, in Mrs. Montagu's writing)

To
The right honble
The
Lady Anson.*

TO HIS PATRONESES.

(Aug. 1st 1757)

To all the Ladies, & Patroness of Joseph Emin,

MY NOBLE LADIES,

I believe your Ladyships have been in a long Expectation to hear from this part of the World, more especialy of the Battle which begun on the 23rd of July in the morning; we were ordered out with 25 Horses, & 200 Foot Irregulars to secure a post, where

* Emin's letters were handed from one to another of his friends.

we found 300 Husars, and 700 of Foot Soldiers, upon which we begun immediately to fire, & they retreated very soon; and in the afternoon His highness hearing that the French were advancing with their whole Army, ordered Part of his Army to advance also, but it was very unlucky for us that our Infantry was too late, and before they cou'd come up, the Enemy begun from some distance to fire upon us with their Cannons, which did no manner of Execution. His Royal Highness thought proper to return to his Camp in *Ajerden*. The next day the 24th the Enemy still advancing from their Camp at *Halla* all along the *River-Vizer*, and we retreating, until we halted upon a high Hill full of Trees, and they on another; where the firing of Cannons begun again on both sides, and lasted till Evening; our Situation not being so well as we cou'd wish, we still retreated till we come to *Hamlen* there we posted the right of our Army, and our left at *Ansburg*; and unfortunate *Hastenbek* between us & the Enemy, which was soon burnt down. The 25th about four in the morning the Enemy begun to advance with their Musick, and Drums, making a very great noise, more like Indians than Europeans, and was soon silenced by fire of our Balls; and Cannonading begun of both sides very briskly. At that time Your Slave was upon a Hill with no more than 200 Irregulars commanded by my Friend Major Freytag (a man of great Conduct, & Judgement) where we cou'd see the two armies very plain. It was a Place had it not been so very dangerous as the Cannon Balls were flying like so many Flies over our Heads. I cou'd have wishd that my Noble Friend Ladies who are my Patroness & who are so fond of Heros, and hearing of Battles, to have seen it, which wou'd have been really worth their while. Then I wou'd have wished again that Heavenly Charriots wd have descended from the Gods above, to have transported them to Their Native, and blessed Island, or peradventure they shoud have been in the greatest of all Dangers; For we saw about eleven of the Clock, the Enemy with no less than Six Thowsand Horses, & Foot, coming up to us on all sides with a great fury (except a little Pass which led us down to our Army). But this Bravery of theirs was greatly owing to an Information which they had of us a day before. Knowing that we were no more than two hundred men, or else they wou'd not have been so furious in their attack. For they are vastly like the black Indians, fire at a great distance, and run away. However we stood almost half an Hour, our men rallyed three times, and killed no less than three hundred of them; for our men are brought up from their Infancy as huntsmen they never miss the Mark, I have seen them shoot at 300 Yards distance, they are like the mountaineers of Armenia, and Dagostan. The French Husars run away as soon as they see us. You see my Noble Ladies what great Advantage it is to a Nation who has the Liberty, not only kill the Partridges, but to kill as

many Deers and other Animals as they please. The Loss of our side was but 20, & six wounded; we cou'd not support it any longer, and were obliged to retreat, and join the Army. And about 2 oClock in the afternoon the Enemy retreated with the Loss of eleven Cannons, and had taken some of ours, but we have retaken them again. But the Battle continued still, and lasted from 4 in the morning to 6 in the afternoon. The Loss of their side was about Three Thowsands, and about twelve hundred of ours. We don't look upon this as a Battle in Persia but as a Scarmish. The Inventor of Gun Powder is cursed by many Ignorant People, but his Invention has been a very great Service towards the Preservation of mankind. Gun Powder is a thing which makes a great noice, like Lightning, & Thunder, keeps mankind at a distant, with an awe. "The Thought of Gun Powder says the Great Marshal de Sax is more than the danger itself. I wou'd wish to have no more than fifteen Thowsand Persian Horses, if it is not too bold & your humble Servant the leader of them we cou'd soon shew the French that the effect of Symiters wou'd be greater than that of Gun Powder, tho' their Number by what we hear is one hundrid, & fifty Thowsand men, and what ours is you well know. At present we are upon Marches, & countermarches. I think we rather keep away from them instead of their retreating from us, as I mentioned before. I write this from Limburg, and the Enemy is at Hamlin where the right of our Army was posted, you may easely know by a Map where our, & Enemy's situation are.

I am with the same Corps as I have mentioned in my last, in hopes of going among the Regulars to learn the Exersice, and Evolutions; the Expences of Camp Equipage will amount to a great deal of money, and I have not yet received the least thing from my Royal Master. I will be as little trouble to him as possible, and no more Expence to my great Soul Ladies. I was in a great hopes of serving a Campagin under the King of Prussia after this, but I find I must give over that Hope, for it is impossible for me to do it with less than hundred and fifty Pounds p^r Year, let me live ever so near; for which money I shall never trouble your Goodness, nor bend any more my Neck to the Greatest Prince in the universe. Do not think I write this as a Hint, but beleive me as I am a man of Honour & Truth I will be as good as my word. I shall say nothing, I must lose no time. If my Royal Protector will do according to my Expectation as he is a great Prince, as well as good; and if not, I must take my Leave of him, and return to my Father, then to my Country. I can no longer be a Begar, and your Ladyships who are my Constant and sincere Friends, will not be displeased to find your Slave has y^e Spirit of a man of Honour, and who will not forget the great Friendship you have done to him. Now you will think all I am too hasty, but I say I have reason to

be so hasty, I have seen enough, 5 Years & half in England, I have seen a smal Battle, I shall see a little more while in this Campagin, which will be more than ever Kouly had before he became so great a man. I hope not to be so great a Tyrant as he was, & if there is any tyrranny in my Blood let me never live, let me be destroyed, and never heard of, let me live, & die like an honest good Christian which is the Greatest Ambition I have in this World. If I have any genius, and if God almighty has made me to lead a Nation, all what I have seen, & learnt will be an Ornoment to it, and if not I will be like the rest of many Officers and Soldiers who have been Scores of Years in the Service, and are just the same, as they first entered. Thus the Art of War whoever is the master of it is the Gift of God as well as any other Science. Iron never can be made into Silver, nor lead into Gold. Here again an obscure asiatick Symily which is in my Nature I tried to avoid it but I could not, saying that Iron is, Iron & Gold, is Gold.

I am

My Noble Ladies & Patroness

Your most obed^t

most gratefull most obliged
humble Servant

JOSEPH EMIN.

Limburg the 1st August 1757.

Excuse the Badness of Paper
the Errors of this Letter.

(On the back of the Letter).

To all the Noble Ladies Who are the Patronesses of

Առ ամենայն Ազնուաց տիկնոց* որք էն տիրուհի.

Joseph Emin.

Յովհաննէս Էմին.

TO DR. MONSEY.

DR DOCTOR

(Aug. 22 1757)

God almighty bless you for remembering me after so long a time, however I thank you for the great Kindness you express in your most gracious, most venerable Letter, and you thank me for condising—Lady A—to you and I am obliged to you for getting me into the Favour of that great & incomparable Queen of the universe, who has honoured me, with such instructive Letter as it will be hardly possible for me to express how much I am indebted

* Should be տիկնաց, or տիկնայց.

to you for geting me such Noble Instructor. My Lady Ansons precious advice and your Oppinion of writing to my first, & last Patron Lord Northumberland is very good advice, I will do it, and you shall see it before it goes to him.

If I write a compleat answer to your Letter, my Dr Dr I shall not have time enough to write to my other Friends, you are desirious to know how my Royal master do? upon which I ask'd Mr Andrews he told me with making his compliments that H.R.H's Leg is quite well & therefore pray be easey. Mr Andrew's thinks is hardly worth while to Write, in hopes of seeing you in old England soon, for we have made Peace with the French in this Part of Europe by the help of the King of Denmark; after our great War with that coward French men, which you seem to be afraid of at this time.* I don't mean Dr Monsey, but his Countrymen. My compliments to your Son & Daughter I am

Dr Dr

Your obliged humble servant

J. EMIN.

Yours 22^d August recd. 13th September in Had.

1757.

my obedience to Mr & Mrs Garrick†

P.S. my Comts to Mr Burke
need not write any Letter

(On the back of the letter)

Thank you for calling on my little Charmer

I beg you will do so as often as you go to your daughter

I am very uneasey about your grant Daughter I hope to see her in perfect health in short time.

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

(Sept. 14th 1757)

MY DEAR QUEEN

Your Persian Slave whom you have been pleased to honour with the Title of a Hero is yet alive, and is intirely captivated by the most instructive Epistle of his noble Queen, for the sake of whom he is always ready as well as for his distressed Country to risque his single Life in all sorts of Dangers; especialy for that great, & encreasing Affection; in which she expresses herself in a most tender manner. Madam it is out of the poor Power of your Slave to shew by writing how much he is indebted to your Goodness & Humanity: for I dar say you feel as much for him and

* Panics of invasion by the French had spread all over England in 1756, and 1757.

† The actor Garrick and his wife, with whom Dr. Monsey was very friendly.

have so great Regard for him as if he had been really your own, and your dearself his Queen; (I hope my Friend Mr Montagu will not be displeased at this, for it is true what I say, He must be the happiest man in the World: to have possessed the wisest of all Women whose greatness of Soul is to be honoured and talked in the presence of Kings, and who is worthy to rule Kingdoms and Empires; I say again, happy are those that can see you always. The Jewels, and all the precious Diamonds on the Pea Cock Thone of Grand Mugol is not enough to purchase those words that comes out of the mouth of my Queen Sheba. I cannot help to envy those who have her Company often. Let them think themselves happy, and proud; let them adorn her Person, and admire her great Wisdom; I am sorry & vaxed that I have had no proper Education. I might have sat down, & wrote years together in the Prais of you madam. It hurts me, because I cannot enough express my Sentiments to shew how much I am obliged to her, for she is good, she is wise, she is generous, and she is great.

Now madam if I can I will answer the rest of your Letter, and if not you will excuse me. I am sorry for my Royal master who was worthy of Victory for the great Fitigue & hardship he underwent; but I am glad at your informing me that the People of England are convinced of his great generalship, they begin to know a little better, and I am very glad of it, and I shall be more so if they continue so: for they are very changable People (Fairsex excepted) Mr Addison in his Poems upon the nature of men when he comes upon English Nation discribes the following Lines. "Fickled of mind" changing as their Skies, so soon they value they as soon despise. I think he gives a very pretty and a true Character. Pray madam do not be angry at this my Remark, I know you love your Country as well as I do mine, and you are pleased to call me your Hero, and be not displeased when I speak like a Hero, who is obliged to your tender care for advising him to live well, that I do, as long as you are mine. But believe me madam it was owing not that I grudge money, or I wanted it, for we cou'd get nothing else but black Bread & sour milk: It is the Food which common People of this Country subsist upon. For the Jager Corps which I was in were ordered to keep always at the rear of His Highness's Army, in order to know the motion of our Enemy, after I have been in this Corps above two Months, my Royal master thought I have learnt enough in that way of fighting, he ordered me to come, & quarter near him; and have been so for this 8 Weeks past; before the Pease was made, He sent me with one of his Aidecamps, to learn, & chuse Place for encampment, and now it is Pease you will soon see your humble Servant again, and ever since I dined at the Kings Second Table by his Permission, with his Officers, and sometimes Generals; He treates me becoming to himself, you see I lieve like

myself, and will have you for my Queen, Venerable Dr Monsey my Phisician, and great Mr Burke my Secretary of State; none shall escape me, I will have every thing I aim at Tell for me to Dr Monsey the Lady who condesended to him for his Oppinion of my writing to my Patron Lord Northumberland, was right, I am obliged to her good Counsel, she always writes to me in ye third Person. Your observation upon my Persian Simily upon Gold, and Iron; it is very wise one. I chained my hands with it in making such simily. I am now in thine hands lead me which way you Please, but madam have mercy on me. I acknowledge when the Iron is polished, and sharpened may deliver a Country from Slavery, as it did once Rome out of the hands of the Gauls, who put the Romans under Contribution, to pay so many Talents of Gold, when they were weighing it, the King of Gauls, threw his Sowrd into the Scale, to make the Weight havier, there came a brave Roman, I think it was martius took out the Sword, and said thus "Our Country shall be delivered by this Iron, and not by the Gold"; So madam when Iron once is polished may save a country by the hand of an honourable Murderer as you are please to call, and Gold which has its natural value may ruin a Country. O wise madam I admire at your Hints be ye in Health and live long Life. I am glad you have been amusing your dearself seeing different Places I wish it may do you good and add to your Health; but I am sory to find you are so much discouraged for you shall not be my Queen if you don't have as great a Heart as your great Soul. about the unprosperity of Germany & america; why madam? have not we People enough to defend us? have not we Liberty enough to make us happy, and ruin us afterwards?; O Pity, and thousand Pities, that you shou'd lose Courage without Cause. If we had thought that we were born to die we need not fear of Invasion, let us become one will and one mind we will soon shew our Enemy that we are not afraid of them. I am in haste madam and remain with the utmost Gratitude and sincerity

Your great Wisdoms admirer

and most dutyfull humble Servant & Slave

J. EMIN.

the 14th Sep^r 1757 at Stad
at his Royal Highness's Quarters

my duty to Lady Sophia Egerton and my Compliments to Mr. Montagu.

excuse the errors

To Mrs Montagu the great

(On the back of the letter)

To

Mrs. Montagu.

Letter of Mrs. Montagu, August 7, to Dr. Benjamin Stillingfleet (b. 1702 d. 1777. Author of "Calendar of Flora" etc.).

"Mr. Emin was most graciously received by the Duke, had offers of money and all marks of regard from his Royal Highness, so that his letters express the highest satisfaction there must be a nobler seat than the Persian throne reserved for that fine spirit, which, born in slavery and nurtured in ignorance, aspired to give liberty, knowledge and civil arts to his country. To compass this he risked his life, and endured the greatest hardships, and ventured all dangers and uncertainties in a country whose very language he was a stranger to; how different from so many of our countrymen, who for little additions of power and greater gratifications of luxury, in spite of their pride of birth and advantage of a liberal education and the incitements of the great examples of all ages and nations, will hazard enslaving us to a nation our forefathers despised."

From Merton, on August 30, Lady Frances Williams (daughter of the Earl of Coningsby, married Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, statesman, poet, and wit) writes to Mrs. Montagu and in her letter alludes with much joy to Emin's safety. In a letter to her husband dated July 1757, Mrs. Montagu writes "We had a report that the Duke had killed 3000 French but he is well off if he can keep on the defensive. I had a letter from Mr. Emin that the Duke of Cumberland had received him in the most gracious manner, and he is so pleased, I believe he thinks one more step will put him on the Persian throne. It is happy to be born of a hoping constitution, his day dreams are very pleasant. I wish his patriot spirit was communicated to a dozen or so of our great men."

In another letter to Dr. Stillingfleet, Sept. 15, 1757, Mrs. Montagu writes of Emin, "I do not hope to see him on the Persian throne, or giving laws to the East, but I know he sits on the summit of human virtue, and obeys the laws of Him who made that world the ambitious are contending for, and to such only my esteem pays homage." (*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*)

MRS. MONTAGU TO HER SISTER.

My brother and W. at Londⁿ Morris a child. Letter from Emin noticed by D. of Cumberland.

Wednesday morn

1758-9

MY D^r SISTER

I am glad to find our friend sets a due value on the noble Creature Man to tell you the truth I should not think he made a

bad bargain for himself if he accepted of an £150 a year however as he is not fit to contend with any difficulties I would not advise him to it. I am sorry the circumstances do not suit, for as you seem to think she has sense and spirit she would make a proper wife & a help meet for our friend, who is certainly very deficient in many particulars. My Brother Morris & his wife left us this morning, they will be very happy to-night at seeing their little one whom they seem very fond of, I hope the poor little fellow will live, & make as reasonable & honest a Man as his Father, whom they say he resembles in Countenance & shape, & also in temper, for he is always laughing, & in ye Course of the day never cries but when they put on his cap which I suppose he thinks a mere foppery.* My Brother spoke very affectionately of Miss Arnold, & Mrs Robinson entered much into her commendation, & took notice of her being pleased with having a Brother, & of her great civility & kind behaviour towards her when she was at Bath. I had a letter from Mr Emin last post, the Duke took him from the Jagers & placed him in a Camp near to him, & he dined at ye 2^d table with the considerable officers, & was employed in going to look out ground for an encampment, he says ye Duke is in good health, they are all daily expected in England. Mr. Emin's letter is intirely in the Asiatick stile with an address to Mr Montagu upon his great felicity in having such a wife that wd make you laugh, upon the whole he has had an agreeable Campaign for a Man who dispises danger & volupté. If one considers he was a Porter 5 years ago it is some rise to be allowed free conversation with ye Duke of Cumberland, & to be particularly distinguished by him, at which he seems pleased but not at all surprized. You may suppose the way he has made for himself in England does not abate & diminish his enthusiasm & adventurous spirit. I suppose Mr William will be here to-day or to-morrow. I expect my Dear friend Boscawen† on Saturday. I shall send you two brace of partridges, some potted pigeons, & an roo of Cray fish by to-morrows Coach. I must attend Miss Morgan who comes this morning to place ye flowers of Mrs Boscawen gown, so I must reserve my pleasure of writing you a longer letter till another post or two, & I will then send you the bookes. We are to-day in all the magnificence & luxury of a summers day. I rejoyce that you are Again able to ride on horseback. I cannot get a proper horse which is a grief to me. I beg my best respects to Lady Barbara & affect^e love to Miss Arnold. Perhaps I may be able to tell you in my next how our Lover finds himself, as he gets at a greater distance from his Mistress & her *estate* which seems to

* He became eventually the 3rd Baron Rokeby. (*Letters of Mrs. Montagu.*)

† Mrs. Boscawen, wife of Admiral Boscawen, was one of Mrs. Montagu's dearest friends.

have made a considerable part of his passion. Adieu my Dear, & very Dear Sister!

I am most affectly yrs

E. M.

TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

MY LORD,

(Sept. 19 1757)

as long as your Lordship is my Friend and His Royal Highness my Protector (to whom God protect & grant always Victory) I need not fear to speak, to express my Thoughts freely.

I inclosed here the 20^l Notes which I have no occasion for, so as His Royal Highness's Eyes will not be away frome. I want nothing, and if I am not turned out of the Room again that is sufficient for me; I am grateful!, and always will be so.

my Lord

Your Lordships

most obed^t most humble Servant

the 19th Sep^r 1757

J. EMIN

(On the back)

To

The Right Honourable
The Earl of Albemarle

* There's a long story about this. He sent back a 20 note to L^d A. but Major freiday advis'd him not, so it did not go,—I am glad, He has a noble Soul, incapable of recieving because hee is so of offering insult;—I'll write it you when I have time.

(On the back of the letter)

The Hon. Edward Montagu Esq.
at Sandleford
near
Newbury
Berks.

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

MOST GRACIOUS QUEEN

(Oct. 4 1757)

Let not your Angr fall havy upon our worthy, & sincere Friend Monsey tho' he has made you uneasy about me 'concerning

* In Mrs. Montagu's writing.

Bank Notes which he has mentioned to you, & you are under anxiety to know it) but still he deserves to be our head Phisician when you reign Takuhy of Persia. I tell you madam there is nothing that will be the least prejudice to your Slave, it is needless for me to write, and to you a Trouble to read; so I will have you to be quite Tranquil about me, untill I have the Honour to see you again, then I shall be able to give you an account of my Conduct, & Behaviour during in His Royal Highness's Camp who has been extremely gracious to me, and is, & will still be so as long as I live; and it was his Pleasure that I shou'd return to England to wait for his arrival, & further Pleasure;

Now my dear madam I am yet alive, but lead a miserable Life. To be in the same Land with you, and not being able to see you. Hard indeed, and is very hard; had I thought my Presence wou'd not be the Occasion of puting you into some inconveniencies, I would walk it, but you are so exesive good, and delicate in your Friendship, that you will not make so free as to say. "Slave Emin take yourself away for I have a Business at Present." I shoud be very happy if you wou'd do so, besides I am always in Fear, not knowing how long I shou'd stay, even when I have the Pleasure of your sweet, & instructive Company. To tell you madam after my misery which is above mentioned, I have one very great Consulation that is, when I am alone in my Closet, I make a Teliscop of my mind, and when I have made it, I fix my Eyes to it, & through which I discover your Picture painted on my little Heart, by the great Wisdom of my sincer Friend M^{rs} Montagu, I begin to be overjoyed, and glad; like the Poor, & whether bitten Mariners at sea when they see their Native Land. It is a secret Satisfaction nothing can be compared to it, nor any man can presume to have the least Idea of it, without being on sea himself I am

madam

Your most Faithfull Servant & Slave

J. EMIN.

4th Octor 1757.

P.S. my Compliments to my good Friend M^r Montagu, & my Love & duty to M^{rs} Boscowen.

(On the back of the letter)

To

The Great Mrs. Montague.

[The two following letters were written by Lady A. Sophia Egerton, wife of the Bishop of Bangor.

Sophia, (b. 1701), and Elizabeth Adriana (b. 1703, d. 1765), were the 1st and 2nd daughters of Hans William, 1st Earl of Portland, by his second wife Jane, daughter of Sir John Temple, Bart. In 1718 Lady Portland was State governess to the daughters of George II.

Sophia married Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent, in 1728. In 1720 Elizabeth Adriana married the Hon. Henry Egerton, Bishop of Hereford. Their son, John, born 1721, was collated by his father to the rectory of Ross, in Herefordshire. He married in 1748 his cousin Anne Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Kent, and he was consecrated Bishop of Bangor in 1756. He continued to hold the rectory of Ross, whence, as may be seen from the address, Lady A. Sophia Egerton, his wife, wrote the two following letters in 1757. The Bishop of Bangor became Bishop of Durham in 1771. Lady Sophia died in 1780, and he married again in 1782. He was a great benefactor to his county by reason of the encouragement he gave to public works. The "serophim children" (p. 161), were a daughter, and three sons, one of whom died in infancy, the other two becoming successively Earls of Bridgewater.

Lady Sophia's uncles in Holland were the sons of the Earl of Portland, William, born 1704, and Charles John, born 1708, d. 1779. William was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire on his marriage with Countess Sophie of Aldenburg, 1733.]

TO COUNT BENTINCK.

(*Emin's arrival*)

(*Lady A. S. Egerton.*)

Ross Dec. ye 14th 1757.

DEAR SIR

Your obliging indulgence to me gives me encouragement to trouble you by Mr Emin with this letter to recommend him to your Favour—he is by Birth an Armenian, his Father is a Merchant at Calcutta, where having seen with much astonishment the European dexterity in the management of Ships and Arms, he conceived there was a possibility of his learning from Them, such arts, as might render him capable of relieving, or at least improving, his own People; this amazing Plan has been hitherto prosecuted with the most singular Firmness, & success; the particulars of his History I leave to him to relate:—he is now going to visit his Countrymen in Holland, and as desirous of being permitted to pay you his respects, as I am of shewing you a man, who from his extraordinary Character, & Experienced Merit, has been much noticed in England, by the Worthy, or ingenious. I flatter myself my Dear Uncle you will pardon this freedom, & accept by Mr Emin the many Compliments & respects my Lord & I have charged him to present, with the assurance of my being

Dear Sir

Your most obliged Neice
& obedient faithfull
humble Servant

ANNE SOPHIA EGERTON.

TO EMIN.

Ross Dec : y^e 14th 1757DEAR S^R

I send you enclosed a letter, (Open,) for M^r Bentinck which I leave to you to seal & deliver if it meets with your approbation.

I must mention that I have another Uncle, M^r Charles Bentinck, in Holland whom I am perswaded would be pleased with seeing you if he should at the Hague when you go there, but as Lady Margaret Bentinck, his wife, is Aunt to the Duke of Richmond* you cannot want any introduction from me, & I will only trouble you with a request to present them my Lords sincere respects, as well as mine.

I cannot conclude without presenting you my Lords kind Compliments, & telling you that amongst the many good wishes we make for you, we selfishly add a hope that we may repeat them to you in person before you leave England.

I am

S^r

Your faithfull humble Servant

ANNE SOPHIA EGERTON

TO LORD CATHCART.†

MY LORD CATHCART

I have suffered along with the rest of Nation, that his Royal Highness the Duke has been indisposed, he is now thank God in perfect health; but my excellent Lord Northumberland is now laid up in the Gout, so that I am unfortunate on every side; tho in my heart his suffering gives me more pain than my own Loss; and yet I lose no little thing by my Friends Indisposition; and your Lordship so full of Business can hardly have time to think of an unfortunate Soldier as I am. Therefore I take the Liberty to make this my humble, & short Address to your Lordship that your Lordship will be pleased to use some interest in my behalf to his Royal Highness again, by which I may obtain Orders to go to the Academy at Woolwich where your Lordship has first thought a fit School for me to go to, and that I may not lose the Opportunity of improving myself since I know that I am crowned with the Happyness of having such Noble Friends, and Protectors as your Lordship, and my Lord Northumberland, but I shall be still happier when I find myself that

* Earl Cadogan, b. 1672, a general officer, who took part in Marlborough's campaigns and succeeded him in the command of the army, had two daughters, Sarah, who married in 1719 Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and Margaret, who married in 1738 Charles John Bentinck, 4th son of Hans William, 1st Earl of Portland.

† A copy.

I have made some Progress in my Undertakings by your Lordships
Assistance & Consideration I am

my Lord

Your Lordships &c.

To MR. PITT.

SIR,

(*March 1758*)

Though I never had the Honour to be known to you, yet I have the Boldness to write. I have been over great Part of the World, and have seen much People; but I wanted to see Men; for the Design of my Travel was Knowledge, and I thought that Knowledge of real Men was better than Books, therefore I have turned my Eyes upon all ways, and at last had the great Happyness, of seeing, and hearing you in that Potent House of Commons, and there I discovered like the Light breaking upon me, what my Friends had often told me, of your great Love to your Country, and your wise Eloquence that conqueres more than the Sword of a Hero. I own I grew a little Envious, for I thought no man loved his Country better than I have mine, but I confess it that I am nothing tho I have been Sailor, Porter, Slave, and suffered every thing in every shape, to make my Country what you have made yours. Several Armenians, suffer Hunger, Thirst, and take long Journeies, but all those Hardships are only for money. I the first of them have done it for Knowledge, and for my Country. This is my small Merit, and the only Recommendation I can make to you.

Sir I will observe that a Cloudy day of Winter is light enough to see what is about us, and to serve common Business, but permitt me to say, that no man is happy, nor in good Sperit untill the sun shines out. Then there is Joye upon all mens Faces. Thus it is Great Sr with me in this Country. I along with the rest in this happy Land find Benefit of the Light you give us all by your great Wisdom of governing, but I am not happy, and my Life is dead in me untill I see the Vezir Azam of England.

If You do me this high Honour you will see a poor Soldier whose only Fortune is a Character with all People which I have been amongst. I was a Porter for Learning not for Livelihood, and I was honest in that low way. This is known, when by the goodness of great Souls I was raised from that. I was not idle nor ingreatefull. I have been high, and low, and I was not bad. When I served the last Campain in Germany, all the officers both the English, and the German will say more of me than I dare to think of myself.

I have Sir in my Studies for my Country, found the way to advance it, and do some Service to your Noble Nation at the same time. My humble Plan for this good Design I will do myself the Honour to shew it to you, and to be instructed by your gread

Wisdom, and to give me new Lights in this Great matters. My Scheme has two Qualities which makes some laugh at me, others seem to like me for it. Whatever it is, it is little without your assistance. If you approve it I laugh at those that laugh at me, at any Rate, I am resolved and nothing shall stop me, but Death, which is common to every Body, and an honest Heart need not fear any. I am with the Greatest Respect, and Veneration

Great Sr

your most obedient most obliged
devoted humble servant

J. EMIN.

in the month of March 1758.

To the R: H: William Pitt &c. &c. &c.

(On the back in Mrs. Montagu's writing)

This letter was addressed to Mr. Pitt
Secretary of State.

MRS. MONTAGU TO HER HUSBAND.

Emin March 1758

*Lady Medows was
Mr. Montagu's sister.*

Tuesday.

MY DEAREST

As I had not ye pleasure of a letter from you last post, & so am not by that means furnishd with matter for a letter, & this Town is so dull & quiet as to afford no kind of news, I shall not encroach upon your leisure as I am apt to do by a long letter. I never knew ye Town so empty of company & void of news, Ad^l & M^{rs} Boscowen dined here yesterday, drank y^r health & desired their compliments. M^r Isaacsons called on me this morning they dined with Lady Medows on sunday. Emin dines with her Ladyship to-day if joy can give appetite he will make a good meal, for by ye sollicitation of Lady Yarmouth M^r Pitt has received him & promised to see what can be done For him, as great minds are akin, M^r Pitt was much pleased with him. Emin repeated to me his discourse to M^r Pitt, & it was full of Asiatick fire & figure, if it did not touch ye Statesman it must ye Orator. M^r Pitt made him great compliments. I hope they will be realised: & they surely will if Lady yarmouth continues her desire to serve him. My little Nephew is perfectly well. I hope you will receive no detriment from ye bad weather, since yesterday the weather is more mild but it is

now rainy. I desire my compts to all our friends. I am ever most affectly & faithfully

Yrs

I am very well and shd.
therefore be very happy
if my Dearest was not
at such a distance.

E. M.

The dates and other notes printed *in italics*, and some in brackets, at the beginnings of these letters, are all in Mrs. Montagu's writing on the original letters, and are evidently notes made for the purpose of classification.

VII.

1758.

[Expedition against St. Malo, June 1758—Note—Letter about Expedition to someone unknown—Return to England—Letter to Lord Lyttelton.]

THE next season he went a volunteer in the successful expedition against St. Malo, commanded by the late duke of Marlborough. After seventeen days* sailing with contrary wind, they made Cancale Bay. In the afternoon, lord Howe silenced some old batteries on the top of the precipices, and the whole army landed. The next morning, the new-raised light horse, commanded by the glorious general Elliot, was ordered to march up to the town. Emin had no horse, and chose to be one of the party on foot: he walked thirteen miles at the head of the troops, and reached the suburbs of St. Malo just in the dusk of the evening. The troops set 133 ships large and small on fire upon the beach, where he did as well as he could to gain the good opinion of general Elliot. The late Sir John Armitage was more active than all the troops, setting the enemy's magazine also on fire.

* "Seventeen days sailing."—A mistake or a lapse of memory when writing thirty years after the event, in 1788, unless he means that contrary winds prevailed before starting. In his letter he says they left on 1st June and arrived on the 5th, and this is correct.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

*Extracts from "A Journal of the late Campaign against France."
(British Museum E. 2050.)*

P. 46. "On the 23rd of May the Duke of Marlborough arrived in
"camp as Commander-in-Chief of the forces. Lord George Sackville was
"Second in Command and under these another Lieutenant General be-
"sides five Major Generals The embarkation of the baggage
"began on the 25thon the 28th the whole was finished. Com-
"modore Howe commanded the frigates and was entrusted with the di-
"rection of everything that related to the landing of the troops in the
"enemy's dominions."

P. 47. "We were favoured with a fair wind on Thursday the 1st
"June. Lord Anson* immediately weighed and put to sea with all the
"Ships of war except those defined as convoy to the transports under
"the immediate direction of Commodore Howe."

P. 48. "On Monday morning we made St. Maloes, and about two
"in the afternoon the whole fleet stood into the Bay of Cancele. We
"were detained at Cancele by north westerly winds, for two days, dur-
"ing which a packet arrived from England—another was dispatched
"thither with an account of our success and safe embarkation, and a
"flag of truce from St. Maloes went on board of the Commodore."

P. 52. On Friday 16th "we sailed from the Bay, but next day
"we were obliged by contrary winds to return to our former station."

*From "A Genuine Narrative of the Enterprise against St. Maloe 1758."
(British Museum, E. 9210. C. 46.)*

P. 49. "We left St. Helens the first of this month meeting with a
"wind not so favourable as we could have wished we were forced through
"the Race of Alderney. The third day we were off Sark. The fourth
"day we saw Cape Fréhel and St. Maloes but the road being too dan-
"gerous for ships to ride we sailed the next morning to Cancele Bay."

16 battalions were sent to the Isle of Wight by the middle of May
and at the end of the month 13,000 men were encamped on the island
.on the 1st of June the armament set sail arriving on the 5th
at Cancele Bay about 8 miles from St. Malo. A French battery left for

* Lord Anson did not go to St. Malo, but turned westward.

the defence of the bay was quickly silenced by the ships and on the following day the entire force was landed. One brigade was left to guard the landing place and the remainder marched to St. Malo where the light dragoons slipped down under cover of night and burned over a hundred privateers and merchant vessels. (From Fortescue's "History of the British Army.")

In Corbett's "England in the Seven Years' War" the number of ships burnt at St. Servan is stated to be "four Kings' ships of from fifty to eighteen guns on the stocks and sixty-two merchant men; and at Solidore, hard by, eight fine privateers ready for sea and twelve other vessels besides small craft and an enormous quantity of timber, cordage and naval stores."

Thus, according to Fortescue, over 100 privateers and merchant vessels were burnt, according to Corbett 74 large vessels and twelve others. Emin, writing on 11th June, therefore is fairly correct since he says 73 were burnt, "besides small vessels." In his narrative he says "133 ships large and small."

The "glorious General Elliot."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELIOT, born in Scotland 1717, died at Aix-la-Chapelle 1790. In 1775 Governor of Gibraltar, which he defended against the French and Spaniards in 1779-83, since when Gibraltar has been free from attack by land or sea. Raised to the peerage as Lord Heathfield, Baron of Gibraltar, 1787.

SIR JOHN ARMITAGE, 2nd Bart. b. 1738. M.P. for York, died unmarried (according to Thackeray in "The Virginians" affianced to the sister of Commodore Howe), killed in the unfortunate affair on the coast of France near St. Cas, in 1758.

EMIN'S LETTER OF JUNE 11 AND 12, 1757, FROM CANCALE.

There is nothing to show to whom this letter was written, unless from what he says of the kindness shown to him, "a stranger," we may consider that it was addressed to Charles Stanhope. The recipient gave it to Mrs. Montagu, who preserved it.

By "Lahad" and "lohalle" Emin means the harbour of La Houle where the troops landed, and which was defended by the small battery of two guns silenced by Commodore Howe from the *Success*. Two brigades were landed on the 5th, the rest of the troops on the 6th, and on the 7th Marlborough ordered the advance to St. Malo and St. Servan

where the shipping was fired. The incident of the French gentleman, "Count Lanual," who met "Kingsly Granaders,"* is thus related in "The Virginians"—"the only person slain on the whole day being a French gentleman who was riding with his servant and was surprised by volunteer Lord Downe marching in the front with a company of Kingsleys. My Lord Downe offered the gentleman quarter which he foolishly refused, whereupon he, his servant, and the two horses were straightway shot."

After the shipping was burnt, the forces re-embarked and "the costly armament returned to Portsmouth having effected absolutely nothing." (Fortescue.)

Loyalty to his chief prevented any comment in his letter beyond "what ever his Grace does is always right," but the return without any fighting must have been a disappointment to Emin. The *Essex*, on board of which man-o'-war he returned, was the Commodore's ship on the setting out of the expedition.

SIR

(June 1758)

Give me Leave to acquaint you of our short Expedition as short as possible. That on the first day of June we set sail from St Hellens, and on the fifth came to an anchor at Lahad, on the sixth all our army landed without the havy artillery (which I am sorry for) on the seventh we marched up to Parame about 8 miles from our landing place above, and by the order of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with a detachment of few Horse and foot; advanced towards St Malo 3 or 4 miles distance from our Camp, about nine o Clock in the evening, we begun to set fire to the Ships, and to the Dock, and magazine in the sight of the Town of St Malo, without having the Honour of firing a shot from them, for all we were so near to the Place, as about a thousand yards without any manner of Covering, intirely exposed to their Batteries, exept second and third day of burning their ships wich they fired about 40 shots at us and killed hardly any. and on the 10th we returned to our landing place here we are safe and sound Troops are embarking again and will be finished tomorrow.

I have not told you what opposition we met in our landing, and marching up so far into the most inclosed, and strongest Country ever was known. there at Iohalle was only 2 Cannon Battery, to which Captain Howe came up with one of our small frigates as near to it as possible, and dismounted them very soon; this is all

* Kingsley's Grenadiers.

my Love, Bathurst

I have suffered along with the rest of Nature, that this Royal Highness the Duke has been indisposed, he is now thank God in perfect health; but my ^{the} excellent Lord Northumberland is now laid up in the gout, so that I am unfortunate on every side; ~~and yet~~ in my heart, his suffering gives me more pain than my own Sore; and yet I have no little thing by my friends a Indisposition; and your Lordship is full of Business can hardly have time to think of an unfortunate Soldier as I am. Therefore I take the Liberty to make this my humble, & short Address to your Lordship that your Lordship will be pleased to use some interest in my behalf to his Royal Highness again, by which I may obtain Orders to go to the Academy at Strasbourg where your Lordship has first thought of let School for me to go to, and that I may not lose the Opportunity of improving myself since I know that I am ^{concerned} ~~connected~~ with the Academy, to of having such Noble Friends, and protectors as your Lordship, and my Lord Northumberland, but I shall be still happier when I find myself that I have made some Progress in my Undertaking by your Lordships Assistance & Consideration I am

My Love

Your devoted Son,

Extract from letter.

The number of birds burnt is 73 from 40 to 16 Cause
birds small Vireos This is all ^{the} amount I can give you, and am sorry, have not
time enough to write to the rest of my Friends, but if you will be so good as to
send it to Mr. Montagu after you have read it, I shall be infinitely thankful
to you, it will be added to the rest of your Favours, and humanity your Goodness
has already bestowed on me, a stranger, may God bless you, and preserve
your Health I am with the utmost respect & Veneration.

Good S^r

Your most obed^t. most obliged
humble servant

George Emori

11th
11 June 1758

Canal or Litchfield

Let my Compliments to L^d. Montagu, and General Elliotts compliments to you

12th
12 June 1758 by the Help of Almighty all our army now
are safe embarked without any Loss & hope to return as safe
on board of Your. Man of War excuse the error of this for
I have wrote without looking over.

Extract from letter.

I have been here my good Lord since last Monday, and am
afraid to stay here more than I wish to stay. Our Captain says fortnight.
I doubt it will be more than that, very little advantage to my S^rs.
I lodge with one Mr. Newhorn. I dined with the Dean of Exeter, few
days ago. he is very well, he desired me to be remembered to Mr. Montagu
the same I returned your Lordships with my humble Respects to her, and
tell her, I am always her slave & am.

When honor me with a line let it be

enclosed to the Dean he will send it to me

my Lord your Lordships

most obed^t and humble servant

George Emori

Extract from letter.

Our army is soon enough to shake hands with the Enemy, but there is not talk of a Battle yet, and should it so happen, there are whole nations here, I need take upon me to win your friendship almost second-hand from them. Menéndez was here about some six days ago, who without any notice, I almost took a more great notice of me. He himself had a rather letter with the President of the Council of Castile from the King of Burgundy; that after the battle they found themselves threatened by him in the Field, and surrounded, and wrote Queen Isabella with four or five General Officers. The King of the Franks was but six hundred, and about twenty thousand. I saw some great letters, but only my last Month I saw him used barbarously not to have some little share of it. And so, there a Christian Sultan we found all the head of the man off who persecuted us. This said on all the, means to forget it, but is impossible, I am ready to burst in tears, and shall remain ever happy till I receive a letter of consolation either from you, or from any Christian Prince of the East, given of the Sultan. There may comfort my poverty a little, otherwise I shall say but thanks to my Lady for my wife's collection, I am with the utmost gratitude and obedience

1890

Married at the Duke of Marlborough's house
in the Bishopric of Exeter Sept. 11. 1735

Steno cardulatus.

Must Obey! most gratefully. Obedient humble servant,

Put off your forehead and with a little space it to my ^{own} memory and conscience
convinced of me.

L. L.

Prop Dec. 9th 14th 1757

Dear Sir

I send you enclosed a letter, (Open),
for Mr Bentinck which I leave to you to send
L Selous if it meets with your approbation

I must mention that I have another uncle,
~~for~~ (Charles Bentinck, in Holland, whom I am
persuaded would be pleased with seeing you if
he should at the Hague, when you go there, but
as Lady Margaret Bentinck, his wife, is Aunt to
the Duke of Richmond you cannot want any
introduction from me, & I will only trouble you
with a request to present them my best sincere
respects, as well as mine. —

I cannot conclude without presenting you my
 Lord's kindest Compliments, & telling you that amongst
 the many good wishes we make for you, we ~~believe~~
 = by =
 add, & hope, that we may expect them to you in
 person before you leave England.

1000000

111

Yours faithful Servant

Junc. Ephra. Igerston,

the opposition we have met in such strong Place; our Generals and noble experienced Warriors say that had there been only five hundred Regulars our landing would have been impracticable. We found few men, and few Women all the Villages empty, hardly any Provision in them, Kingsly Granaders happened to meet Count Lanual a man of a Considerable fortune in this Country would not surrender himself abstinately was killed with his servant and his Horse.

The reason of our coming away without taking the Town of St Malo is not my Place to say any thing, what ever his Grace does is always right, I wish him well for he deserves to be victorious like his noble ancestor he is very gracious to me, and so my lord George sackwell. I have one thing more to say that I have the superstition to flatter myself that the Duke of Marlborough is now at the Head of the English Army they will be victorious let them be where they please.

The number of ships burnt is 73 from 40 to 16 Guns besides small Vessels this is all the account I can give you, and am sorry have not time enough to write to the rest of my Friends, but if you will be so good as to send it to Mrs Montagu after you have read it, I shall be infinitely thankful to you, it will be added to the rest of your Favours, and humanity your Goodness has already bestowed on me, a stranger, may God bless you, and preserve your Health I am with the utmost respect & Veneration.

Good Sr

Your most obed^t most obliged
humble servant

11th June 1758
Caucail or Lohalle

HOUSEP EMIN.

P.S. my Compliments to Dr Monsey, and General Elliots compliments to you

12th June 1758 by the Help of Almighty all our army now are safe embarked without any Loss & I hope to return as safe on board of Essex, Man of War excuse the error of this for I have wrote without looking over.

When Emin came back with the troops, the duke of Marlborough hearing of his behaviour, promised to take him with him into Germany. But when they arrived in London, the duke invited him to his table; and after dinner, told him in private, that the king had ordered no volunteers to be admitted into the

army then going over to join prince Ferdinand in Westphalia. His Grace made him accept thirty guineas. He having a great desire to go into the late king of Prussia's army, told his intention to the duke, who said, "that in case he should not be received by His Majesty, upon his word he would take him then under his protection." While he was in these active pursuits, his friends increased daily.

[There is no date to the following letter to Lord Lyttelton but it is clear that it was written after the "Buckeniering Enterprize" of St. Malo, and before Emin was admitted to the presence of the "Great man"—Mr. Pitt.]

TO LORD LYTTELTON.

My Eastern Lord & Magnanimus Councelor.

I am sorry I have not wrote to your Lordship before, ney I am ashamed, nor I deserwe your Foregiveness, but there is one thing that I can say to excuse myself, I have done nothing seen nothing, since I took my Leave of your Lordship, and therefore I thought needles to write to you, exept some Grand Affair had happened, that it might be worthy of my sage & great Lord's Notice, whose prevailing and wise Council is greater than the universe, and when I am so happy to be in his Presence, and heear his paternal advice about my Honest Desings, my mind begins to feel satisfaction, and my Heart tells me that I shall overcome all difficulties, and save my distressed Country; my good Lord in this World I have hardly any Comfort, exept Great men like your Lordship, think well of my Undertakings, which is as much to me, as if I had already compassed it. The Instruction of wise man, is not only an Encouragement, but it is like Spur pearces me to persue & run faster; leap over Hedges, and Ditches, without minding any Danger. Thus I am resolved and shall remain so, till Death puts an End of this mortal Life.

In the Expedition (which is now calld a Buckeniering Enterprize) there was not good dill to be seen, or to be learn't. I am now going to Prince Ferdinands* Army, among my old Friends, there I will see a Campain till next winter. Duke of Marlbroug has

* Ferdinand of Brunswick-Wölffenbüttel, Frederick of Prussia's nephew and one of his most successful generals.

been very good, and kind to me, and wou'd have taken me along with him, had not his Majesty* ordered that there is no volunteers to go to Germany, but however be as it will, I shall see him again very soon in Germany, from thence I may be able to give your Lordship a good account, worth reading.

I have not yet seen the Great Man,† I have been so many times to his Door that I am grown tired, however I don't mind it, nor I care for it, as long as God has given me a good Heart I need not be afraid. Dr Monsey has wrote to you last night, that M^{rs} Montagu is very well, which is a great Comfort to me, and have not the Happyness to see her this Week, makes me very uneasey, lest the Queen of the East is displeased with her faithfull asiatick Slave. I am with the utmost Gratitude & Veneration

my Lord
your Lordships
most obliged most obed^t
and devoted humble Servant

(On the back of this letter)

J. EMIN.

Rt Honble L^d Littleton.

VIII.

[Letters previously written to Calcutta to Governor Drake, and to Emin's father—His father's reply—The Black Hole tragedy—Letter to Heraclius of Georgia, sent through Mr. Shaw, Resident at Basra.]

HE omitted saying before, that when he was first known to the earl of Northumberland, and to his Royal Highness, he wrote four letters; one to governor Drake,‡ one to his father; the third to the Armenians in Calcutta; the fourth to prince

* George II.

† Pitt.

‡ Roger Drake arrived in Bengal May 1737; President of Council and Governor of Calcutta from Aug. 8, 1752 to 1758; he gave offence to Suraj-ud-Dowla, the new Nawab of Bengal, by a letter with regard to the strengthening of the fortifications of Calcutta; the attack on the city followed; Drake escaped in the last boat that left the Fort, 1756; his desertion of his post brought reproach upon him; and T. Z. Holwell (q.v.) who had stayed behind, was chosen to the command: Drake was dismissed from his post by the Directors, 1757. (*Dict. of Indian Biography*, Buckland.)

Heraclius of Georgia. He translated into English the three which were in Armenian, and shewed them to the duke of Cumberland his patron, lord Northumberland, the late Dr. Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Payne,* of the Direction, and to several noblemen. His Royal Highness sent for Mr. Payne, and told him the letters were to be sent to Bengal to the governor and council of Calcutta, who could summon all the Armenians there, with his father Joseph, and read them in the government-house.†

TO GOVERNOR DRAKE

A copy.

SIR

my own diction.

What induces me to trouble your Goodness, is that high Opinion I have of the Generosity of all that belong to a Country, where I have found such Noble Friends who have not only supported me at the time of my distress, but have taken great pains to instruct me with their good, wise, and Noble Councils; they have also obtained for me the protection of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, & by his Order sent me to the Academy of Woolwich; which makes me happy every moment, when I reflect on my former Condition; of my Slavery for 4 Years successively. Was I to be sacrificed for them or for your Countrymen Good Sr wou'd not be a sufficient Gratitude shewn in return to that Great Humanity I have received, since I have been so very happy, & so greatly blessed to be known to them; This, & many other Nobleness of theirs encouraged me to make you this Address, and to beg that you wou'd not think a Trouble to help an honest man who has not the Honour to be known to you.

The Design of this Letter is to entreat you wou'd use your endeavour, to prevail upon Armenian Merchants of your Settlement of Calcutta in Bengal, to write to Prince Heraclius in my Behalf, in order to be received into his Service; as it is mentioned in the Letter which I have wrote to him, inclosed here in Armenian Language, translated by me into English; being laid before his Royal Highness The Duke of Cumberland, & before My Lord Bishop of Oxford, The Earl of Northumberland my Patron, My Lord Cathcart,

* John Payne, Director 1741-1757, Deputy Chairman 1756, Chairman 1757.

† The letter to Heraclius is the only one of the four published in his book. Copies of two letters to Governor Drake were given by Emin to Mrs. Montagu.

and before several worthy Gentlemen; & it is by his Royal Highness's permission that I do send this Letter to Prince Heraclius, by which you will soon know how to help me, and how to direct the said Armenians of the said Settlement of Calcutta. In what manner, & in what method they are to proceed.

And that you will be pleased to let the Principle People of the Armenians peruse the Contents of the above mentioned Letter, to that Prince, that they may thoroughly understand before they begin theirs. I have wrote & inclosed here a Letter to the said Armenians, that they may be better convinced of the Matter. And have like manner the Honour of receiving a Letter of Recomendation the Directors of the East India Company to your Goodness, to certifye that what I have said above is true, and that it is not my Intention to impose upon Armenians, nor abuse your humanity; and that I am honest. Those Noble Friends whom I have been known to, & those whom I have been slave to will all say I am honest.

I am in great hopes they will not scruple to do me this favour, for it will cost them neither Money, nor much Trouble. Whereas a plain Letter signed by all the Armenians of Calcutta may be of Great Consequence to me. For even if I had no success in this, that the said Prince shou'd not accept of my Service, which I fear but little. Yet when I come to my Country, if they begin to make their false, foolish & Asiatick Pretences, I might then produce the Copsy of the said Armenian Merchants Letter, as their Testimony for my Honesty; to signify that I have from the Beginning shewn a clear, & a good Heart; and that I have no Design neither against him, nor against his Country, but the reverse. And as long as I have any Life in me I will endeavour to make it serviceable to him, and also towards the Good both of Religion, and my Country.

If you do me the Honour to serve me in this, (which I am assured you will with Pleasure, as you are an Englishman, must therefor resemble your Countrymen) Then I will take the Boldness from that Encouragement to ask for one favour more. I have a Father Good Sr who has the Happyness to live under your Government, who is old, & worn away by much Grief caused by the Absent of his Only Son, & who cannot know of the Great Honour I have received in England, except you are so very good to shew some sign of it. That is the least Notice you will be pleased to take of him, will make him happy, & will be the Greatest Honour both to him, and to me, who am already loaded with Favours from the first, & best of your Countrymen, & that all my Life will be proud to own myself, I am

Sir

Your most obedient & obliged
humble Servant

JOSEPH AMEEN.

TO GOVERNOR DRAKE.

A Copy.

SIR

Mr Payne a director of the East India Company does me the honour to convey this Letter to you and will certifye the truth of what ever I say and that I am not altogether unworthy to receive the same favours from you that I have recd from him, and from many other of your Countrymen. My principle Sr is founded upon truth, and I shall employ my last Breath in acknowledging the Honours I recd from your generous country.

The purpose of this Letter is to entreat you wou'd use your endeavour to forward the inclosed by some good Hand to P: H: of Georgia; it is a Letter adressed to him in the Armenian Language which I have translated into English in order that you may know the Contents of it having laid it before his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland my Protector the B. of Ox. my reverend instructor my Lord Northumland my Patron, my Lord Cathcart my Noble Friend and als before several worthy Gentlemen of this Kingdom and it is by his R: H: permission I send this Letter to that Prince.

I am sorry to trouble you, but I am assured you will delight like the rest of your Generous Countrymen to serve an Honest man who has not the Hon^r to be known to you and who is with the utmost Gratitude

Sir

EMIN'S TRANSLATION OF HIS LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

Honoured Father

The Son of Virtue is Bravery, and Bravery cannot be without Virtue; for as the Son proceedeth from the Father, so Bravery does from Virtue. More plainly to speak to you, O my Sweet Father! thou art a Virtuous man, and used to instruct me of Virtue while I was with you; and if I am thy true Son I am bound to be Brave, by which I may be worthy to be called thy Son, and also worthy of the name of that our great fore-Father Ameen. O my Father Joseph, the reason of my departure from thee is to obtain Bravery. What are thy Thoughts;? dost thou think that I am come here to Learn only the english Language? no, no, I am come to learn the Art of War; which is preferable to all the Arts upon the World; This Art is so precious, that always it is always spoken in the presence of Casers, and Kings; by this very Art, we are to give Battles against the persecutors, and enemies, of our Christian Nation, who stand Captives under their Hands. It is unexpressable the preciousness of this great Art, for without it, is impossible that

our Religion shou'd shine; we shall allways be percecuted under our enemies, if we don't strive to learn it; my Father those were the reasons of the departure of thine only Son (and when I used to mention them to thee instead of commending me for it thou didst allways insult me, and turn thy Countenance from me as if I was speaking of Treason;) and now I would not tell thee so plainly and openly my mind, if I had not accidentally met here a Nobleman who when he was acquainted with the Councel of my heart and the hardship which I underwent for the sake of my Nation, was surprized; loved me like Father, gave me Money, spoke of me to the Son of the King of England, and also to several Noblemen; again he asked me what was my Design that made me come away from my Father; and when I made answer and said, that I am come to learn the Art of War, still he liked me and confortd me; and said to me be contented; I will make interest for thee to the son of our King to give thee order that thou mayst go to the Place of Education, and Learn what thou desire where are all the Sons of Noblemen learning the Art of War; and you will learn the same with them. O Father, be glad! for God is with me; I am not come here to Learn Luxury, & Extravagancy; I am come to Obtain Worthyness, to learn Wisdom; to know the World, and be called a perfect Servant to my Sheeplike-Shepherdless Armenian Nation. Again know ye, that if you had made a present, or had spent 5 Thousand Rupées, you could not be able to get me such great and Noble Friends; therefore it is almighty God, that has showered down upon me his infinite Mercy; for it is he that knows the Councell of my heart; and my Heart is into him; he is Father of all that trust in him; without him is nothing; and nothing can be done.

Michia! my Uncle, you seem to be very angry with me. My beloved, what were my Sins? why you have forgot me in that manner? why don't you comfort me with a Philosophical Letter of yours? I have driven myself to Death for your sake; and instead of encouraging me, you think me a prodigal. I beleive, that you have heard of the wrath of my sweet Father, who had rejected me from being his Son; after his arrival on board of the Ship, he had sent a Letter to the Hand of my Shepherd David; and it was written in This manner; "Brother David, knowest thou so far, that there is no absolution for Ameen my Son, unless he is crucified his head downward for the sake of his Nation, as Apostle Peter was crucified;" thou seest that he was comparing such a Sinner as me to that Great Saint; but he will have patience to stay, that I might obtain Worthiness first; and then be crucified. he thought that he cou'd pronounce that word, crusified, with ease; but he did not imagine the difficulty of the Loss of his only Son. And after all those great Torments and hardships which I have been under,

and am just begining to make his name and yours to shin, you all desire me to return; ignorant I came, and Ignorant I must go you are indebted to hearten me; I am contented to obtain an emty Letter either from thee or from my Father; even that you will not do. O my Compassionate Uncle! if I have sined before my Father, tell me what evil have I been culpable of, towards you? why you forsake me so: I know within myself, that it is only my Ruler David, who bears and weighs the Torments, and smarts from my Father; my Father cannot blame you; for at the time of my Desertion, you was at Seidapad, and my Ruler David at Calcutta; therefore let me die for him; let my Blood be under his Feet; it is true, that you are my Sheperds; but he is the only my Ruler and manager, my controller and my Comforter, my supporter and my teacher. D: I cry, I roar for to see David; but in vain; I cannot: and thou Mirzabec the Soul of my Soul embrace a Wild beastlike salute from the deepest part of my Heart.

My Ruler David, thine, fowan the 3^d of February from Hugley, arrived here the 14th December 1755 by the Hand of John Mills to the hand of Stephanos Coggigian but I did not see the Person who brought thy Letter; I recd it from Stephanus. and it was a great Joy to me to obtain such fatherlike Letter from thee; and I was very thankfull to God, for having such a Ruler as thee in this World. Altho my sweet Father is a little angry with me; I did not submit to his Will; but I know within myself, that a fruitless Tree is always hatefull, and proud, to its planter or Master; but a Fruitfull Tree is dear and humble; its branches bend down to the ground; therefore, while I am fruitless, it is impossible for me to obtain humbleness; but when I am fruitfull it is natural then I must be humble. a second example; a valiant Warier, while he is in the battle he is obliged to appear proud, first among his Soliders, secondly against his enemys, and if he shoud obtain a Conquest over them, it is then natural to appear humble, if he is true Warier; these are my less understanding thoughts if your great Wisdom will approve of them.

I Last year two Letters by the hand of Mr Davis to the hand of Mr Maningham have sent, to give them to you. I am in hopes that you will perform what I have already desired in them; to write to Mr Davis, to pay me the money deposited in his hand, and if not, let it be then your Pleasure. let me tell you that I have no need for money here; but you will all repent for not beleiving your Son; so much is sufficient to your understanding, if you read this Letter with Care and Wisdom. But if you please to be friends with me, it is Debt upon you to do thus; first, to write to Mr Davis, to pay me the 5 hundred Rupees; secondly, a Letter with great Thanks and with presents to this my Protector Nobleman, of whose name I shall mention in this Letter; The presents that ypu are

to send are as follows: 3 Pieces of the finest Pulam of Radnagar; 2 Peices of the finest Mulmul that ever had been brought our to this Land; 2 Pieces of Madras red Handkerchiefs; and 2 Peices of Cusombzar silk hanker: 2 pieces of Douria;* be ornomented if possible with Golden Thread at Dacca; that they may so fine & worthy of the Possession of this great Nobleman, Lady; her great Spirit and generosity is higher than Language & who herself stooped down to take notice of me. This Nobleman is so great here as Maiar kan was in Persia; the things the more fine They are so much honour will they be first to you all; then to your Son. My Father, and my Sheperds Mirzabec and David be not afraid, I shall make return a Thousand to your once.

My Fathers now you will think, that I dont want to come to you; don't you think, that I long for you? for my Longing is measureless; and it is so great, that I cannot explain it. Your Love is as hot in my Heart as fire; and for the sake of that Love, I have first made myself a mariner, and cleaned hogstye for almost six months; secondly, when I arrived here, I did serve to Stepan like a Captive. 3 after turning me out of his house, three Weeks I lived upon three half pens a Day. 4 I went to sell myself; but providence sent to me the son of my School Master who delivered me from being recaptive. 5 I have lost one years Service; 6 I was a Load carrier or porter for two years; and paid 17 Pounds out of that Labourious and slavish Employment, to Stepan; which had he spent for me while I was with him; and at last from portership did arrive myself to Clerkship. there I have wrote about three Monthis, and absented from thence, I was again droven into my old distresses; without Money, without Friend, or any Body but Lord in heaven; untill one day this great man whom I have mentioned in this Letter, who had heard of my Character, sent me his Servant, and I was admited to him; and when I was come into his presence; after knowing my Councell, and the Love which is for you and for my Nation, he was surprized, and was saying to me, O Ameen! it is very hard to live in this Country without Friend & without Money (almost 4 years) therefore the Lord is with you; be contented, I will from this time provide and furnish you with all necessities, and said he I will mediate to the son of our King, and after you have learned the Art of War, I will send you unto your Father, and Uncles: the Noble Lady comforted me likewise; do not despair; be glad, O Zealous for thy Country, Ameen! be not afraid, then My Fathers almighty and sa vast God it is, that hath put in my Heart to depart from you, and come here that I might be be

* Here he wrote, and then crossed out "20 Neck-cloathes of English: and both ends of them"—then "be ornomented" etc. as above.

able to serve my Country: therefore pray to God for me with a long mind, with trust & patience.

The name of this Nobleman is the Earl of Northumberland* This is a Lord of a great Word with the King of this Land; Great men and Nobles all that know him love him; now it is 2 Weeks since he know me, I dine at his Palace, he has given me good deal of money, and Books, his Goodness and friendship is measureless; many times I dined with great men here through his Friendship it is to him that I am indebted for great strength & comfort I receive from a Nobleman called Sr Charles Stanhope who is Father to me, He has made me known likewise to another Nobleman called my Lord Cathcart, who is a soldier and gave me much Encouragement. Once more be glad, as to what I have wrote to you performe it. The Loss of seven Years I shall repair in one Month. God Almighty will deliver us from all Difficulties, by ye in Health.

Emin's father, in his next letter, after many patriarchal blessings, says, "My dear son, Governor Drake read all your four letters before the Armenians, wished me joy of your success, and made me forget all my anxiety; especially since the Armenians, who have reflected six years upon me there, are all surprized, and cannot help saying, God's providence has been with your son. You may see their weakness, by their own answer; they testify you to be the real offspring of the ancient kings of Armenia, because you are successful; but if otherwise, they would have said, Who is he? or what is he? This is the way of all the Asiatics; who have ever shewn themselves friends to one in prosperity, and bitter enemies to those in adversity. A little while ago I could not show myself among them; now they pay me homage, as if you were a king, and myself a king's father. In short, you did very right, not to return in the condition you went from this place; therefore go on and prosper in all your undertakings: remember, gratefully, that you are protected by the English; and I pray God, that their sovereignty and liberty may be protected as long as the world stands. by

* Here he wrote, and then crossed out, the following words, "this Noble has 50 Thousand pounds Sterling a Year by this know ye the richness of his."

the great Maker of it. The wicked Suja ul Dowlah came with a vast army, destroyed almost 400* innocent English gentlemen in one night in the Black Hole. Calcutta was overset by him: for my share, I have lost 16,000 rupees, and all the Armenians in proportion; we are all become as poor as you were when you went from this place. I have written to Mr. Davis, to pay you the 500 rupees deposited in his hands. The glorious English army came with the fleet; re-took Calcutta, destroyed Chandernagore, and drove the Musulman army to the bosom of their prophet Mahomed; and I am in hopes that the whole kingdom, in a dozen years time, will be subdued under the blessed mild government of the English; which you used to prophecy, when you were here. Walk in the way of God, and be happy, without fear; put your trust in Him: who knows but He may one day or other set your countrymen free from the slavery of the unmerciful Mahomedans. By Mr. Drake's express order, your letter, through the Armenians, was sent to Basra to Mr. Shaw, the English palioz; who, you may be assured, will take great care to send it to prince Heraclius at Tefliz: but I would not have you depend much upon him; by all accounts he is not inclined to reward a man of merit. Yet you have acted wisely in one great point; that the mountaineers, with all the rest of Armenia, will be informed, that you are in agitation to carry on an honest design. I make no doubt, it will be admired by them all, in the highest degree, provided the holy fathers of the most sacred church will not interfere; who, treading in the steps of ancient patriarchs, soften the

* Some misplacement of the numeral four in proof-correcting or in printing would account for this error in the number of the victims of the Black Hole. Sir William Jones would scarcely have allowed a statement of the number so greatly in excess of the facts to stand uncorrected. However, in view of the doubts lately cast on the truth of the tale, this reference in a letter which seems to have been written in 1757, is a proof, if any were needed, that the tragedy did occur. The English who fled to Fulta and were suffering privations, were, it is stated in Mesrobyb Seth's *History of the Armenians in India*, supplied with boat-loads of provisions, secretly, for about six months, by Pietros Arratoon, a well-known Armenian merchant of Calcutta.

minds of men into meekness, with a religious intention ; preaching the doctrine of the Holy Gospel to them, but knocking martial spirit on the head ; not looking far, like the brave Europeans ; nor considering, that the bare-footed Arab will come, sword in hand, to take possession of them all. In our times, the Mahomedans are worse, and relaxed with effeminacy. The holy fathers may probably concur with you, because your good intention is to free the Church first ; but upon condition that you have a large sum of money, of which they seem to be more fond than the laymen ; otherwise I am apt to imagine all your pains will prove in vain. There is one thing yet in your favour, that you have done your best to serve them ; you will then rest satisfied with having raised the dead name of our family, which has been buried many years last past in the dust of obscurity. I pray God to bless and prosper thee. I remain, my dear son Emin, yours," &c. &c.

The following is a translation from the Armenian of the author's letter to Prince Heraclius, word for word, in the Asiatic style :

"To the most splendid, most Christian King Heraclius of
Georgia and Armenia.

"My King,

"All things that have been made from the beginning of the world to this day, are by the will of God, according to the Testament. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made : God created the heaven and the earth, the sea and the land ; and it is he that made you king over two nations Armenians and Georgians. Glory be to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that made you defender and protector of those christian nations, and of their faith ; who have been many hundred years under the hands of Persian unbelievers, and are now delivered by the mighty hands of your Majesty. The same God will also, I hope, deliver those

Christians who are under the hands of Othmans, for there is no resisting the almighty hand of God ; and whosoever trust in him shall not be ashamed. It was he that delivered Israel, by the hand of the prophet Moses, out of the hands of Pharaoh ; and fed them with manna, according to the holy text, which saith, men did eat the bread of angels. May the same God preserve and strengthen the wrist of your Majesty, to defend us from the encroachment of barbarians. Amen.

“Again, having heard the same of your Majesty’s glorious conquest, by which you have possessed the two ancient kingdoms of Armenia and Georgia, and that they are at present under your Majesty’s protection ; being desirous, from my soul, to offer your Majesty my service, I hope you will make no difficulty to accept it ; as money is far from the desire of your Majesty’s servant, who wishes nothing but to serve him who has the rule over his nation for which I am here, I want nothing. I have a great friend here, and that great friend is my protector ; and that protector is the son of the king of England. If it please your Majesty to instruct me of your will and pleasure, that I may petition this great prince, in order to obtain leave to come and serve you as an European officer, according to my low abilities, that I may teach your soldiers to fight like Europeans, who are very well known to your Majesty, who with a few overcome many.

“Your Majesty has heard of the German nation, who, with no more than twenty thousand men, are able to give battle to a hundred thousand Mahomedans or Turks, who are enemies to the Christian nations. I would also acquaint your Majesty how it is, or by what means, that the European nations are such conquerors, and so brave warriors. It is a rule among them, that whoever is desirous to become a warrior, first is obliged to enter the house of exercise which they call here an academy, to learn or to study, four or five years, the art of war ; that is to say, to learn the art of building strong castles, the like of which are not

to be found in all Asia; and also, the art of managing great guns, in such a manner that none of our fortifications can stand before them for three days; likewise the manner of incamping with judgment, and the way of ranging the soldiers, so that they are like a wall of iron; not to be broken and, after having thoroughly completed his study in that art, he leaves the place, going and offering himself and his service to his prince, or king and country, and by long experience perfects himself in that great art. For the art of war here is not to be understood easily; it contains many things difficult to be known, and far preferable to the practice of Turks or Persians. See, O mighty King! it is not so much by strength of arms that these nations are called conquerors, as by wisdom and art. Here every thing is by art and wisdom, for without wisdom a nation is not a nation; and those who compose it are blind and unhappy, according to the Old Testament, which saith, God made the heaven and the earth by his infinite wisdom. I say, whosoever follows wisdom, he is beloved by God, since from Wisdom proceeds all manner of goodness: also a man is not mighty without wisdom, not wise without righteousness. The antient Romans, who were so great before our Saviour's birth, gave laws and subdued all nations of the world. This was by art and wisdom, although they were heathens and idolaters but they were virtuous, and lived with good morals. Another example is the late glorious Peter the Great of Russia; who would not have been so great a warrior, and his country would not have been so blessed and flourishing, had not he came over hither to learn wisdom; who, when he was in Holland, served in a place of ship-building like one of the labourers, and humbled himself therein since whoever humbleth himself shall be exalted. And when he returned into his own country, he was full of all manner of wisdom, by which he made himself the father, as well as lord and king of his country. These are the things which have made the people of Europe conquerors, and esteemed wiser than all the nations

upon the face of the earth. For among them are learned men, who study the way in which God has made all things according to nature, by which they are able to do things of great wonder and usefulness. They send persons likewise into every part of the world, at a great expence, to learn all things that are produced upon or under the earth, by which they are increased in wisdom and rules. Their cities are very great, their people are happy, not being afraid of famine and dangers; and they are under excellent laws, by which no man is suffered to do wrong to another, though he may be weak or poor. But this nation, this great and mighty nation, O my King! where I live, is not only great and wise, but also a destroyer of the devourers of mankind. I am surprized to see, that even the sheep in this country rest in quiet, without the least fear of wolves. May the great God grant your Majesty's subjects to follow their example, to grow wise and conquer under the wisdom and courage of your Majesty, to whom God grant long life, to trample your enemies like dust under your feet.

“May it please your Majesty to know who your servant is, that raises his head to speak to you, and takes pains to know these things, with much labour for your Majesty's service, to whom God grant victory—The name of your servant is Emin the son of Joseph the son of Michael, the son of Gregory, who is descended from Emin; who, in the day when Armenia was broken under the battle-ax of Shah Abbas, was minbashy in the service of that prince. After settling his family in the city of Hamadan, from him your Majesty's servant descended, and he is called after his name, being born at Hamadan: but our captivity was grievous under the Persians, who since Mahometanism, as it is well known to your Majesty, are grown quite barbarians, not being so civilised so they were in ancient times, (according to the histories I have read in this blessed island,) so that my father fled from Hamadan in the time of Shah Thamaz Khuli Khan into India, to a place called Calcutta, where the

English have a fort and soldiers, and great trade, though their country is six months voyage from Bengal. There my father has been a merchant to this day, and would have me follow the same way of life; but I did not submit to him; for I inquired of my father, from my infancy, the reason why we were persecuted by infidels, and why we resided so contemptibly among lawless nations. They were afraid, to answer me, and my heart was grieved; and I had none to comfort me in my grief: for I said, the ants that creep upon the earth have a king, and we have not; and the nations of all countries deride and persecute us, saying, you are masterless, have no king of your own, and resemble the Jews, scattered on the face of the earth: you have no love for one another; you are without honour, and by the disunion of your nation, all nations insult you; you are contemptible, and without zeal; and you are as great lovers of money as the heathens were of their gods. I could not bear all these reflections. Whilst I groaned, but found none to heal the wounds which I bore on my heart, I observed watchfully the Europeans and their wise customs; their shipping, far better, both for sailing and for war, than the ships of the Indians: above all, the practice of their soldiers, who, if they were thousands of men, by one word of command from their officer, instantly, all together, move and act as if they were but one single man. Then I thought within myself, that it was God that had put in my heart to think on all things; therefore, I spoke not to my father, but was in hopes in my heart, that if I went to England, I should learn the art of war; and I was encouraged, for I then heard a little, but not much, of your Majesty's name, until I came hither, where I learned that your Majesty was established in your kingdom, and had routed a great army of Persians. See, O my King! what a great thing wisdom is, by which this nation knows our country better than we do; and this nation is awake, but we are asleep. On board the ship I worked like a sailor; and afterwards when I came

hither, I was so reduced, that I was forced, through hunger, to offer myself to sale upon the Exchange, to be sent into the new world. O, my king! do not pity me, even at the time when you hear, or see me sacrificed in your service; but pity those servants of Christ who stand in need of pity. But the omnipotent God saved me, by the hands of an English gentleman; and the same God, who heard the cryings of my heart, did inspire the heart of a generous nobleman, who is one of the pillars of the throne of England. He ordered me to write the counsel of my heart, and made me known to the son of the king of England, who sent me to a place of education, where I have learned, according to my ability, something of the art of war. My ambition is, to lay my little knowledge at the feet of your majesty, and to serve you with the best of my capacity; for know, my king, that, what is not built on knowledge, though it is very strong and lofty, is as if it were built upon sand. Therefore, my purpose is to go well instructed into your Majesty's service; and to carry with me, men skilful in all things (if you give me an encouragement,) to strengthen and polish your kingdom, like the kingdoms of Europe; for you have a good country, and command over many brave men; and if you would gather together the Armenians, a rich and trading people, who are scattered to the east and the west, to the north and to the south, under the protection of your majesty's arms in your own country, no kingdom in the east would be like your kingdom for riches and glory. May the eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, sharpen your scymitar upon all your enemies, and strengthen the wrist of your Majesty's right hand, to protect our distressed nation, according to the wishes and labours of your servant Emin."

The author received no answer to this letter, though he was assured by a Georgian, that the prince had his letter sent him by Mr. Shaw, with an Armenian from Basra.

IX.

1758.

Letter to Mrs. Montagu from the Hague.

[Sir Joseph Yorke—Mr. Mitchell—Frederick of Prussia—his reception of Emin—Frederick's consideration for his soldiers—Dangers of riding with royalty in the dark—Frederick's kindness to an old German—After the levée—Mr. Mitchell's report and his orders to Emin—No fighting for Emin—At Munster—At the Hague—General Yorke again—Return to London.]

Note on Sir Andrew Mitchell—Correspondence—Emin's letter to Mrs. Montagu describing Frederick of Prussia—To Lord Lyttelton—Extracts from Mrs. Montagu's letters.

Narrative resumed [Lady Yarmouth—Emin received by Mr. Pitt.]

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Madam,

Hagu the 8th August 1758 8 o Clock

Just eight days I rimained at Harwich on account of the Contrary Wind, at last arrived here with a pleasant voyage. On my attending General York, it was agreed that I should go to my Brother King of Prussia, now madam I am going, farewell my most beloved Queen, pray for your Slave, that he may return safe and put you on The Throne of Persia. You shall set on his right Hand, as he made you get up from your Chair, and stood at his right, I am the same man and will fullfill what I foretell.

If you assist your Slave any way, (according to your Command) my Lady Anson will put you in the way, by writing only to her Brother, and will remitt it to me, but not now madam, a month hence will be time enough.

Forgive me I cannot write a long Letter we are setting out immediately, first to Prince of Ferdinands, then to the King of Prussia, I will be happy if I find Grace in his Favour, and if not, I care not, remember me to Mr Montagu and to Dr Monsey, and to all inquiring Friends.

I have the Honour madam to be your faithfull Slave & servant

[On the back of the letter.]

J. EMIN.

To Mrs. Montagu in Hill Street

Berkly Square

London.

To be forwarded to her any Part
of England.

When Emin got the money by his father's order from Mr. Davis, his Royal Highness then had laid down the command of the army, which lord Ligonier* took up, having before signified to the duke of Marlborough, his refusal to take any volunteer with him. The duke of Northumberland, approving Emin's new plan of going into the Prussian army, he lost no time, but set out with a courier for Harwich, thence to Helvoetsluys, and then to the Hague. He there waited on Sir Joseph (or General) Yorke, at that time plenipotentiary, with a letter from his sister the late good lady Anson, recommending him very kindly. This noble gentleman received Emin with the utmost politeness, and offered to give him any sum of money he should want; but he did not accept of it. Sir Joseph entertained him three days at his table, and furnished him with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Mitchel, which made him more happy than he ever was before, since he assured himself of reaping great fame, or falling in an action like a soldier. He, in company with the courier, in open hard waggons, travelled from stage to stage for a fortnight, before he could find the hero's army; till one morning early, two hours before sun-rise, he met the king on horseback, at the head of his army on a march; who no sooner saw the waggon, with two persons in it, than he asked Mr. Mitchel in French, who was the second person with the courier? The ambassador said to the author, "His majesty asks who you are?" Emin answered, "I am a man." "What sort of a man?" said he, "what is your name?" "My name," he replied, "is Emin: I am an Armenian." Then the king said, "Is he the man that the duke of Cumberland has patronized?"

* Ligonier, John (Jean Louis), Earl Ligonier and Field-Marshal 1766. A French Huguenot born in France 1680, died in 1770; came to England 1697, entered the army under Marlborough 1702. Commanded the English infantry at Fontenoy, 1745; C-in-C. of the British at Raucoux 1746, knighted by George II. on the field of Dettingen 1743.

"By universal consent he was regarded, whether in the field or in the Council, as one of the most brilliant and successful soldiers that ever served the British Crown."—(*England in the Seven Years' War*, Corbett.)

Being answered in the affirmative—"Ask him, Mr. Mitchel," said the king, "if he does not know my orders, that a volunteer is not to be admitted into my army?" He said to Mr. Mitchel, "Yes; but he hopes his majesty when he graciously considers how many months by sea and land he was come to spill his blood in his most glorious majesty's service under the hoof of his horse, he would have no objection to the boldness of the liberty taken." His majesty said "Ma foi, c'est un brave garçon, je souhaite qu'il y fut dix-mille hommes de la même disposition que lui;" that is, Upon my faith, it is an honest fellow: I wish there were ten thousand men of the same inclination with him. He then asked, through Mr. Mitchel, "where is your equipage?" Emin answered, "In that portmanteau," which weighed hardly eight pounds; containing half a dozen of shirts, as many pair of stockings, with a pair of spare boots, and a coarse checkered linen bag, proportionable in length and breadth, to be stuffed on occasion with straw at night for his bed, while he covered himself with his cloak. This management pleased his Prussian majesty more than if he really had ten thousand mountaineers of Armenia with him. A young English gentleman, named, Mr. Cox, a near relation to lady Anson, had laid out near 2000*l.* sterling, in an equipage, with proper letters of recommendation, to serve as a volunteer in his majesty's army; but, at the distance of two hundred miles, his majesty being apprized of his coming, sent a trumpeter to prevent his proceeding further. The author recollects the poor gentleman, and the ardour he had for a military life; and thinks, he was killed either in the expedition to Cherburg, or in the battle of Minden.

When this conversation past between his majesty, the ambassador and Emin, the king ordered Mr. Mitchel's led horse to be mounted by the author, not forgetting to say all this while the whole army were upon halt. Then his majesty conferred the honour upon him, just as he was going to put his foot in the stirrup, of saying, "Montez prince des Armeniens." This

appellation, though pronounced in a grave tone of voice, yet the author never felt in his mind an inclination to be in the least proud of it; he only thanked his Maker, who did not let him drop to pieces in his past hardships and adversity, but preserved him to be taken proper notice of by the princes of the world. The writer begs leave to inform the kind reader, that he is not vain in himself, nor dares to think himself worthy of that title conferred in jest; and even if it had been in earnest, it would have been a matter of indifference to him; for when he was honoured with riding with the king, almost tête-a-tête, from twelve at night to eight or nine the next morning; he observed most studiously, that several times when the king rode up to the soldiers left behind, out of the way of the army's march, to recover from a little fainting sickness, he spoke to them in a very familiar manner. Those of the same age with his majesty, he called his brothers; and if younger than himself, he said my son; and if a little older, my father. As he used to carry a pint flat-bottle of brandy in his coat pocket, he made them welcome to it, giving each a sip, and pouring with his own hands into theirs, exactly a small glass full; he kept the rest sparingly, lest there should be more in the way who might want it. The author likewise observed, that many of the soldiers supposed his majesty to be one of the officers, not knowing him personally; he took care to make himself known to them, and no sooner had he told them that he was Frederick the king, than the poor men got up through joy, pulled off their hats, ran instead of marching as fast as they could, as if they had never been sick, and joined their respective corps. Therefore, it is not surprising, that a prince of remarkable humanity, should heal, by a single expression, the wounded heart of an honest man. This was the way of his Prussian majesty, every morning on a precipitate march; and it afforded ample satisfaction to Emin's wandering mind, to see a mighty prince, in various stations of life; sometimes a father, at an-

other time a brother; sometimes a physician, then a nurse, to his subjects; which conduct many princes in the West, and more in the East, may hear with admiration and be ashamed, more particularly some Indian or Armenian Banians, who become insupportable when they are in good circumstances, thinking themselves worthy to be worshipped as gods, like Alexander the Great, when he was told by the priests in Persia, that he was the son of Jupiter. Whoever has not seen his majesty in person, and knows him by hearsay only, will form a different idea of him; as a great author in Europe used to plague him by writing and publishing books against him: but that author's nation are equally envious with the Persians in the East; who chuse death, rather than hear of their neighbour's prosperity. As Emin is neither of one nation nor of the other, and has not learning enough to treat upon the subject, his impartial good friends will easily understand his rough way of expressing himself, and that he has not travelled in Europe like a blind-man.

While the king of Prussia was in alliance with the French, they thinking to make a fool of him, though against their secret will, raised him to the stars. But when for the interest of his country he changed the confederacy, he was no more a darling with them. The late old writer embraced the opportunity with his natural fund of satirical wit, and exerted himself to the utmost to load his works with sarcasms; and had the king of Prussia been a warrior only, like Charles XII. of Sweden, and not a learned man, M. de Voltaire would have written his history in an hundred volumes but as he was not only a king, but father to his country, and did every thing in his power to make it flourish, it is natural to suppose he will be envied; and those who envy one another, are excusable; for it is in the natural disposition of mankind to be envious: even the ancient holy fathers of the church, as we see by their books, are brimful of envy; and how is it possible that laymen should

abstain from it? Therefore, good readers, nothing is perfect in this world composed of four elements. God, who is above us all, alone is perfect.

On the third day of the army's marching, the wandering author's horse, whinnying, started at something in the dark, about three in the morning, when he was riding on the left hand of the king. He jostled the king with such force, that he was very near oversetting the hero and his horse in a deep ditch to his right. Emin, frightened at the accident, spurred his horse on to about fifty yards distance. His majesty with difficulty preserved himself from falling, and called to Emin, saying, "Come back; no harm is done."

When the army encamped near Frankfort upon Oder, Mr. Mitchel took him to the levee, which proved the first and last time of his being admitted, though he had the honour of riding with his majesty. The king stood in the street surrounded by his generals when Emin and his friend Mr. Mitchel went in, and stood at the extent of the circle made by them. They saw an elderly German standing behind those stately officers, and endeavouring to force himself between them to see the king; but to his mortification he was pushed back by them, so that he could not come near. The poor man did not in the least seem to be discouraged; but, the sweat running down his face, still persisted, and would push in notwithstanding their being angry, so that it became at last a direct contest between the general officers and the poor farmer. When the king took notice of it, he seemed to be displeased with his officers, told them to make way for the man to come in to the king, and asked him what he wanted? He answered, that "he had heard the name of the king, but never saw him: he wanted nothing; but only longed with all his heart to see him who fought battles in person to defend his poor subjects." Uttering these words, he went to prostrate himself upon the ground to kiss the king's feet. His humane majesty caught the man in his arms, and

embraced him like a tender father. With tears trickling down his cheeks, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced these words: "O great God! all the whole powers of Europe are united to crush us: preserve and defend thy people!" The generals, in the mean time, being affected, wept like children. The king spoke to the man with all the kindness imaginable, and said "Now, my father, you are satisfied; you have what you have wished for: what am I to expect in return from you? We are at war: of what use will you be to me?" The honest German said, that he had seven sons, all soldiers in the army, ready to fight for his majesty and himself to pray for the success of his arms; which answer much pleased the king; and then he went away with joy, perhaps equally contented as Emin was, when in Calcutta he kissed a hundred times the feet of the captain who granted him a note to be received on board the ship.

When this remarkable scene was over, the king whispered his usual orders to the generals, and, coming up to the end of the circle stood looking Emin full in the face for ten minutes, surveying him from head to foot; then turning himself towards the officers, he stood five minutes more by the young Armenian soldier. No sooner had he moved to the middle of the place, than Mr. Mitchel winked at Emin, who made a bow and withdrew. Not an hour and a half after he was in the quarters, Mr. Mitchel himself entered and ordered dinner, wishing Emin joy, and saying, "When you were gone away from the levee, the king spoke to all the generals to take notice of you, and treat you politely: he recommended you strongly to general Sedlytz, to be under his command intirely: he will be watchful to see how you behave in an action, which may be the means of promotion. He expressed himself very warmly to them, saying, it is the most extraordinary instance of the kind known before, for an Armenian to emigrate from the East to Europe, to improve himself in the art of war. He ordered an allowance for you, a

ducat a day, kitchen furniture, three horses, one for you to mount, the second to be led, the third for a servant to ride near you at hand, always ready in case of an accident. I find you will see hot work: he is going to fight the Russian army. His majesty has also favoured you with a covered chaise to carry your insignificant portmanteau, which he first saw in the cart with our courier: its smallness alone made him take such notice of it, and confer on you so great an honour. But still, my friend, you must leave this place and the king's army immediately after you have dined, and set out, proceeding to our army commanded by prince Ferdinand in the Hanoverian territory: and I must not have you hesitate, nor say any more about it: as it is my order, you are to obey." The first joyful happy news was disagreeably followed by the woeful sentence which Mr. Mitchel passed, dashing against each other with equal violence, and resembling two monsoons meeting, which, when united, form a terrible storm, able to upset the strongest ship, or the loftiest towers. This deprived Emin of a noble alternative, either to meet an honourable death in the field of battle, or to reap the fruit of reputation. Yet this usage he suffered with patience from that honourable gentleman: and to satisfy the mind of the good reader that he bore it with fortitude, and did not in the least despair, he took his leave of Mr. Mitchel, and went away.

After several days travelling, he reached the English army in the bishopric of Munster, and waited on the late duke of Marlborough, who gave him a horse without a saddle, and recommended him to general Schulenburg. The campaign was over, and nothing more to be seen. He set out thence, stopped in his way at the Hague, and waited on general Yorke, who expressed great surprize at Mr. Mitchel's treatment, and said, He was very sorry he did not write directly to the king in Emin's favour, by which means he might have remained there to see service, and to satisfy his inclination. His Excellency

treated him with all manner of politeness, entertained him five days, and favoured him with a letter sealed and directed to his banker, an English merchant, in Amsterdam. When the contents of the writing were read, the gentleman said, "Sir Joseph Yorke* has been pleased to order me to supply you with a great sum of money." Emin wrote immediately to his Excellency, and thanked him, without accepting any of it. Then he went thence, crossed the Channel, arrived again in London, where he recalled to mind five long years' hunger and thirst, and took his lodging in Pall Mall.

(From Bisset's Memoirs of Sir Andrew Mitchell, 1850.)

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL, K.B. (1708-1771). In 1742 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Scotland and entered the House of Commons in 1747 for the county of Aberdeen. In 1756 he was appointed envoy to the King of Prussia.

George II. commanded Mitchell to beg that the King of Prussia will grant him (Mitchell) permission to attend him in his campaigns. By the express orders of the King his master, Mitchell (vol. i. p. 204) accompanied Frederic in all his campaigns, and was by his side throughout the whole of some of his hottest and hardest fought battles (as, for instance, the sanguinary battle of Zorndorff, in which to use his own words, the balls fell around them like a shower of hail), and, though a civilian, saw more of the realities of war on its largest scale than many a man who has written himself Field-Marshal (vol. i, p. 94).

In 1764 Mitchell went to England where he remained upwards of a year. In 1765 he was made a Knight of the Bath; in the spring of 1766 he returned to Berlin and died there, January 1771 (vol. ii, pp. 358, 360).

* General Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B., was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy. He was Plenipotentiary at the Hague in 1756 and later, and he sent to London, in 1756, a complete account of Marshal Belleisle's plan for the invasion of England. Belleisle was C-in-C. of the Atlantic coast of France.

Sir Joseph Yorke married Christiana, only daughter of Hans Henry, Baron de Stocken, of Denmark, and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Dover in 1788. He died in 1792, when the title expired. His grandfather, Philip Yorke, father of the 1st Earl of Hardwicke, was a solicitor at Dover,

Mr., afterwards Sir James Harris, who succeeded him, was created Earl of Malmesbury, while he who did and suffered what no English ambassador did and suffered before or since, died Sir Andrew Mitchell, Knight of the Bath.

On August 22, 1758, Lord Lyttelton writing to Mrs. Montagu alludes to the estate full of coal, copper, and other mines lately inherited by her husband—"I suppose this will find you got down to the bottom of your mines Since the time that Proserpina was carried by her husband to his Stygian empire, the infernal regions have not seen such a charming goddess. But is it sure they will let you return again to day light? Upon my word I think you are in some danger since the Habeas Corpus Bill was thrown out Yet I verily think Baron Smith will release you in spite of them all, and even if he should fail, you have still a resource, Emin shall come back and deliver you from the shades as Hercules did Alcestitis." (*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu*, Climençon.)

Sept. 9, 1758, Lord Lyttelton writes congratulating Mrs. Montagu on the King of Prussia's "most glorious success, (the victory of Zorndorff, August 25) but I am in pain till I hear what has become of Emin."

On Sept. 9, Emin wrote to Mrs. Montagu from the Duke of Marlborough's Quarters, "whither," writes Mrs. Climençon "he had retired disconsolate at not being allowed to fight in the battle by General Yorke, Lady Anson's brother, to whom he had been recommended by her. Emin wished he had a letter to the King, and was furious at General Yorke's forbidding him to fight; probably the General was too anxious for his safety." But, according to what Emin says in his book, it was Mr. Mitchell who would not allow him to fight, saying, "as it is my order, you are to obey," in spite of all that Frederick wished to do for him.

To my great disappointment, I have not succeeded in securing this letter, historically one of the most interesting of Emin's letters. Some time ago Mrs. Climençon disposed of it to Sir Herbert Raphael, who gave it away to someone—but to whom he could not tell me, so that I have been unable to trace it any further. I can only quote what Mrs. Climençon says—"The following description of the King of Prussia is so interesting I insert it, the whole letter to Mrs. Montagu, a folio sheet closely written, being too long."

I will do my endeavour to describe the King of Prussia's person and his way of living. He is no taller than Emin the Persian, he

has a short neck, he has one of the finest made heads ever I saw in my life, with a noble forehead; he wears a false wigg, he has very handsome nose. His eyes are grey, sharp and lively, ready to pearce one through and through. He likes a man that looks him in the face when he is talking to him. He is well made every where, with a bend back, not stupid (*sic* stooped?) at all, like many Europeans. His voice is the sweetest and clearest ever I heard. He takes a great quantity of Spanish snuff, from his nose down to the buckles of his shoes or boots is all painted with that confounded stuff. His hands are as red as paint, as if he was a painter, grizy all over. He dines commonly between twelve and one, and drinks a bottle of wine at his dinner. I was told that he was very unhealthy in the time of peace, but since this war he has grown healthy, and left off drinking a great quantity of coffee, which he did formerly. All the satisfaction that I have, which is great enough that I have seen Cæsar alive, nay twenty times greater, he is more like King Solomon, for he rules his nation by wisdom and understanding His armies are not only disciplined to the use of arms, but very religious, and say their prayers three times a day; it is never neglected, even when they are on the march.

Emin winds up with a message of apology to Mr. Burke for not having written to him from want of time. (*Letters of Elizabeth Montagu.*)

Discussing his own personal appearance with his reader, Henri de Catt, Frederick said to him, "My hat matches the rest of my clothing; it all looks well worn and old, and I like it a hundred times better than if it were new. I hold neither for ostentation, show, nor vanity; that is how I am, sir, and you must take me as I am. One thing might be better, and that is my face, which is always daubed with Spanish snuff. This is an abominable habit which I have contracted; and you must confess that I have somewhat of a swinish air—confess now."

"I confess Sire, that your face, as well as your uniform, is very much covered with snuff."

"Eh, Sir, that is what I call being a little swinish. When my good mother was alive, I was cleaner, or, to speak more exactly, less unclean. My affectionate mother used to have made for me every year a dozen shirts with pretty ruffles which she used to send to me wherever I might be. Since the irreparable loss of her which I have suffered, nobody has taken any care of me; but let us not touch that chord." (*Frederick the Great, Memoirs of his reader, Henri de Catt, 1758-1760.*)

TO LORD LYTTTELTON.

My dearest Lord

(Sep. 11 1758)

I am vexed at Heart that I cou'd not have the Honor to write this Letter from the Army of the King of Prussia, with an Account of the Glorious Battle and of Victory over the Russians of Castrin, than of hence, where I am doing nothing by idling away my time. I believe I have traveled so wisely to go, and to be in that Battle, when I heard at Hagu that the Russians were coming to Prussian Country, as the King of Prussia marched from the Seige of Almutz to the releive of his Country, but I was unlucky enough not to be permitted to be in the Battle, where I might seen, and learn some Knowledge; besides the Honour which is do to me after going through so much Fitigu, not only impoverishing myself, but very near killed without Sleep, or Rest. all the way from Hagu to Silicia. I have no Complain to make of His Prussian Majesty, for he was very gracious to me, in leting me march with him 4 days at the Head of his Noble Army, but of some body else, which Mr^s Montagu will inform your Lordship of it. For it is needles for me to say more, and your Lordship Trouble to read. But if you be desirious to know of my Present Situation here, is miserable, and disagreeable enough. I rather be (the few Months that I am to remain in Europe) with your Lordship, than here doing nothing like a Vagabond. Tho His Grace is very kind to me but my good Lord, that will never teach me to learn the Art of War. I never was so comfortless, as since I left my Friends. I am resolved to return, if I am not detached to some Corps in few days time. I might if I had money of my own. It is just enough to keep me alive, and no more to spare to buy me a Horse.

Our army is near enough to shake hands with the Enemy, but there is no Talk of a Battle yet, and shou'd I be so happy to see one, while remain here, I wou'd take upon me to give your Lordship as good account, as I can. Prince Ferdinande was here about some days ago, who without any Bodies Interest took a very great Notice of me. His Highness had another Letter with the particulars of the Battle of Custrin from the King of Prussia; that after the Battle they found twenty six Thowsand Russians killed in the Field, and hundred and sixty Cannons taken with four or fife General Officers. The Loss of the Prussians was but six hundred, and about as many wounded. This was a great Stroke, but realy my Lord I think I have been used barbarously not to have some little share of it. Had not I been a Christian belive me I wou'd cut the Head of the man off who prevented me. I trie and use all the means to forget it, but is imposible. I am ready to burst in Two, and shall remain unhappy till I receive a Letter of Consolation either from you, or from my Magnanimus Queen of the East, Glory of the World. Then

I may comfort my poor self a little, otherwise I can't. My best Respects to my Lady to Mrs & Miss Lyttleton. I am with the utmost Gratitude, and Veneration

My dear dear Lord

Your Lordships

Most Obed^t most gratefull obliged humble Servant

J. EMIN.

Marvel at the Duke of Marlboroughs Quarter
in the Bishoprick of Munster Sep^r 11th 1758

P.S. If you Honour me with a Letter send it to my Dr
Monsey and he will convey it to me.

On Dec. 2 Mrs. Montagu writes to her husband,

"Emin is come home, he has a great loss of the Duke of Marlborough* who called him his Lion, and kept him always with him. He has been a sort of aide-de-camp to Count Schullenburg; he has lately been in Holland, where the Armenians have promised to assist his schemes. Lady Yarmouth has him with her in a morning, and promises him her interest with a very great man,† Lord Northumberland, Lord Anson, and General York are to be his advocates with Mr. Pitt. He is an astonishing creature to take thus with all kinds of people. He hopes to go home in January in a sort of public character. He is full of anecdotes of the King of Prussia. He says his eyes and forehead are just like mine, and he is as particular in his description of him as a portrait painter would be. He marched with him seven days; the Prussian Hero is as easy and familiar as a private man, knowing his character will give him more respect than his rank; it is not advisable in general for Princes to lay aside their rank lest they should not otherwise gain respect, but a truly great man is above all respect that is not personal."

In the "Letters," vol. ii, p. 241, Mrs. Climençon writes, "not only did he think Mrs. Montagu equal in cleverness to Frederick the Great, but he considered her forehead and eyes like his, to the great indignation of Lord Bath and Dr. Monsey, who pronounced it impossible she should resemble so blood-thirsty a character."

* The Duke died of a fever at Munster in Westphalia, on Oct. 28, 1758.

† George II?

The next morning he waited on the late lady Yarmouth,* with a letter from her dear son count Walmoden, commissary-general in the Hanoverian army. After some compliments passed, her ladyship said in French, "what is your desire? Why did not you accept my son's purse of a hundred ducats which, when you took leave of him early in the morning, he offered you in our army at his quarters? You have had nothing in all the campaign for your pains." He thanked her ladyship, and said, he wanted for nothing but her interest in his favour, that he might see the late Lord Chatham (at that time Mr. Pitt), who had made a point to make himself inaccessible to Emin. She said to him, "Go home, and I will speak to his majesty who will directly request Mr. Pitt to see you." No sooner was he in his habitation, than a servant was sent by Mr. Pitt, for Emin to go to him. He went to his lordship, who lived then in St. James's Square. He there saw the great Mr. Pitt, who ran and took him in his arms, and said, "Well done, my friend! upon my honour I declined giving you an audience, on purpose to discover if you had art enough to find a way to see me. I have spoke of you both to my sister Mary,† and your good friend Mrs. Montague. When you came to my house, I ordered my servant to say that I could not see you, which disobliged them both; but I told them my reasons, and that I did it with a design. Now I find you were awake, and at last you have succeeded, and I hope you will succeed in every thing you undertake; and from this moment I will regard you equally with your other friends. I am ordered by his majesty to let you know, that he is graciously pleased with your conduct in his

* Amelia, daughter of Johann von Wendt, born 1704, married Gottlieb Adam von Wallmoden. She attracted the notice of George II. at Hanover in 1735. In 1739 she was divorced from her husband, and in 1740 created Countess of Yarmouth. After the death of George II. she returned to Hanover in 1765. She had two sons, the younger Johann Ludwig, born in 1736, was brought up at the English Court, entered Hanoverian service, and held a high command.

† Youngest sister of Mr Pitt, a "very pretty, modest, sensible sort of young woman" (Mrs. Montagu thus writes of her), a great favourite of her brother's.

army, which count Walmoden has given a particular account of ; and his majesty has commanded me to inform you, that you may have your choice of two things ; either to be honoured with a commission in his army, or to have one in Bengal, where your father and friends are." Emin returned his humble thanks, saying, He had what he wanted, which was the honour of seeing him. He then took leave, and went away with infinite satisfaction. And this circumstance made more noise than the reception of the king of Prussia. His majesty did not fail even to acquaint the late duke and duchess of Northumberland, of wandering Emin's behaviour in Germany ; which he himself thinks but trifling, though his friends commended it, out of mere partiality, for his further encouragement, to make it more easy to push him on, and to pave a way for his honest design ; for that reason alone they spread his character every where, to make him a little considerable, well knowing he was as poor as Job ; yet he could have subsisted upon little with content, so as not to be an incumbrance to any one of them for their zeal.

END OF PART I.





From the Original at Hagley Hall.

By kind permission of the Owner.

JOSEPH EMIN.

PART II.

X.

1759—1761.

Letters to Mr. Davies—to Dr. Monsey—to Lord Lyttelton—A missing letter from Genoa.

[Decides on going to Turkey, thence to Armenia—Leghorn—Mr. Kinlock—Emin “a dangerous fellow”—Severe illness at Florence—Horace Mann—Mr. Thompson of Leghorn—Emin reciting his adventures like Othello—Governor of Leghorn grants him a passport—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evelyn—Voyage to Alexandretta—First stage of journey—Emin poses as an Englishman to the terror of a Turk—Aleppo—Journey through Armenian villages—Erzroum—Snowbound till April—Etchmiatsin—Dogs set on him by holy monks—Penance for killing a dog, property of Holy Church—Companions in penitential chamber—Set free by the Catholicos—Returns to Aleppo—To England—Dr. Patrick Russell’s letter.]

LETTER TO MR. DAVIES.

A copy in the possession of Mrs. Montagu, undated, but probably written about this time.

Sir

I have a Favour to beg of you which is this, that you would write to your Correspondent Mr. Maningham to prevail on my Father to send me an Order on you for £300 Sterling, to be paid me at such time as I am returning to the Indies or to my Father for I do not desire to have it before that time.

My reason for desiring this Money is that I may be able to purchase certain warlike Accoutrements Mathematical Instruments, and Models of different things which will be necessary to me.

Be pleased to acquaint my Father that I have again put into your Hands the £60, 0, that you were so good to pay me by his Order, and if he seems to doubt this, may I beg you would order Mr Maningham to pay the whole £60, 0 to my Father and I will give you up your Note of Hand or allow it on the Balance whichever you please.

If my Father will not pay to Mr Tarkan the £12, 10s. or 100 areat* Rupees that were sent to purchase a pair of Pistoles & which I paid you Yesterday I must beg you would order Mr Maningham to pay that sum of £12, 10, , to my Father, and he will then I am sure pay it to Mr Tarkan.

TO DOCTOR MESSENGER MONSEY.

(April 26)

1759.

my dear Friend

I thank my God, and Protector, now am going au with a chearfull Heart & satisfaction to my mind All these I own to whom I have obtain Wisdom, & Understanding, and he will stand my my designs in rediming my distressed Countrymen, Fear not, nor greive f of Emin your Friend, do not pity, and say O' poor Emin, but say thus, let per. Live and die like a man.

Give me leave to make this my Will, and you my Absence, you are to act for me as if I was present. What you do according shall be always right, and remain in full force. I inclos'd in this a cop Exchange amounts to 1-28 Dollars in english money two hundred & k Sterling drawn upon Mr Richard Willis's Partner, Mr Paton at Leghorn that I am to have it, but in case any accident should happen to me or I should happen to die in the Way, he is to pay you the above some two hundred and thirty five Pounds, and you to receive, or your Order, and do what you think best with. And another Note of Mr Williss by which you will see he has insured everything I take with me on board of Prince Edward I have paid him four Guineas for insuring of it; that if I shou'd be taken by the French, you are to be advis'd by him, and receive the Money for me which is eighty Pounds, so far right and hope you will understand it sufficiently.

I have received my first years Pay from my noble Friends for which I thank them with a greatfull Heart, and I hope one day to have it in my Power to return them. Permitt me to give you the Instruction for the second year of Their Favours how you are to proceed in it. llowings are the Gentlemen & Ladys who will advance the Money

* Arcot. It seems that Rs. 500 were equal to £60 in those days!

			£	s.	d.
Earl of Northumberland my Prince & Patron	50				
Guineas pd.	52,,	10	..
dy Anson a Bank Note of	..	pd. ..	25
dy Sophia Egerton 25 guineas	..	not pd. ..	26,,	5	..
Lord Lytteton	..	not pd. ..	10,,	10	..
anhope	..	not pd. ..	21,,
ontagu	.	20£ bank note ..	21,,
tanly	..	not pd. ..	5,,	5,,	..
			<hr/>		
			161,,	10,,	..

to receive this as soon as they returned from the
for the next Winter, and apply to Mr Willis the
nt my Friend that he shall write to his Friend
at Constantinople or any par of Turkey to pay me
some of money or to my order as you will desire

[This letter is very worn and ragged, and a piece is missing here.]

nor my Lady Sophia

The rest are to continue besides the Arch Bishop of Canterbury
my Lady Anson will instruct you about that

so that my dear Doctor you are to send the Advice before
the month of November or December next 1759 that

I shou'd be able to receive it in 1760 in the month of
February

out of the above money is to be paid eight Pounds and no more
to my Taylor Mr Hiatt and to have recd in full and
send me the remainder whatever it is that is you are
to pay whenever you see my hand Writting and not before Witness
my Hand

JOSEPH EMIN.

the 20th april 1759

To Doctor Monsey.

I set out for Battle tomorrow morning.

TO LORD LYTTETLTON.

28 April 1759
Exeter.

My dearest Lord, and noble Counsellor

I was unfortunate for not finding your Lordship awaked, last
Saturday to take my proper Leave, but I own I was not sorry
because it woud renewed, and make still more the great Greif of
my Heart. For it is better for me to be allways flying from a thing

that is tender and pityfull, lest it shou'd have more effect on my mind than it is necessary. To tell you the truth my Noble Lord, I was wastly glad I cou'd not see My Comfort, and my Heart Mrs Montagu, for I shou'd have cried, and shed Tears like a Child. tho I tried the night before when I had the Honor to supp with her Ladyship, but still I was upon a very weak foundation of shewing my Tears. And upon my Word I have been ever since extreamly angry with myself to think how much like a Boy my Heart behaved on those Matters. Shame for me, and how little, I have made myself. Had I been Father of Dozen Children I ought not as much as to fetch a Sigh, therefore it shews I am yet a Puple and hope to behave better, or behave like a man, when I am among my Countrymen, where I shall find the World, not the School.

I have been here my good Lord since last Monday, and am afraid to stay here more than I wish to stay. Our Captain says fortnight. I doubt it will be more than that, very little advantage to my Purse. I lodge with one Mr Newhorn. I dined with the Dean of Exeter* few days ago, he is very well, he desired me to be remembered to Mrs Montagu the same I entreat your Lordship with my humble Respects to her, and tell her I am always her slave I am

my Lord your Lordships
most obed^t and humble Servant

J. EMIN.

P.S.

If you honor me with a line let it be inclosed to the Dean he will send it to me.

NOTE.

[Mrs. Climenson refers in her book to another letter of Emin's, dated June 9, 1759, written on board the *Prince Edward* from Genoa, where the boat was in quarantine. I have not the original of this letter. There was a mention of the voyage in it, two ships having chased the boat for two hours off the coast of Spain, and the letter seems to have been an interesting one, so that it is to be regretted that I do not possess it. Mrs. Climenson says that Emin was on his way to cross Turkey to join Prince Heraclius with letters of recommendation from his father and the principal Armenians of Calcutta, also a letter to the "Archbishop of Armenia," but there was never any such person as an "Archbishop of Armenia." Apparently the reference is to the Catholicos, or Supreme Patriarch of the Armenians.]

* Lord Lyttelton's brother Charles was Dean of Exeter.

Here Emin thought proper not to lose any more time, and consulted the earl of Northumberland, about going in one of the Turkey Company's vessels to Aleppo, and thence to the Armenian mountains. His lordship, approving of it, favoured him with a few guineas; the late Charles Stanhope, Mrs. Montague, the late lady Anson, Miss Talbot, and the late lady Sophia Egerton, likewise added a few more; and these, with part of his father's money saved he paid to one Mr. Willes, a merchant in the city, from whom he took a draft; and when he arrived at Leghorn, he received the sum of 250 Venetian zechins from his partner Mr. Panton. Mr. Kinlock, who was going to take the office of consul at Aleppo, and who had promised before, at Dr. Campbell's in London, to protect him at Aleppo, in case of necessity, now made an apology, and said, He was very sorry he could not perform his promise, since the merchants of the Turkey Company had strictly charged him to have nothing to do with Emin, for fear the Turks should be apprized of his intention, and the Company should be drawn into a scrape. "Take not even the least notice of the Armenian," said they, "for he is a dangerous fellow." Mr. Kinlock shipped himself off from Leghorn to Aleppo; and, sure enough, Emin the madman was left behind, entirely helpless and destitute of friends, vexed to the very soul, not knowing what to do with himself, and surprized at the barbarity of both Mr. Kinlock and those fearful merchants, who were cruel enough not to acquaint him with their intention while he was in London, where he might have taken some other step.

He remained at Leghorn six weeks in that comfortless situation; having hardly an acquaintance but Mr. Panton, who was a merchant, with an indifferent way of thinking too common with that cast, and no other ship to sail for Scanderoon,* he hired a

* Alexandretta, Turkish Skanderun or Iskanderun, from Iskander (Alexander the Great). This port was founded by Alexander the Great in 333 B.C.

poor* chaise, and went sixty miles up to the beautiful city of Florence. On the way he was taken ill with a very severe pleurisy, the common disorder of the country, which is reckoned the most dangerous of all indispositions. No sooner had he reached the city, with much ado to keep himself up, than he took a lodging with one signor Giovanni Baptista, who with difficulty understood him; but when he came to know his disorder, with great humanity sent immediately for a surgeon, who bled him four times in twenty-four hours. His medicine, prescribed by a physician, was to drink only milk-warm water, as much as he wanted, with a lemon squeezed into each draft, in a large tea-cup. The doctor attended him once every day, for two parloes, which is equal to an English shilling; and the honest surgeon, twice a-day, for one parlo. In seven days he recovered so as to breathe freely, when he went to wait on Mr. Mann, then envoy from England, now Sir Horatio.† This noble gentleman received him very kindly, treated him most politely, and told him, He was in the wrong to come out so soon after so dangerous a disorder. The three other Italian gentlemen, who dined with us that day, were surprized at his rashness, and said, "No person, in the same illness is allowed by the physicians to appear out of his room for at least six months." What they said was too true, for, after dinner, he went home, and fell into the severest relapse imaginable, as if he had been stabbed under the right breast, through to the blade-bone. He lay almost breathless, which obliged him again to lose blood twice more, and to continue drinking the same warm water with lemon juice, till he happily recovered. Mr. Mann's politeness, with a general invitation to his table, made him pass three or four months pretty

* Post ?

† Horace Mann, born 1701, died at Florence November 1786. Diplomatist and virtuoso. In 1740 envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Florence, retaining that post until his death. His principal duty was to watch the Old Pretender (James Stuart). Chiefly known from his correspondence with Horace Walpole 1741-86. (*Century Cyclopædia*.)

comfortably ; when Mr. Panton wrote from Leghorn, that there was a Dutch ship from Amsterdam, which would sail for Scanderoon in three weeks' time. This he told Mr. Mann, and returned to Leghorn ; but was still in doubt to venture upon the passage, for fear of the Turks laying hold of him at Aleppo. He could find no other method ; he had no friends to consult, or have recourse to ; and seemed as if he was hanging in the air by a single thread, not knowing what would become of him ; when, to his surprize, Mr. Thompson, an English gentleman in the naval service of the republic of Leghorn, met him in the Square, and told him, That the governor desired to speak to him ; and hoped he would dine with him, if not otherwise engaged, as he never had the honour of seeing him in that town. The kind sound of this message made him to hope for some consoling event. Good Mr. Thompson said, "Come, let us first go to my house, if you have nothing to do." Emin complied ; and when he came there, found a French lady, Mr. Thompson's wife, with a beautiful daughter by her first husband, very polite and hospitable. The natural curiosity of that wise nation made her very inquisitive concerning Emin's case, who, without the least reserve, told his whole story ; having been several months deprived of the company of his angelic female friends in old England. Mr. Thompson was interpreter ; and Emin, like Othello the Moor of Venice, Mrs. Thomson hearing his tale like a tender mother ; and the young lady, resembling the lovely Desdemona, drinking up each word with thirst, and, with tears in her eyes, pitying him, and fetching deep sighs ; which extraordinary sensibility of a charming girl, hardly twelve years of age, was so affecting as to make both father and mother weep. Woe to Emin, if it had not been for the virtues of the fair sex, in whose chaste friendship he has experienced greater confidence, probity, and humanity, than in all his countrymen, and even in his own relations ! And he adds, for that reason, the European ladies are treated like queens by their noble-hearted hus-

bands ; on the contrary, the Asiatic slaves use their wives like servant-maids or slave-girls ! When he ended his tale, the good Mrs. Thompson desired him, with great politeness, to dine at their house as long as he staid at Leghorn.

The tragedy being over, Mr. Thompson and he went to the governor, who, without any ceremony or question, said to Emin ; “ Sir, though you have said nothing to us, yet we know very well all your motives, and your honourable design, from the first time to the last of your being in England, and at this place ; we are well acquainted with every circumstance of the hardships you have undergone for the good of your country. Mr. Kinlock did very wrong, in respect to the merchants’ charge ; and your English friends were too thoughtless of all your pains, in not procuring for you an empty protection which would have cost them nothing. Do not make yourself uneasy, I will give you an Imperial passport, seeing which, the Turks will not molest you. Mr. Kinlock acts as consul for this port as well as for the English Turkey Company.” He added, that he was sorry for that famous English nation, who are apt now and then to neglect a man of merit. At dinner, Mr. Thompson acted a second time as dragoman between Emin and the governor of Leghorn ; who with cheerfulness expressed his satisfaction, finding the narrative exactly agreed with the intelligence he had before. The meal being closed he ordered his secretary to write a passport, which was translated by an Arab mula into Turkish, something in this form : “ This is to certify, and to give notice, to all the Pashas or Governors in the kingdoms of the Othmans, that the bearer, Joseph Emin, an Armenian, native of the city of Hamadan in the kingdom of Persia, having been in our Imperial service of the republic of Leghorn, we have been pleased to invest him with our most august Imperial commission, to pass your dominions unmolested, into the mountains of Upper Armenia, to collect different kinds of flowers, or roots of various herbs, or such birds as we have not seen, or are not to be found

in our climate; to send, or bring them with him, for our Imperial museum. Further, should he the said Joseph Emin, our most beloved faithful servant, stand in need of guards, to travel with more safety, you are to grant them to him without any objection, and even with respect and politeness; the same shall be considered as done to us. We have in like manner been pleased to grant, and have granted him a permission to shew this passport to our palioz Kinlock in Aleppo, to respect and to protect him in case of necessity. Given under our hand and seal, dated at Leghorn, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1760, and in the month of October."

The most humane governor said, "This pass will entirely indemnify and keep you from that people's pretensions: whether you succeed in your plan, or not, we shall be very glad to hear from you and here is a letter likewise to Mr. Kinlock, who will receive you with politeness. Go on and prosper, without fear; put your trust in God, who will take better care of you than all mankind."

Mr. Thompson, on Emin's inquiry, informed him, that his excellency the governor was a prince of the blood of France, in the service of the German emperor.* Sir John Evelyn's grandson, his old school-fellow, the elder of the two brothers at Mr. Middleton's academy, was then married to an English lady at Leghorn; and behaved, with his family, very hospitable to him during the time he staid there. His younger brother John, Emin's friend, died of the small-pox, while at school in London. He omitted inserting this before, and, in gratitude, esteems it proper to be mentioned here.†

* The real Emperor of Germany—the Emperor of Austria.

† About this time Emin wrote another letter to Mrs. Montagu, which I do not possess. Mrs. Climençon says, vol. ii, p. 168, of Mrs. Montagu's "Letters," "Emin after a serious illness was setting off on his dangerous journey through Turkey, and on September 20, wrote 'To the Montagu the Great,' ending up with 'My dearest, brightest and the wisest Queen of the East, your very affectionate and faithful, obedient humble servant and soldier Emin of Hasnasari in Persia.'" (There is a place called *Hassansari* in Persia, but not *Hasnasari*.)

Emin, a fortnight after, took leave of his friends at Leghorn, the governor, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, her amiable daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, who distinguished herself like the other ladies of her country,* and gave Emin so large a cask when he went on board, that it served exactly every morning at breakfast for five persons, in a pleasant passage of thirty days; namely, Emin, the Dutch captain, his two mates, and a cabin-boy, and that with a voracious sea appetite, till they arrived at Scanderoon, the corner of the Mediterranean. According to the usual custom, he sent to acquaint Mr. Hay, an eminent merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from his most celebrated friend Mrs. Montagu. After five or six days, he received an answer by an Armenian cowass (or a mule-driver), with four horses, which carried him, with his baggage, and the Dutch captain.

The first stage, after about four hours travelling, is at Baylong, on a high mountain, in the beginning of the heavy rains. There they alighted at a mountaineer's house, called Chapan Oglu, a head of banditti, and a great robber; who very fortunately was not at home, which prevented their arms from being taken away. There was only his concealed lady, with a few slave-girls to attend. They slept very uncomfortably, and in the morning set out on their journey, with a stout fellow armed, belonging to the thief, on pretence to guard them. In the mean time the rain poured down like a deluge. After travelling four hours, when they arrived at the foot of a barren rocky mountain, their faithful guardian stopped in the road, demanding a brace of pistols which Emin had in his girdle-sash, kept dry under a fur coat and an English cloak, besides twenty zechins; threatening, otherwise, to kill both the captain and Emin. The author was advised by the Armenian not to speak Turkish; and, while the mule-driver stood as an interpreter

* Mrs. Evelyn was the daughter of Capt. Fortunatus Wright of Liverpool, who commanded the *Fane* and *King George* privateers, and perished at sea in 1757.

between the Turk and the captain, Emin said nothing all the while, which made the Turk surprizingly mad. He said to the Armenian mule-driver, "What sort of a Frank is this? He is not in the least frightened like others." He replied, "He does not understand the Frank language; he is an English mountaineer: you may see his hand is on his pistol, ready cocked under his cloak; he waits to receive your fire first, and, if you miss him, depend upon it he is sure of killing you; and I see your piece is as wet as dung, and his dry, loaded with English powder." On which bloody argument, the Turk spurred his horse, and stood a great way back, saying "Now I see a true Englishman, of whom we have been told often, beating their enemies with a quarter of their number: do, tell him to give me some bukshish for coming so far with him, instead of twenty zechins." Emin gave him a quarter of a piastre, equal to five annas. During this time, the Dutch captain thought he was attacked by the soul-taker Israfil, the angel of Mahomed; begging of the English mountaineer Emin, to give the devil any sum he demanded, for which he would pay double, so as to get rid of the fellow. The poor Dutchman was so frightened, that, when they came to Aleppo, he fell sick, and very narrowly escaped dying. Here ended the first chapter of his dangerous life.

In three days they reached that beautiful city, where Mr. Hay kindly received him. He waited on Mr. Kinlock the palioz; and, in a week's time, bought three horses, hired three Armenian servants, and set out with a large caravan, just in the beginning of the winter, directly to the north of the continent, or Armenia. The rain continued: and, in seven or eight days, turned into snow; without ceasing for one hour. Emin had with him a pair of pocket compasses, and a map of Asia made at Paris, the gift of his good patron the duke of Northumberland. He encouraged his servants to leave the caravan, and with great difficulty they were persuaded at last; the poor fellows thought

they should have been lost without a guide, not knowing he had the instruments of guidance, the fruits of European wisdom, in his pocket, the compass and the map. For the first two stages, when they were arrived with perfect exactness, they thought Emin was an angel in a human shape, more particularly seeing him in every village respected by the Turks; not that he shewed the pass, which he never made use of; but, as he understood the language, he shewed not the least glimpse of fear, like the poor Armenian merchants, but behaved in such a domineering way, that the Turks imagined he was some great Armenian, a favourite of the sultan, with a firman in his possession. They were obliged to be very complaisant and civil to him, as well as to his servants, who, poor creatures, never felt themselves so happy in their lives, nor travelled so freely, commanding over their own lords and masters. They travelled twenty-eight days in the rain or snow, over a great many mountains; when, before they entered a village called Yengy-coch, they saw the spears of the Turkish troops stuck up before each door, by guess about 500; these happened to be the broken part of the army against prince Solomon, the Emirate Georgian. Emin said to his men, "You may stay in that village, and rest for the night in an Armenian house; I will go on, lest those devils should be inquisitive about me." Leaving them behind, he pushed his way through deep snow, and after three hours more travelling, came to another Armenian village called Jinis, just in the dusk of the evening. When the countrymen saw him mounted on a fine grey horse, they took him to be a Turkish trooper; but when he spoke to them in their own language, it made them very angry; they ran to their clubs, in order to beat him heartily, using menacing language, and asking, How he durst travel alone without a caravan, since he was a Christian? Emin, seeing this behaviour, and before they could begin their rough operation, spoke to them in the Turkish language, and threatened to have all the villagers put to the

sword by the troops on march, who would be there the next morning. No sooner had they heard the sham Turk, whom they took to be a real one, than the poor creatures were frightened out of their senses, and a hundred of them came down upon their knees, begging for mercy, and promising a sum of money, if he would forgive them, and not think about it any more ; at the same time expressing their fidelity to the Othmans, who are the only people able to travel alone, in the depth of winter, or at any season of the year.

Emin, pretending to be satisfied, promised faithfully to say nothing about it. Then alighting from his horse, he was conducted by them with respectful awe to the burgomaster's warm house, where they killed a sheep, and took very great care of his horse, with trembling fear. When the pilou and cabat was ready for supper, Emin ordered all the people to go to their own houses, but granted the burgomaster and his brother the favour to remain in the room, to serve and keep him company. The victuals were laid, the table cloth upon the ground : that day being Wednesday, and a fast day, he seemed backward in eating ; the Armenians thought his anger was not over, and that he wanted to be bribed ; for that diabolical custom reigns among the Turkish troops, who, on their march, for one or two days halt in Armenian villages, where they grow sulky on purpose, neither eating themselves, nor letting their horses feed, till they exact a sum of money from the poor landlord. They were going to make a contribution, when Emin ordered them not to stir from his presence ; and began to speak very familiarly to them, saying, " You, Christians, what is the reason of your objecting, if any of your countrymen should take a fancy to be a warrior ? And why are you not free ? Why have you not a sovereign of your own ? " The answer they made was, " Sir, our liberty is in the next world ; our king is Jesus Christ." Emin said, " How came that about ? Who told you so ? " They answered " The Holy Fathers of the Church, who say, the Armenian nation has been

subject to the Mahometans from the creation of the world, and must remain so till the day of resurrection; otherwise we could soon drive the Othmans out of our country." Emin said, "Now, my friends, I will reveal a secret to you, if you will swear by the Holy Gospel, not to behave as you did before." They said, "Yes," and did swear. He said, "In the first place, take away the meat, for I am a Christian, and fast as well as you." Then taking out of his pocket the Geographical History of Moses Khorinesis, he sent for a priest that could read a little, shewed the genealogy of the kings of the Armenians, and quoted our Saviour's words to the Disciples, who asked him, Who should inherit the kingdom of God? He answered, "Whosoever shall leave behind him his father, mother, brother, and wife, lift up the cross, and follow me." He then said, "You must have heard of the Christians of Frankestan, who, if they had listened to their priests, and had understood the Gospel in the manner in which our holy fathers have explained it to us, (which may God avert!) they would have been as great slaves to the Mahometans as we are now. The meaning of shouldering the cross, is the ensign which the brave soldiers carry against the Infidels, to fight and die under it; those being the true Christians, who can inherit the kingdom of God; and not they that lead a lazy cowardly life, like us, who are become cattle, devoured by wolves: witness David's Psalm "Be not ye as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with a bit and bridle." For example, a rational being should not suffer himself to be a wilful slave to others; he ought even to be cautious not to be domineered over by his own fellow-christians; since God has created them all free alike, to be ruled or governed by good laws, with the same justice to the rich or to the poor; shewing that every man is honourable, otherwise he is no better than a beast: for example—Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beast that perisheth."

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Emin going on with this harangue, was interrupted by the secular priest, who cried out very loud, "He is in the right;" and running out of the house, called all the people of the village, men, women, and children, who came all in a flock, and would ardently kiss Emin's feet. He had not, like the holy fathers, ambition enough to let them, but received every one of them in his arms with equal affection, saluting them all without distinction. There was then seen a sort of joyfulness and lamentation mixed together, worthy to be described by any man of eloquence. The honest secular cried out, "My dear brethren, love and respect him; for he is the very man prophesied of by St. Nerses the Great, about six hundred and thirty years ago, who will be the instrument of delivering us from the hands of our oppressors, and of the enemies of our faith."

The landlord, with several others, started at the priest, and said, "What was that you pronounced? or why are we kept in ignorance?" He said, "My dear people, what signifies pulling off shoes and stockings before we reach the bank of the rivulet; every thing in good time: besides, the holy prophecy is for 666 years to be fulfilled; during that period, we must continue as in subjection; 638 years are expired, there remain 28 years more to complete our persecution; then we shall become free; then no power in the world can oppress us. Our guest must have seen a great deal of the world, as we may judge by his conduct, as well as by his great father; you may be judges yourselves: you were frightened at first, when you imagined he was a Turk; for your harsh behaviour on his saluting you first in a Christian language, any person in his place, even myself who am a priest, would have received the contribution money you offered to give him, and would have gone his way; nor could any person have known the imposition, which you, through your terror, forced upon yourselves. I say, he is the very man; but he must wait, and go through various scenes of life twenty or thirty years more. I tell it to

his face ; it is not he that does these things, it is the great God above, who has protected him, and turns his heart which way he pleases, as he did to Joseph and David." The people, in a goodnatured tone of voice, said to him, "Good father, you never before preached so well in your life to us." He said, "Yes—I think myself inspired ; particularly when I behold the countenance of our noble guest, who keeps silence 'till we make an end of our speech."

In this happy way passed the time till two o'clock after midnight, when the congregation departed from Emin, and that with reluctance. The next morning the servants arrived safe, but with dreadful news. They said, "Sir, you have acted very prudently to leave us behind. After we halted, the Balugbashi (or colonel) of the Turkish cavalry sent for us, threatening to cut off our heads if we did not tell the truth ; adding, the armed Gaur, your comrade, on a Turkish horse, who went through this place did not alight, nor took any notice of me ; who is he ? We answered that we knew nothing of him ; we know so far, that he came from England, and hired us as servants : he minded neither the Pasha, nor the English Palioz-beg ; for twenty-eight days we have been coming day and night ; and we only hear the people, Turks and Christians, whispering, that he is the adopted son of the king of England, and has a white Firman from his august majesty the Sultan, Grand Signior of Osmanlus : that is all we know of our lord Emin ; and he is a man, who seems never in his life to have dreamed fear ; he made us leave the caravan against our will ; we thought he would kill us, if we disobeyed. Upon our answer, the froth of his fury abated ; he grew very cool, and ordered the Armenian master of the village to give us very good accommodation, and treat us with great hospitality, which is the natural disposition of our Armenian countrymen. But the poor villagers suffered much, paying unlawful contribution money to the Deirlish Bolukbashi and to his troopers ; who said, You

are Gavers* as bad as Georgians, who have destroyed many thousands of us; therefore we will oppress you, to have satisfaction on them." Some boiled meat was then ordered and Emin, with his servants and the villagers, sat down together, and made a very hearty breakfast, eating enough to serve for a dinner.

Extracts from Correspondence, 1759-1760.

On Sept. 24. 1759, from "Wimple Street, Cav. Sq.," Edmund Burke wrote a long letter to Mrs. Montagu requesting her to use her influence to procure for him the Consulship of Madrid; in the course of the letter he says, referring to Emin, "I dwell with far more pleasure on my acknowledgments for what you have done for my friend in so obliging and genteel a manner. He has but just now succeeded after a world of delays, and no small opposition. He will always retain a very grateful sense of what you have done in his favour."

November 5. 1760 Lord Lyttelton wrote to Mrs. Montagu assuring her that Emin, who had been reported murdered by the Turks, had got back safe to his father,† then goes on to say, "I presume he will go to some Indian Nabob or Rajah, and then you may have the pleasure of tracing his marches on the banks of the Ganges, and over many regions *where the Gorgeous East showers on her Kings Barbaric Pearls and Gold*, and if he is successful large tribute of those pearls and gold will come to you."

Dec. 14, 1760, after a Drawing room held by George III. Dr. Monsey to Mrs. Montagu, "Serenissima Principessa! There are no bounds to Pride, because an Eari‡ is fallen in love with you, you must kiss a King, and just as he is on the brink of matrimony.... Emin has miscarried in Persia, and so now you will let yourself down to the deluding hopes of being Queen of England."

In this method he sowed the corn grain of true religion, and planted the admirable zeal of military spirit every where he

* Giaours, *i.e.* infidels.

† A piece of intelligence invented for the occasion.

‡ Lord Bath, aged 76!

travelled; and after two days journey more he arrived at Arzroom, one of the capital towns of the higher Armenia. The snow being very heavy, almost five feet deep, the Armenian merchant, upon whom he had bills for the money paid at Aleppo, could not advise him to proceed to the destined place. Against his will, he was obliged to take advice, and spent exactly thirty-two days in staying there. The secret of his design became common in everybody's mouth, Armenians and Turks; the first terrified, the other grumbling; till one day a very handsome young Janizary came into the inn, or caravanseraï, where he lodged in one of the chambers, and asked him, if he would lend his pack-horse for three or four days work, to bring saman (or chopped straw) from the country. This way he took to put him out of humour, and draw him into a formal scrape: but Emin managed his temper, made the handsome Janizary sit by the fire-side, called for coffee, and sweet-meats made of Grales treacle; ordering in the mean time, his own favourite grey horse to be saddled for the Turkish guest, and the pack-horse, with a servant to attend, to do the loading work; and if he chose, to keep them as a present; only desiring the party for the servant to be sent back, with good news of his health.

At this liberality the Janizary was astonished, got up, and swore by the head of Mahomet his prophet, that he would accept neither, after experiencing such politeness; saying, "I was sent by a great man to try your temper, and see what sort of a man you were. The Armenians say, you are a man come to free them; but (God forbid) had you behaved in the least stubbornly, the intention of my lord, as well as the rest of the Janizaries, was to have cut you in pieces. Since you have shewn that you have a brave and generous heart, and are a lover of us soldiers, nobody will molest you. I wish to God you may succeed, when we Musulman Janizaries may be an example, instead of serving under or bending our necks to the slavish Pashas, who in their youthful days, even from their childhood,

have been used like women, and when grown up men, are created governors and Janizary Agular, to command and domineer over us brave fellows. Even our pretended Sultan is a slave, born of a slave, a Georgian handsome wench." He then said "Alaha amanat alasen*;" that is, May your kindness be deposited with God's reward.

In the evening, about six o'clock, twenty Janizaries and a Kahwachi with a large pot full of coffee, were sent by Hajybeg their leader, with his compliments to Emin Armany Begy, or, the Lord Emin the Armenian; saying, "God send his peace to you; rest satisfied without molestation; while you continue in this town, you shall be esteemed equally with the light of our eyes; and when you depart, we pray God to prosper you; and may the gates of success be opened before your noble undertaking, Amen!" Emin drank a dish, treated the twenty stout fine fellows out of the same cup, and gave only half a piaster to the coffeeman, with return of compliments to Hajybeg their chief.

The reader will be pleased to know, that these brave fellows, to the number of several thousands, are Janizaries, natives of that city; jealous of the Aga, their colonel or Pasha, who are commissioned from the Porte to take the command, they are always in revolt; and at that time, very luckily for Emin, they had driven the governor and the colonel into the citadel, a place built in the middle of the town on purpose for such an occasion, where the Pashas might shelter themselves till the difference standing between them could be settled, otherwise Emin would have run a great risque of his life. In that town of Arzroom inhabited 12,000 Armenian families; the Turks are double that number; and they observing the unexpected, uncommon, amicable correspondence between Emin and the Janizaries, were greatly surprized, imputing it to the attribute of God's mercy

* The long s in the original is indistinct. Whether this word is Alasen or Alafen it is difficult to say.

that he passed indemnified through so many ravenous tygers and lions, repeating the following verse of the sacred Psalms to him: 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.

The snow began to melt away in the middle of April, when Emin took leave, of his friends, and got out for Bayazid, whence, with no less danger of robbers all the way, about twelve days journey, he arrived at Etchmiatzin, (that is to say, Christ descended,)* commonly called the Three Churches, a large monastery where the reverend Jacob Catholicos of the Armenians dwelt, who had that very year succeeded to the most glorious seat of his deceased ancestor. According to the established order, pilgrims were lodged and entertained there three days; and when the ceremony was over, Emin went out, took his quarters in another monastery called Gayanna, under the direction of bishop Aharon, an acquaintance of his grandfather Michael, not gratis, but for three rupees a week for lodging only. After inquiry, he heard, to his sorrow, the death of Avah Vardapit, (or monk Avah,) among the five chiefs of Kharabakh, originally called Artzakh, that is to say, Green Garden; where, after a great fall of snow in winter, it melts away in twenty-four hours, on the meadows, so as to let the sheep graze upon them.

It will not be little amusing to give some account of this monk:—When he was but a young deacon in the monastery of Ganzasar, seeing the Lazguies, or the inroaders of Dagiston, making an excursion into that quarter of Armenia, enslaving the people, carrying off their cattle and flocks; his martial spirit could not

* Not Christ descended, but the Descent of the Only Begotten. St. Gregory the Illuminator, the patron saint of Armenia, saw a vision of Christ descending at this place, and a church was built on the spot. Etchmiatsin is the seat of the Catholicos, the Supreme Head of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia. There are three other churches besides the Cathedral in the Vank, or monastery, which is the residence of the Catholicos. One which is near by, but in a separate walled enclosure, is the church dedicated to St. Gaianè, a martyred nun. Another, situated about a mile and a half away, is the church of St. Ripsimé, another martyred nun; a third, which is now in ruins, is the Church of the Angels, or celestial beings (Zvartnoots).

bear the insolence of the enemy: he took up arms, headed a handful of brave veterans, and by dint of extraordinary courage and prudence, beat them in several pitched battles, and obtained many victories over the armies of some pretending princes of Persia after Nadir, when that empire went so topsey-turvey, that to this day it cannot be settled through their impenitent wickedness. In a word, he was acknowledged to be one of the greatest generals Armenia ever produced. Prince Heraclius was very fond of him; and some Mahometan khans were obliged to preserve his friendship by flattery, and great presents. By his horsemanship, and his dexterity in using the scymitar and fire-arms on horse-back or on foot, he never missed the mark. It was said, his amazing voice was stronger than that of Nadir Shah. In the beginning of an action, he used to sing a warlike song; and in that same tune, challenged the whole army of the enemy in single combat: he was so formidable, that none durst shew their heads out of the columns. But to Emin's great misfortune, in the year 1760, he was killed by a mountainer sitting in ambush behind a rock. Then perished the only father and general of those five unworthy chiefs of Karabakh,* who since that fate are become the vassals of a Musulman Taracama, which appellation signifies, the low class of Turkmans of the clan of Javan Shur. This mortifying discouragement disappointed Emin from proceeding to the place above-mentioned, where his intention was to join the monk, and to form a body of men; then go to prince Heraclius with a good grace, agreeably to his offered service by the letters sent five years before from England.

He lived in that melancholy situation from the first week of Lent, on his arrival at the Three Churches, to the last week on Good Wednesday, when he thought proper to go thence ten miles to the town of Traveen. The little money, about 200

*-The five meliks of Karabagh. Their history will be found at the end of Part II.

chequins, which he saved from the expences of a fatiguing journey of almost three months, he delivered to an Armenian merchant, of whom he received a bill to be paid at Tiffliz, the capital of Georgia, where prince Heraclius was. On his coming back that very afternoon, his servant on the pack-horse, which being loaded with barley corn for the food of three horses, was too heavy to keep pace with him, told Emin to gallop on, lest the gate of the monastery should be fastened before he reached it; which regularity is observed exactly half an hour after sunset. Emin set his horse on a gentle trot, and came near another monastery on the right of a very smooth plain, within half a mile from his abode; and on the left was a flock of sheep, which the author did not conceive to be the property of Etmiatzin. The shepherds took him to be a Turk; and he took them to be Mahometans. They set a dozen large furious dogs before and behind to annoy him from going on; and attacked him so close as almost to pull him down from his horse. He bore the insult about five minutes, endeavouring, with great patience, to avoid mischief, till the poor beast could not move forward, and one of the dogs jumped up and fixed his teeth in the horse's upper lip. This provoked him at last to shoot the dog with his pistol, the gift of his friend lord Bolingbroke; the rest ran away and cleared the passage; and the shepherds stood back threatening him in Turkish, as he had committed a murder in killing a valuable dog of the Three Churches. It happened very luckily both for Emin and for those saucy fellows, that at the time of firing the pistol, he broke the butt in two, and the sharp iron part ran almost through the palm of his right hand; by which he was so much disabled, that it intirely took away his strength, and prevented him fortunately from cutting down all six of them in a heat of passion; he not in the least imagining the stupid unchristian consequence of it.

He had hardly got into the court of the church, when there

came in two of those fellows as spies, who finding by inquiry that the murderer was an Armenian, told him, in menacing language, that he should suffer for it. The next morning, which being Good Thursday,* about eleven o'clock, the chairman of the patriarch Jacob sent the same ruffians. Who should they be but monks, who were the cause of the mischief. They said, in a 'domineering haughty way, "You are wanted!" When he went, he was carried up to the top of an oven, under which the heavenly bread of the holy monks is baked, a place half as big as the black-hole of Calcutta: the height of the ceiling is about six feet and a half, as hot as can be imagined. If the purgatory of the Christians should be as hot, the Lord have mercy upon miserable sinners! That place is built on purpose to confine transgressors;† and he found sitting in it a monk in a profuse sweat, with another Armenian, a layman, in irons. The gaoler took one of the irons from his foot, and clapped it upon one of Emin's, so that the left foot of each was locked in; and they had the singular advantage of speaking to one another without any body's attempting to creep between them. Emin, in a natural way, began to inquire first of the holy monk the reason of his being put in that comfortable mansion? He did not at all like to answer the civil question; but was very ready to tell the crime of Emin's fellow-prisoner; and said, "That man, whose foot is fast in iron with yours, Sir, is guilty of fornication: he is of Teffliz, an Armenian, married there; and he came hither, where he married again, his wife living in that city: and he is to have God knows how many hundred Busbands on the soles of his feet; for he is but a

* Holy Thursday.

† The extremes of heat and of cold seem to have been the favourite penances imposed by the holy fathers. The Monk Avak (Thali Mahrassa), whose history will be found later on, together with an account of the five Meliks of Karabagh, was imprisoned in the ice-house, to be frozen....while my ancestor was put in the bakehouse, or rather, in the space above the oven, to be baked! I am told that these chambers of penance are no longer in use as such.

poor man, and has no money to pay to save himself from that severe punishment. As for your case, I can tell you, that you have committed a greater crime, equal to a murder, in presuming to kill Etmiatzin's dog: you must pay very dear for it, otherwise you will receive the same chastisement." Emin said, "It appears that you understand the law, but it is a pity you have not been cautious enough to preserve yourself from this purgatorial disgrace; and I dare say you have committed a still greater fault, which you are ashamed to confess." He then laughed heartily, which made the people come out and interrupt their droll conversation. They silenced the monk, and told Emin that his coming into that hot hole was a good omen, and that he would one day or other become a great man; as they have had experience that every one of the monks who had been put there for some misdemeanor, in the end, became either a bishop or a patriarch. Emin concurred with them, saying, "You are in the right; for I feel the effects of it already:" as in reality he had been out of order five or six days before, that warm room made him perspire so as to be quite well. They said, they did not know who or what sort of pilgrim he was; but he must be possessed with great faith, since in so hot a situation he was happy, and could express content, not in the least like the other two hard-hearted prisoners, the one a priest, the other a fornicator, who had been there three weeks; and if in their minds they had repented, it was ten to one but God would have put mercy into the heart of Catholicos to relieve them from their disgraceful misery. In that very juncture, the patriarch* coming from Iravan, sent immediately and took Emin out of prison, where he was kept but two hours. Had not his holiness been absent from his seat, Emin could

* The Catholicos Jacob, (or Hacıb), V. of Shamakhly (the name of his diocese as bishop before becoming Catholicos, which before the present war extended over the governorship of Dagestan and the district of Shamakhly), elected Catholicos November 1759, died in July, 1763. O. S.

never have been gratified with the curiosity of seeing that singular place of purification, the excessive heat of which has sublimed many into bishops and patriarchs.

On the ensuing Easter Sunday, which is kept by the Armenian Christians all over the country with great solemnity, the pilgrims, according to established custom, make presents to the patriarch of as many zechins as they can afford; some a hundred, some more, some less, agreeably to every one's circumstances, with a sheep for an introduction to kiss his hand and obtain his benediction. Emin followed the example, bought a very large sheep for three rupees, and with a Turkish zechin in his hand, entered the room to present them, and on his knees went to kiss the patriarch's hand. His holiness laid both his hands upon his head, and began to say some prayers, and blessed him, which continued almost half an hour. This extraordinary ceremony had never been seen before; and the jealousy of the surrounding bishops, monks, and deacons, made them burst out to a declaration in these very words: "May it please you, holy father, this man does not deserve so long a benediction, which your holiness is bestowing on him: the presents he has made are but trifling and insignificant; put that aside, his daring presumption in killing the faithful dog of the holy Etzmiaztzin is no less than murder." His holiness said, "Yes, I know that; but it is very well he has not killed half a dozen of you; and I am extremely sorry for your want of understanding, and more so for my chairman Petrus Vardapied* (or the monk,) who prefers a beast of prey to a lamb, and committed him to purnatoon (or the oven room). I must tell you, this man is not come here for pilgrimage; as I can see in his countenance that it is for something greater: what it is we do not know; but be assured, that he is the only faithful son of the church of Christ; he does not look like a merchant. I wish to God we had many like him."

* The head of the Synod, acting in the absence of the Catholicos,

Emin kissed his hand a second time, and went out with double blessings from the holy patriarch. But instead of setting out to the North, and meeting the famous prince Heraclius of Georgia, considering the smallness of his finances, and his want of any recommendation from a man in power, which would be the means of losing his character, and rendering him contemptible in the eyes of his highness's wicked subjects, he thought proper to take the money from the merchant, and return back to Aleppo, and thence to England, in order to take a better method, which shall be inserted hereafter.

Three days before his leaving that place, he committed one of the greatest faults, in composing a letter to prince Heraclius, that a mad-man in Bethlem could have imagined, and which hardly any one else in the world would have acknowledged, thus exposing his weakness to the public. Criminals at the bar, fearing a conviction, and hoping for mercy, sometimes confess their guilt; but Emin, from a sense of his duty, will give the genuine narrative of his insignificant life, with a sacred regard to truth alone. The purport of the letter was this:

“To his High Mightiness Prince Heraclius of Georgia,
whom God preserve.

“May it please your Highness to hear the petition of your faithful servant. Five years ago I wrote a very long letter to your Highness from England; the palioz of the English, Mr. Shaw, at Basra, delivered it to an Armenian merchant, called Melchon of Teffliz, your subject, who has safely presented it to your hands. As I have not received the favour of your Highness's answer in a period of so many years, it has discouraged me; and obliged me to return to the country, whence I have been coming to this place, with great danger and fatigue, crossing seas and travelling in depth of winter through the snow over the high mountains of Syria, Cardistan and Ar-

menia. Part of an instruction of my father from Bengal I am bound in duty to inform your Highness of: He says, that upon condition you will be graciously pleased to confer on me the most singular honour of thinking me worthy to be made, by the order of the church of God, your Highness's son-in-law, and will grant a certificate, signed and sealed by your Highness, and attested by two bishops or priests, he orders me to repair to your court; but if you consent not to this condition, he, my father Hovsep, has charged me not to venture entering your territories. I have shewn this letter to Zakaria the Armenian archbishop of your capital Tefliz, who will set out from this place in a few days, and has promised faithfully to deliver it into your Majesty's glorious hands. Your faithful servant will remain in anxious hopes of receiving an answer to it by the way of Arzerum and Aleppo to England. I am, &c. &c. Dated at Etzmiatzin in the month of April 1760."

After this mad act, he set out, with his servants, by the same route by which he came, without caring to join a caravan, though travelling alone was dangerous. When he arrived at Arzerum, Carapit Aga the Armenian chief, banker of the Grand Signior's Vizir, begged to go as a guard with him as far as Cumercap, a village where the banker's house and family dwelt, situated near the town of Aga, on the mountainous bank of the Euphrates, almost perpendicularly steep, within the first two stages from Arzerum. After travelling about two hours early in the morning, when the sun began to shine pleasantly over those beautiful hills of helpless Armenia, which seemed bewailing the loss of a true father, from the foot of an eminence he discovered at the top, a body of fifty-two Turkish horsemen with bright arms, and all their horses harnessed with silver. The distance between them was about three hundred yards: both parties were alarmed. The Turks, every one of them, dismounted, except their chief, just in the middle of the road, calling aloud to the Armenians to get out of the way. They were but six horse-

men in all, with the two packhorses with wine and provision, heavily laden under the servants, and a bad horse belonging to the Armenian banker Carapit Aga. He, at the sight of the Turks, turned back frightened, and saying to himself, "O God: these are the very robbers who infested the road we have been told of at Arzerum." The indiscreet Emin could not bear the pusillanimous behaviour of these servants of Mammon; he presented his piece, already cocked, threatening to fire at him if he offered to stir, and ordered his two armed servants to watch the man's motions, lest he should be weak enough to flie away. He then pushed on his horse to the hill where the supposed robbers stood. In the mean time, Carapit finding the danger of running away was double, and of standing to face the enemy but one, was compelled to follow in haste with the servants. When Emin was within pistol-shot, he was just going to fire at the Aga, whose troops pointed their guns at him; but, instead of firing, dropped them, through a panic, upon the ground. Carapit cried out, "Hold your hand, for God's sake! the gentleman is my particular acquaintance, named Aly Aga, one of the principal men of Arzerum." Both parties then mixed amicably, without committing any further hostility. The Aga was so frightened, and looked so pale, that he could not answer the banker's compliments, though repeated several times. His men asking Carapit who that mad Christian was? he answered, "He is a mountaineer of Armenia, brought up from his infancy in war by the famous English nation." To which they said, grumbling, "that is the reason he is not afraid: had he been an Othoman subject, he would not have behaved in so bold a manner."

Several instances of the kind happened all the way to Aleppo, with which he thinks it not worth while to fill whole pages; but has the satisfaction to say, that the modern Turks are not the same with the ancient, who carried every thing before them, penetrated as far as Europe, and possessed the august throne of Constantine, to the inexpressible disgrace of Christians,

whose horrible ecclesiastical quarrel alone, made them subservient, even to the meanest and most despicable Turks; whose piratical diabolical law never would suffer them to execute or punish a Mahomedan for shedding Christian blood. A dog has more humanity shewn to him than the first class of men, the fathers of the church; who, nevertheless, are their chief advocates,* praying day and night to prolong the sovereignty of the Mahomedans; and Emin, wounded to the heart, often heard them cursing their own flocks, and extolling the ravenous wolves. With such unnatural and unmerciful bosom friends, how is it possible they should become free from slavery unless the laymen shake off the mean ambition of raising money to be deemed lords over the poor, by making presents to believers in Mahomed. If they would bestow a quarter of the money upon their own children, to give them a proper education, and enable them to distinguish a rational being from a brute animal, so as to multiply the number of good plants and pluck up the weeds, they will become a free nation.

When he had conducted the Armenian banker Carapit to Aga, the next morning he went one day's journey with his servants to Mashker, an Armenian village on the confines of Syria, where he staid four months. The men of that place generally go to Aleppo and to Smyrna, where they enter into the service of European gentlemen. Their Aga, an Osmanlu Turk, inquiring the reason of Emin's making so long a stay there, they pacified

* The reason given to me by an Armenian ecclesiastic for the strange fact of the Armenian clergy at that period preferring that their people should remain under Mohomedan rule is, that they feared the consequences of coming under the authority of Georgians or Russians would be that Armenians would be drawn away from their national church, and become absorbed into other nationalities, losing their individuality as a nation.

But there is another side to this question. In Mahomedan countries all important matters are referred to and arranged by the mollahs, or priests, and the opinions of laymen carry no weight; if any question of moment to Armenians, civil or religious, should arise, they are told to send their priests to settle it, and ecclesiastics thus acquire power that they could scarcely possess under Christian governments. The old lure of temporal power again!

him by saying, there was a plague in the city of Aleppo, of which the Franks are afraid; and that obliged him to stay away till it was over. This eased the Turk of his well-founded jealousy; and he told the people to treat Emin politely, as he had seen the Franks in Constantinople, upon the same occasion, go and live in the country till the plague is over, where they are treated by the Musulmen with great civility. Here he did not fail to instil, as well as he could into the ears of the Christians, the principles of zeal and honour. Thence he went to Aleppo, and a week after to Scanderoon, where he embarked on board of an English Turkey ship, and in three months and a half arrived in the Channel, where he performed quarantine; and after that arrived in London: the whole journey from England* to Etzmiatzin and back, lasted exactly thirteen months, which none of his noble friends would give credit to, except his princely patron the late duke of Northumberland, who stood by him like a tender father, having seen a letter from Dr. Patrick Russel, then at Aleppo, (now in Vizagapatam), to the merchants of the Turkey Company, to this effect: "Emin came hither, set out in the depth of winter, went to Armenia, and came back again like a comet, but did no damage to the world; for finding the Armenians equally few in numbers, and reduced thoroughly to slavery, he resolved to go among the Turkman clans, wild mountaineers, about Antioch and Scanderoon, and harangue them into a design to take possession of this city of Aleppo, and then proceed upon farther exploits. When he came hither, with his two servants, I and Mr. Hay his friend, with immense

* The dates he gives of this journey are confusing. This much is clear, that he left England in April, 1759, from the dates of his letters to Dr. Mounsey and Lord Lyttelton. In November 1760, from Lord Lyttelton's letter to Mrs. Montagu, he was still absent. He returned in 1761, so that he was away two years, not thirteen months. In about eight months' time, he says, he left again for Russia, October, 1761. The date of the passport given him at Leghorn is probably 1759, not 1760, and the Easter spent at Etchmiatsin seems to be correctly dated 1760. After this some months were passed in Armenian villages and in travelling, before he reached Aleppo on his return journey. See letter on p. 160.

difficulty and many expostulations, dissuaded him from that daring dangerous undertaking. Who without money could effect so great a design? It was by his christianity chiefly that he was bent from it, which is greatly to his honour; his principle of true religion being predominant over his ambition, made him listen to us. Otherwise, any being in his stead, with such a favourable opportunity, having already paved the way to a promising field of action, would have persisted. The earl of Northumberland has great merit in finding out Emin by his lordship's surprising him, and in patronising him who is really worthy of esteem from every man of spirit. If he had not hearkened to us, the consequence of his enterprize would unavoidably have been fatal to all the Christian subjects in the Othman empire; nor could the Europeans have been prevented from sharing their fate."

This letter was unknown to Emin, till his lordship, a few days after, said to him, "How came you to have so many people about you? I know you had but 150*l* when you went away." He answered, he did not know how, but he wished the Armenians had been possessed of the same, or half the spirit of the Turkmans and Curds; he should not have had the mortification of returning to England, where his friends hardly believe that he went as far as Scanderoon. His lordship said, "Do not mind, my dear Emin; I will convince them all who have been your friends, and will continue their friendship towards you:" then, with the utmost tenderness, he advised him to stay in England, whether he chose to enter into his Majesty's service, or to have a commission in the East India Company's establishment. Emin would by no means be persuaded; and told his Grace he would go over to Russia, if he would consent. He said, "The difficulty will be greater: Mr. Elton, an English gentleman, was in Nadir Shah's service, and raised a jealousy in the Russian nation, who will be strongly against letting you pass through their territories." The duke asked again, if he

wanted money? made him accept a few guineas more, and paid also for his passage. Emin took leave, and went to his lodging: this was in April, 1761.

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

(May 5 1761)

To the Wisdom of Europe Sister to the great King of Prussia excellent Mrs Montagu.

Madam

Cæsar by force of Arms made the Romans acknowledge him their Lord, and Emperor; and you by the excellency of your Sense, Compassion, and Generosity, have gained the whole Affection of my Soul. And have made such, Impression upon it, by this favour of yours, dated the 21st of the last Month, that you may really command me as your Slave, and sale me to a perpetual Captivity afterward.

How I was overjoyed to see once more my dear dear, and dearest of all Mrs Montagu's Letter? that ever since I am hardly able to contain myself for Joy, & Happyness. I thank you ten Thowsands times, with an honest heart, for the Tenderness of your great Heart, and the kind assistance you offer; which there is no Occassion for. I want nothing at present, nor wish for anything else, but to see your real person when I might prostrate myself at your Feet, to satisfy my ever longing Heart, and to assure you that my not writing to you before now, was for a particular Reason which Doctor monsey has perhaps already acquainted you with. I fear we shall stay in this Creek of Water longer than fourty days. It is vexation without remedy to think to be so near to one's Friends, and not be able to enjoy them;—Tell my Lord Lytleton I insist upon his Lordships wormer Friendship, and not so cool as he hither-to has been. Let him not immitate the modern English, let him learn of you how to love his inchangeable friend Emin, for if he does not, I will him, does not signifie I deserve his Notie. Since I left Exeter two years ago, wrote from Italy, from Turkey to his Lordship, but I never as much as had a Line from him.—Doctor monsey will shew you a Letter of mine to a certain Lord, I entreat your excellencies oppinion thereon. I hope you take care of my dear Dr as he has of your Health, and spared few ounces of the Stock of affection preserved for me.—Pray who is this Miss Pitts, a new one not that my miss Pitts, but another, that Doctor Mounsey seems by his writing to be charmed by her Cleverness, and who is desirous to see me. I beg she will put a cuple of good Stones in her Pocket, lest she shou'd be terrified of seeing a black Tyger as

Doctor calls me. However jocking apart she does me a great Honor, if it be pleased your Majesty after the Examination of her Beauty, she may be inlisted in the Book of Sarraigly. As for her Qualifications and Tallents, I doubt not but you have already by this time saved me that trouble. And further to consider whether your goodness will not be jealous of *collecting so many precious Jewels* together, on this Point I leave to your great Wisdom, and be sci-
 lence for the future. Pray make my kind Love to Misses Talbot, and learned Miss Carther, I reced your and their Letters of the last year in lesser Armenia. But alas I am told I have lost my dear Friend Lady Anson. There is a Shock for me, sufficient to move Mount Atlas. I pray God to preserve you & the rest of my Friends. I never knew what was the Loss of a Friend before, nor so much sensible of before her my heart is ready to brake for her, the only comfort I have, to hope that she is in y^e happyness of Heaven, for she was realy an admirable Lady, and true Friend to Emin. I am almost *in Tears for her I shall say no more about it.* If you see my Lady Sophia remember me to her, my Respects to my Lord Bishop of Bangor, and my Love to their serophim Children, adieu, and believe
 my dearest madam

Your ever Affectionate and obed^t
 gratefull humble Servant EMIN.

5th may 1761 in Handgate Creek
 on board of the Ship Northumberland.

(Pray how is my brave Friend Mr Montagu do? I wish him)
 (well I hope to have the Pleasure of seeing him again my compli-)
 (ments to him also to Mess^{rs} Ettingfleet and Price.)

(On the back of the letter)

To
 Mrs. Montagu.

Hill Street Berkly
 Square London.

XI.

1761.

[Letters of introduction for Petersburg—A reception at Lady Yarmouth's two years previously—Lord Huntingdon—Emin's description of Frederick of Prussia—Lord Huntingdon's dinner—Suggests that Emin shall establish a new religion—Emin's rebuke—Reported to Prince of Wales, who wants to help Emin—Lord Northumberland objects—"too much money will do him no good"—Ready to live upon air to please his lordship—Sixty days, London to Riga—Mutiny on board—Emin pacifies sailors—Emin's praise of British navy—Devotion of Miller the German to Emin at Riga—Petersburg—Mr. Keith—Count Vorontsov—Empress's kind thoughts for Armenians—Her death a misfortune for Emin—Letter to Lord Lyttelton from Russia.]

HE staid in London about eight months, very busy all the time to find ways and means for going to Petersburg. The late earl of Bath, after dinner at Mr. Montagu's, saw Emin much dejected. Mr. Montagu said to his lordship, "Our friend Emin cannot get a letter of recommendation from any gentleman to Russia." His lordship immediately answered, that he would give him one to Mr. Keith, envoy to that court. Mr. Jonas Hanway,* author of the History of Nadir Shah, procured him a pass from prince Gallitzin the Russian minister, to whom Emin had before the honour of being introduced by the late lady Yarmouth. Dr. Secker, then archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a letter to Doctor Dumaesque, chaplain to the factory; Miss Talbot to the princess of Georgia; and Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea-hospital, to Dr. Mounsey, unseen; his relation, chief physician to the late empress Elizabeth. When he had secured all

* Hanway, Jonas. Born at Portsmouth Aug. 22, 1712, died in London Sept. 1786. Traveller and philanthropist, became partner of an English merchant at Petersburg in 1743, in '43—44 made a mercantile journey to Persia, where he suffered many misfortunes, publishing an account of his travels in 1753. His later years were occupied with many philanthropic schemes, especially on behalf of poor children. He advocated the establishment of Sunday Schools. He is said to have been the first habitually to carry an umbrella in the streets of London. (*Century Cyclopædia*.)

these letters, he waited upon his patron the duke, who was much surprized and equally glad of the success he had met with.

Two years before his proceeding on this journey, it happened one day, that the foreign ministers, after waiting on his Majesty, came to lady Yarmouth's apartment, to pay their respects to her ladyship, and among them was lord Huntingdon. In conversation, the king of Prussia became the subject. His lordship said, "It is singular that we cannot have an exact likeness of his majesty painted, nor can I discover the reason of it?" Emin said, "My lord, the reason is very plain, a child may know it very easily by looking at his face about half an hour." His lordship smiled, and the rest of the gentlemen were somehow startled; they had taken but very little notice of him before; they asked him if he could tell the reason? He said, "Yes," and added, "that the king was not made like the rest of mankind; that he changed his complexion with every thought that passed in his mind; that sometimes he looked pale, and at another time fresh-coloured, white, black, yellow, in short he answered all sorts of colours like a camelion; wherefore it would be impossible for a painter to draw a true picture of him." On this solution, every one of the company cried out, "that is the very reason—well said! this is Asiatic penetration:" then they took proper notice of him; and this pleased lady Yarmouth as much, who took that opportunity to introduce him to all of them in form; and among the rest, to Prince Gallitzin.* His lordship putting a second question, "What is the cause of his

* Prince Alexeï Mikhailovich Galitsin, Russian ambassador to England during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. When Peter III. succeeded Elizabeth in January 1762, Galitsin, who was a patriotic Russian, unaware of Peter's infatuation for Frederick, told Lord Bute that his master the Tsar would never surrender the Russian conquest of Prussian territory. He also wrote to Petersburg that the English did not want an eternal war on their hands simply to oblige the King of Prussia. The affairs of Frederick were in a very serious condition, but with the death of Elizabeth everything changed as if by magic. The German Tsar signed a treaty giving back to Prussia all the territory Russia had won during the five previous years, and Frederick was saved from the misfortunes that were threatening him.

assuming those different colours?" Emin answered, "When he looks fresh, he thinks he is sure of conquest; when pale as ashes, he is afraid of being crushed by the united powers of Europe; when yellow, he fears Voltaire will publish a scandalous book again to smite his mind, and so forth." On the second explanation, his lordship with both hands moved his chair, and sat close to him, and invited him to dinner that day, if he was not otherways engaged. The foreign ministers spoke in French to lady Yarmouth, with a satisfied pleasing countenance; and said, "Although we thought before he was not worthy of the notice taken of him by the nobility of England, now we are very well convinced that he deserves to have honours conferred upon him, and that his Royal Highness the duke, and the earl of Northumberland, had really great merit in patronizing him. The levee broke up; the gentlemen went away; and though Emin understood what they said, yet lady Yarmouth took pains, with great good-nature and satisfaction, to express it to him.

According to his promise, he went to lord Huntingdon's;* at dinner there were two brothers, doctor and captain Hamilton, the second of whom was equerry to his present Majesty, at that time Prince of Wales, and lord Huntingdon was then his master of the horse.

When they had dined, the conversation turned upon various subjects, and his lordship in a bantering good-natured way, said to Emin, "Your best method will be to compose a new sort of religion like Mohamed, and reform your countrymen to your way of thinking; otherwise the religion they have now, will never suffer them to follow your example, so as to become a free nation. I dare to say, you know of the reformation among the English; who if they had continued papists, might have

* Francis, 10th Earl of Huntingdon, b. 1728-9. Carried sword of state at coronation of George III. 1761; died without issue 1789, succeeded by his sister Elizabeth, who married the Earl of Moira.

been retained slaves to this day." This proposition, though delivered in jest, agitated him not a little, by mentioning the polluted name of that Arabian impostor; and he said, "If your lordship will not be displeased with my boldness, I will tell my opinion on that head?" His lordship said, "Not in the least." Then Emin began with his rough comparison, proceeding thus: "My lord, it appears to me that you are very learned, and your elegant conversation is most improving to the minds of every hearer; but you seem exactly like a surloin of beef turning upon a spit, and roasting before a very large fire in a chop-house; where the customers coming in one after another, the master of the house, with a sharp carving knife in his hand, like a Turkish executioner, cries out, What will you please to have gentlemen? Roasted beef, master, they say: he cuts the outside and inside of it, where it is best done, serving his customers; who being satisfied, and the reckoning paid, the beef still going round on the spit by the help of the jack, till at last it is eaten up, and reduced to the very bone, without the least benefit to itself. Now, one may look upon you just in the same light; and nothing surprises one so much as to find her ladyship, your mother, so very religious,* and your lordship so irreligious. Several free speakers like you, have brought down the true Christian character of the most noble English nation to the lowest degree of heathenism; and even propagated a notion all over the eastern quarter of the world, that (which God forbid) the English are not Christians." This grave repartee made his lordship hang down his head, and both the brothers cried out laughing, "He serves you right, my lord, upon our honour; we will acquaint his Royal Highness with every word Mr. Emin has said to you." Some days after captain Hamilton sent for

* Selina, Lady Huntingdon (1707—1791), daughter of Washington Earl Ferrers. Celebrated after her husband's death for her Methodistical religious convictions. Founded many chapels and became the leader of a sect of Methodists known as "Huntingdonians," and the "Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion."

him, and acquainted him, that he had been very industrious in giving an account to his Royal Highness, of every syllable that passed at dinner, between him and lord Huntingdon; that his Royal Highness was greatly pleased, and said to his lordship, "I am very glad you have at last met with your match." He graciously inquired, if it was the Emin who had been in the late campaign in our service, and whether he was rewarded for his trouble or not? "We said," added the captain, "that we believed not; and now, my friend, it is high time for you to inform your patron, that the prince is much interested in your behalf; so that his lordship, who attends every levee day, may agree with his Royal Highness to do something for you."

Emin mentioned this to the duke, who went to the prince; his Royal Highness favourably inquired about the matter, and expressed himself very ready to assist Emin. The duke said, "He is already provided for," meaning by his Grace; and added, "He shall have any sum of money he chuses." The duke told Emin what his Royal Highness had said; adding, "It is not proper you should have more money than is necessary; you came hither without any; without language or friends; and, by your own activity, made yourself known to the greatest princes in Europe: you have letters of recommendation to the court of Russia, who will certainly write to prince Heraclius, and he immediately will employ you in his service; by which means you will be as rich as any prince in Asia." Emin said, "My lord, your advice is excellent, but I shall never be able to compass my design without money, or being independent; at least that country is very well known to be poor; if not, prince Heraclius' father would not have gone to Russia, to solicit like a beggar for assistance." The duke said, "No, my dear Emin, you are mistaken; he is gone for some greater affair unknown to us." Emin said, "My lord, when I was in Armenia at Etzmiatzin, the archbishop of Teffiz told me, that king Tahmuras of Georgia, through mere necessity being at variance with his son, was sent

to Moscow to be maintained by the Russians. Has not your lordship read of Sir John Chardin's Travels, which say, that the Georgians are the handsomest, the worst, and the poorest of mankind?"

"No, no, Mr. Emin, you will do very well with prince Heraclius." "Yes, my lord, if I were independent, I should do better with all the world; but since your lordship has that great opinion of your humble servant, that he can live upon air, he shall say no more about it; he is ready to obey your command in gratitude, even if you order him, he is ready to shoot himself at the feet of your lordship; that the world may have the pleasure to say, Emin behaved obediently and gratefully to his last breath, to his princely patron."

TO MRS. MONTAGU

(July 1761)

To the Queen of Universe

I have an Oppointement to see at my own Cottage one of my Countryman from the City, at ten oClock. If I shou'd be able to get him away, about eleveven I shall obey your Orders. but if not you will I hope forgive me, and wish you all the Health, and Happyness immaginable. I dined with Miss Talbot Yesterday, she has told me what your great Soul wish to tell. I cannot part with you forever, therefore let me not see you any more, it will hurt me to the very Soul. If it be worth your while, write to your distracted Slave from the Country! Don't you be uneasey about me at all, if you hear me not successful, I am resolv'd to die for my Country, I will do all to help towards it. àdieu

my dearest Madam

Your most obed^t and obliged hum: Sert
and gratefull Slave

EMIN.

Tuesday morning
July 7 1761.

(On the back of the letter)

To
Mrs. Montagu.

This consultation being over, the duke gave him a hundred guineas, and promised him two hundred more, to remit after him a hundred each year, and to continue for three years and no longer. What could Emin do, but make much of a little. Mrs. Montague, Lady Sophia Egerton, and Miss Talbot, made up about sixty pounds; Lady Anson, his valuable friend, was dead; he was therefore worth 160*l.* deducting 30*l.* for fitting himself out; paid five guineas to the captain of the ship; took leave of his friends, and set out on the 15th of October 1761. He arrived with moderate wind in eight days at Elsinore, a sea-port town in Denmark, where he stayed two days; on the third day setting sail, on the fourth a storm arose with such fury, that nothing could equal it; in a few days more made the Island of Bornholm. Here the sailors embracing the opportunity, (which was very near proving fatal to the ship, and all who were in it,) half a dozen of them got drunk, set the whole place in an uproar, and did not care a pin for the captain. Emin had much ado to quiet them. At last every one of them got on board; and no sooner was the anchor weighed, than a contrary wind began to blow three times stronger than before; half of the crew mutinied, and laid a scheme to kill Emin (the only passenger) and the captain, because they advised them not to drink more than was necessary, and then to carry the ship to France, at that time engaged in war with England. Emin finding no other remedy, to quiet them, he, with the captain, resolved to shoot the ringleader, a very stout young man, a deserter from a man of war; the rest seeing what was going on, submitted to join Emin's and the captain's party, and with much ado the young lion was secured in irons. The captain drew up an affidavit of their unruly behaviour, and the poor fellows every one of them signed a paper, confessing themselves guilty of a conspiracy. Exactly in fifty days, they with great difficulty came to an anchor at Riga.

It may not be unpleasant to say something of the passage.

The ship being a prize from the enemy, which, when in their own possession, carried fifty guns, with 600 French sailors in it, was bought by the Russia merchants in London, and converted into a timber ship. In that hard weather (in the month of November), on the terrible Baltic, where the buntings froze up to the thickness of three inches, and all the ropes in proportion, the ship like a snowy mountain sailing upon the water, there were no more than eight men to take in, reef, or furl the main-sail, when there was occasion. This shewed the difference between the English and the French, for the whole ship's crew, with the captain, mate and passengers, were no more than twenty-four hands. These are the brave men to be admired with awe—who are ruled by the wisdom of Old England—the very bulwark of that famous nation—who maintain the liberty of it in the midst of so many malignant jealous princes of Europe!—Brave fellows! what hardships they go through! how unsparingly do they work for a livelihood! to the shame of many Jew-like Christians in the East, who live and loll in a slavish idle life, like so many beasts!

When the captain was going on shore, he took the bloody affidavit to punish them all by the Russian law. Emin snatched the paper out of his hands, and tore it to pieces; saying to the captain, "How can you be so cruel, and act so rashly? Who will work your ship back? Do not you know the severity of the law of Russia? Yourself must remain in the place, before the bloody affair is decided. Come, come, be quiet; forgive them; they are all honest fellows." They came all on the gangway, crying out, "God bless you, noble stranger! Excuse us, we do not know your honor's name: we are in duty bound to acknowledge, if you had not been with us on the passage, we might have perished through our own foolishness. It was owing to the brandy we bought in that Danish island. We beg both your and the captain's pardon; since you have made peace between us and our commander, we pray God to

prosper you in all your undertakings." Here every thing ended amicably. The captain and Emin went on shore at Riga, where the captain was not a little sensible of his passenger's good behaviour; did not fail to inform several gentlemen of his acquaintance, a few English, and many Swedes and Germans, who all came and thanked him.

The house where he took up his quarters belonged to a German, about fifty years of age, named Miller, who had been settled and married there for several years. He was originally a journeyman baker, and saved enough to make up a capital, so as to set up a sort of eating-house, which went on pretty briskly. He used to go to Poland, and buy horned cattle, providing ships with beef, by which he made a fortune of 60,000 dollars. By his first wife, who was then dead, he had children, a girl and a boy; he married his daughter, and himself married a second time; and by his second wife he had four more. Emin made an agreement with him, to pay half-a-crown a-day both for his lodging and boarding, and stayed exactly ten days in the house. Miller the landlord became so fond of Emin, as to sit up and keep company with him every night till almost two in the morning; something more than common appearing in his countenance, which made Emin sensible he would speak it out; this he did at last, after many apologies; and said, "Sir, excuse the liberty I am going to take; I know you are going upon very great business; as far as I can learn, you have but little money, and I am worth many thousand dollars; I can spare 2000 of them, with perfect good-will, towards the expences of your journey: I shall be extremely happy, if you will be kind enough to accept of it; no soul in the world shall know of it, and I will not even take notice of it to my wife. Please to take it here, or by a bill on a merchant at St. Petersburgh." Emin thanked Mr. Miller for his generous offer, but would by no means accept of it; and said, "Your good-will is sufficient; you have an encreasing

family; it is best that the money should remain where it is; as for my part, I am a single man, and can make a shift any how to live and manage for myself." Mr. Miller was not in the least pleased with his refusal; he seemed in great pain, as if he had been stabbed with a dagger to the heart, and still continued urging, like an affectionate father, till at length he began crying like a child, and said, "Sir, if you do not accept of it, you will break my heart." Yet all his expostulation was to no purpose. Mr. Miller, finding the impossibility of prevailing, stood up, and said, "Good Mr. Emin, since you will not consent to oblige me in this trifle, I give you my hand and heart to share your dangers; I will go and serve you with the half of my fortune, while the other half will very comfortably maintain my family; and my wife (thank God) has both sense and prudence enough to take care of them: my male children, when of a proper age, will come and find us out in any part of the world." Having said these words,—he ran out, and brought the Bible to swear upon. Emin entreated him to put up the sacred book; and, finding it impossible to dissuade him from his generous heroic resolution, he said to him, "My worthy friend, I am going upon an imaginary plan, exactly like that of making a solid figure of a man's shadow; unless the Supreme Being shall please to turn it into something substantial. Should it happen to fail, I should never forgive myself if any accident should befall you, and I should be the occasion of ruin to your harmless lambs and family; I should consider myself then as a rogue, villain, or an impostor. But so far I give my word of honour, that if success favours me in my undertaking, you may depend upon it, my blunt pen will find you out in any part of Europe. I beg you will say no more about it; let us sit down half an hour longer, to enjoy the society of our true hearts, which the Great God has made under the same planet." The poor man then shed tears bitterly, and said no more. This amiable conversation began at midnight, and ended at half-an-hour past two in the morning,

when every one else was asleep in the house. Emin had a good mind to repeat to him his Grace's prediction, That too much money would do him no good; but he thought proper to say not a word of it, lest he should hear a sarcastical answer. Mr. Miller then changed the subject, and told the history of his life, which was very entertaining, and equal in variety of hardships to that of Emin; who dares to declare, *that the German nation, by what he has seen in Westphalia, are equal in goodness both of heart and tongue to the English themselves. God seeing the plainness and honesty of their hearts* has given most of the sovereignty of Europe to that nation; as for example, the king of England, the empress of Russia, and the rest; and should any learned man be curious enough to trace the genealogies of other European princes, he will find their ancestors to be all of German extraction: *and this is a proof,* that simplicity is more acceptable to God, than cunning and artfulness: for instance, who is more cunning than the Jews, Hindoos, and others that are no better than they? Every one, according to his merits, is stationed by the invisible hand of the Almighty, so as to let his truth shine over all. The good Mr. Miller, and his friend Emin, at three in the morning parted, and each retired to his bed.

After two days more, he hired a covered cart for Emin, who took his leave, and proceeded towards St. Petersburg, where he arrived in twelve days from Riga. He waited on the chaplain doctor, who received him with great politeness, and invited him to live in the house with him all the while he stayed in that place. The other letters introduced Emin to other gentlemen; the first, to Mr. Keith,† the next, to count Worron-

* * Passages that I was very sorely tempted to suppress. They are reprinted only in consideration of the fact of their having been written over 130 years ago.

† Mr., later Sir Robert, Keith (only son of Col. Keith of Craig, Kincardineshire), British Ambassador at Vienna 1748, whence, in 1753, he had sent news to England of Frederick the Great's attempts to discover the strength of the Jacobite party in England and Scotland in order to make trouble for George II., writing strongly against Frederick's "ill-faith and

zoff,* the Russian Imperial chancellor; then to doctor Mounsey; the fourth letter was from Miss Talbot to the princess of Georgia, her correspondent by the means of doctor Dumaresque, who, to Emin's great misfortune, was then dead. She being married to prince Dolgorucky, the letter he gave to the prince her husband, who is uncle to prince Heraclius by the mother's side. If this lady had lived, Emin might have succeeded in some points, as he owed so much of his success to the noble ladies in London. The gentlemen to whom he was recommended, divided Emin's time so, that he could never dine at the doctor's; who was very glad of his being taken so much notice of, and accompanied him wherever he went like a guardian and a father. A few days after, Emin's character excited the curiosity of St. Petersburg, like the dromedary brought over by a Greek, and exhibited in London.

Mr. Keith, doctor Mounsey, and doctor Dumaresque, by the desire of count Worronzoff the chancellor, took Emin along with them to the house of that nobleman, who asked him several questions, doctor Dumaresque acting as interpreter between them. "Your intention," said he, "as I understand by the letter from prince Gallitzin, is to go to prince Heraclius in Georgia. He is very poor, and his father king Tahmuras is come hither, to beg our assistance both in money and troops; what can you do there in a prince's service, where those two

ambition." In 1758 he was transferred to Petersburg to counteract Franco-Austrian influence. From the beginning of 1762, when Peter III. succeeded the Empress Elizabeth, he rendered great services to Frederick of Prussia, as his strong Prussian sympathies greatly pleased Peter, who almost worshipped Frederick. Keith mediated between Russia and Denmark during Peter's reign. He returned to England in 1762, after Catherine II. ascended the throne, and died in 1774. He was a cousin of George Keith, 10th and last Earl Marischal of Scotland (the friend of Frederick the Great), whose brother James Keith served the Empresses Anne and Elizabeth of Russia, and later entered the service of Frederick, who made him Field-marshal.

* Count Mikhail Larionovich Vorontsov, Grand Chancellor to the Empress Elizabeth, the highest dignitary of the realm. An honest and patriotic Russian, who endeavoured to resist Peter III.'s Prussianising of his country, but was of too weak a personality to succeed in opposing it.

great articles are wanting?" Emin answered, saying, "May it please your Excellency, neither of the two are in fact wanting, with sense and proper management; the country is one of the richest upon earth, and produces two very valuable articles of commerce, silk and cotton. As for eatables and grains of all kinds, no country is so plentifully supplied with them; and great part of the people perhaps have hardly tasted water, for wine is their common drink; they have good meat, and all sorts of grain and honey in abundance: so that, with a little European management, that country may flourish and be happy, without being obliged to depend upon any other nation; when, in the mean time, the Armenians will join with a good will to expel, as they easily may, the Mahomedans out of their country. Therefore I am sorry for king Tahmuras, who at the age of sixty-five years, almost worn out in his wars against the Lazgi mountaineers, comes so far for succour. God, when he created man, gave him a head, with two hands to take care of it; but if those hands are not sufficient to help that head, they deserve to be cut off. A little smattering of a Turkish education will make a poor Georgian slave-boy, when he grows up, created a basha or grand vizir; while a naked mountaineer Armenian, at the head of 200 men, will be able to beat a whole Turkish army. Another goes to Constantinople, and becomes a head banker of the Grand Signior; a third works for his passage as a groom, with some horses from Basra, on board of an English ship, becomes master of some lacks in Calcutta, where he domineers over his countrymen like Nadir Shah; while your Excellency's humble servant, who now has the honour of standing before you, ran away from his father in Bengal, without shoes; and having worked on board of an Indiaman, became a porter in London for almost five years, and rushed through thick and thin, till he made himself worthy to be taken notice of at present by your Excellency. Therefore, why may not the Armenians or Georgians be as enterprising in their own country,

as they have shewn themselves by frequent examples? The difficulty lies in the beginning of it. When they have once opened their eyes from the slumber of ignorance, they will go on as well as their neighbours." This speech of Emin pleased his Excellency the chancellor so much, that he became his friend as warmly as Mr. Pitt in London; and with inexpressible cheerfulness said to Dr. Mounsey, "Prává aschen khóróshá gávárial vót età dobri chállavéte;—that is, Well spoken, he is an honest man." He then ordered one of his attendants to go with his compliments, to call king Tahmurás. When he came, the chancellor took Emin by the hand, and put it into the king's, saying, "This is the only man recommended to us strongly by our noble friends in England. We can with great security present him to your majesty. Bestow him upon your poor country as a treasure who will, we are in great hopes, rise with artillery, ammunition, and every thing necessary, provided you will hear him."

Upon this sudden scene, the mighty king was surprised as if in a dream; he stared about five minutes at so small a body, the Georgians generally being tall and stately; thanked his Excellency for his great present, and with humility and cheerfulness lifted up his hand and head, praying to God, and hoping that his son Heraclius would concur with Emin, and hearken to his counsel; and he declared that in reality they were more in want of men of knowledge than of any thing else; and that, if it pleased God that he should live, Emin should be his second son, and esteemed next to prince Heraclius. Emin, upon this, with great respect kissed his majesty's hand, and was honoured with being kissed by him on the forehead. His Excellency ordered dinner. The king was placed between Mr. Keith and the chancellor, with an interpreter standing behind the chairs: the rest of the company sat at the same table; and during dinner, the English envoy was giving an account of Emin's transactions to the chancellor in French, and he, by the Georgian interpreter, explained it to the king.

When dinner was over, Tahmuras took Emin in his chariot to the house where he lived; delighted much in his conversation; gave him great hopes that they should succeed in defending their country from the encroachments of the Mahomedans; and said, "He did not in the least doubt that, by the means of Emin, the Armenians would soon unite with the Georgians to shake off entirely the yoke of subjection," not knowing thoroughly the jealous disposition of his son Heraclius. After a conversation of two hours, Emin took his leave, when the king desired him to make the house his own, and come there as often as he pleased. He went thither constantly every day, and dined several times with Tahmuras at the chancellor's, but more commonly at Mr. Keith's, who was to him as kind as ten fathers. Doctor Mounsey in particular, and his lady, were equally polite: he told Emin twenty times, that the late empress Elizabeth,* who was then sick and inaccessible, had declared that if Emin was fortunate enough, and she should recover from her illness, "he shall be taken," said she, "better care of, and properly sent to Armenia, so as not to be much indebted to the Georgian prince. The Armenians are an honest and faithful people, for whom my dear father Peter the Great had taken considerable pains; and had he lived longer, would have delivered them from the slavery of the Mahometans. Poor Emin! who without either a real friend, or money, treads the same steps with equal zeal of patriotism; shall not want help or a friend, if I can but recover from this disorder." But, alas! to the great misfortune of Emin, and to all the Armenians, she died in the month of December†; and exactly a fortnight after,

* Elizabeth Petrovna (1709-1762), daughter of Peter the Great, and Empress of Russia 1741-62. Founded the University of Moscow and the Academy of Fine Arts at Petersburg. During the Seven Years' War, her army entered Berlin in 1760, and had it not been for her death on Jan. 5, 1762, and the sudden change in Russian policy brought about by her successor, Peter of Holstein-Gottorp, Frederick the Great might have been completely defeated.

† O. S.

died king Tahmuras of Georgia. Emin was left again fatherless and motherless.

Doctor Dumaesque, during the time, used to come home very late sometimes at one, sometimes at two o'clock in the morning, and found Emin always up in his room, where they talked another hour before they went to bed. He generally happened to have been sitting with the present empress Catherina, at that time duchess of Holstein, whose celebrated character is known to the world, and her very name a terror to the proud Turks. She hearing of Emin's motives, often signified to the doctor her opinion, that if there was a sort of government or principality in Armenia, it would be of great consequence to the empire of Russia, especially in time of war, since they would harrass the Turks pretty smartly; and as they are an industrious nation, not in the least wicked nor treacherous like the Georgians, they might thrive better, so as to become a free and flourishing people. (Her late achievements in the past war against the Osmanlus justified her sentiments.)

To prevent Emin from being too vain of himself, Dr. Dumaesque said to him, "Before you came to this place, or were taken notice of by the English nobility, her Imperial majesty hardly missed in conversation mentioning Armenia, when he happened to speak of the Persians or Turks." He must not forget, in gratitude to his German friend, Mr. Miller of Riga, that unknown to him he had wrote a letter to his correspondent, a German gentleman, and an eminent merchant in Petersburg, to offer him the same 2000 dollars which he refused at Riga. Emin thanked him again, without accepting the generous offer, which surprized the merchant, who was well acquainted with many English great men, and knew Emin's narrow circumstances as well as they did, but was not thoroughly acquainted with the pride of his heart, who would by no means be beholden to any nation but the English; nor, like some mean-spirited persons, scrape the rust of the world from different people.

As for his beloved English, they are both father and mother to him; and from them, whatever favour he has received, it is his principal ambition (though they by no means expect it) to return it tenfold when able; but if he continue poor, which cannot be helped, it ever shall be as it has been, his duty to remember their goodness all the days of his life, and record it from generation to generation.

LETTER TO LORD LYTTTELTON FROM PETERSBURGH.*

My Lord

What will your Lordship think of me, not writing to you for this long time, I hope not ungrateful. If I am not mistaken your Lordship did order me expressly by the word of mouth, that except I had a particular business or I should have found myself at a loss of an advice for which I was to apply there by Lines to your Lordship, who had always been my counsellor, and brisk spurer on. This order of your Lordship has deprived me of the Happiness of corresponding with your Lordship which makes me extremely unhappy. It seems your Lordship is tired of me, nor can I go on rightly when I reflect suspiciously thereupon. I am now ready for want of your serious and good advice, concerning a distressed country, which I shall question, and explain in as few words, as my none Education will permitt, as follows. 1. In what manner can be a country maintained, and depended against a warlike nation. 2. How is to raise money of such country which is totally ruined nor has any sort of Revenue. 3. What method he is to take with the people of such Country to reason with and bring them to Industry who are as obstinate as Bares. These are the obstacles before me, if I should be the help of God overcome all, will your Lordship then think me worthy of your friendship, or say that any body else could do the same? I have wrote everything concerning my present

* A copy of Mrs. Climenson's *Letters of Elizabeth Montagu*, in two volumes as published in 1906, was enlarged by the late Mr. A. M. Broadley into eight volumes by the addition of about 400 portraits and engravings, and of thirty-seven autograph letters acquired from Mrs. Climenson. These volumes came into the possession of Mr. E. S. Pickard, Stonegate, York, and were advertised in his catalogue at £35 for the whole work. A friend sent the advertisement to Mrs. Climenson, who, seeing a letter of "Emin the Armenian" included, informed my cousin Mrs. Gregory, then in London. The latter wrote to Mr. Pickard, who very obligingly sent her a copy of the above letter, which reached me in Calcutta—after edifying the censor at Bombay—just in time to include it in this book, which was already in the press, at the correct period of the date of the letter.

situation to Madam Montagu, she will acquaint you, at your Leisure or when your Lordship pleases. But at present I have nothing else to say but beg your Lordship's permission to subscribe myself my Lord your Lordship's

Most obed^t. humble servant

EMIN.

St. Petersburg,
the 14th January 1762 and 30th.

(On the back of the letter.)

To Lord Lyttelton.

XII.

1762—1763.

[Proposal that Emin should enter Russian service—Firm in his desire to help his own country—Keith procures letter to Heraclius from Vorontsov—Over the snow to Moscow—to Astrakhan—Death of Peter III.—Kizlar—Armenian and Tartar entry excites suspicion of Russian general—Objects to passport—Emin returns to Astrakhan—Rentil, a Swede—Moscow again—Government there for coronation of Catherine—An unknown friend—Interview with Vorontsov and Galitsin—Consideration of Peter the Great for Armenians—Promised passport—Pleurisy again—Offered command of Armenians—Refuses—Penniless again—Lord Buckingham's nerves—Mr. Boad's help—"Damn all great men!"—Kindness of Englishmen unwillingly contrasted with behaviour of Armenians—"A soldier must speak the truth!"]

AFTER the death of the empress and king Tahmuras, Peter II.* succeeded to the throne. His Excellency Mr. Keith, Dr. Mounsey, and Dr. Dumaesque, proposed to Emin to enter into the Russian service, since the new emperor was very fond of soldiers, and it would be of consequence to him; but Emin would, on no consideration, consent to become a turncoat, still continuing firm in his resolution to proceed for Geor-

* Peter III., son of Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein, and Anna, daughter of Peter the Great. Born at Holstein 1728, succeeded his aunt the Empress Elizabeth Jan. 1762, assassinated at Ropsha, July, 1762. Peter II. was the son of Alexis, son of Peter the Great, and reigned 1727-30.

gia and Armenia. His Excellency approved his sentiment, and procured a pass for him, with a letter of strong recommendation from the chancellor count Worronzoff, his friend, to prince Heraclius, written in Russian, and translated by Dumaresque into English.

The purport of it was as follows:

“To Prince Heraclius.

“Sir,

“The bearer of this letter, Joseph Emin, an Armenian Christian, native of the city of Hamadan, in the kingdom of Persia, educated in England, and brought up in the art of war, made some campaigns in Germany, where his conduct merited him the notice and friendship of that renowned nation; and there, hearing your name extolled as one of the greatest captains and officers in your situation, inclined him to come and enter himself into your service. His noble friends in London, and our Imperial envoy prince Gallitzin thought proper to favour him with letters, recommending him strongly to our notice and protection. When he came hither with those credentials, we judged it best to present him to your late father king Tahmuras, who, seeing his conduct, took great notice of him, and promised to take him to Georgia before his death. Almost in his last will, he told him to go to you without fail or delay. To this he readily consented. In case you should not be pleased with him, or disagree with him, it is our pleasure that you let him return back to us in a most satisfactory manner, since he may be employed by us with great pleasure, in our august Imperial service: his character and good conduct being better known to us. Given under my hand, count Worronzoff, high chancellor of the empire of Russia,” &c. &c.

With this letter and passport, Emin set out in the middle of March, in a sledge, over the snow to Moscow, and went thence to Astrakhan, where, hearing that the snow of the Cau-

casian mountains had stopped the passage, which is commonly every year choked up from the month of January till the month of May or June, he thought it necessary to send a padamar with letters to prince Heraclius, and to the Armenians in the mountains of Karabagh (or the Black Garden). It took exactly five months before he received answers. The prince saying nothing worthy of insertion, that the Armenians would serve and die under his horse's hoofs. He stayed about nine months at Astrakhan, where, after travelling from place to place, and spending half of his capital, 130*l.*, he heard that Peter the Second was no more. He had reigned exactly one year,* from the first of January 1761, to the first of the same month 1762, leaving the empire to his wife, the great Catherina.

At last, thirty Armenian lads, with their arms and horses, joined Emin; and, in the month of May, he set out from Astrakhan to Kizlar, the frontier town of Russia, chiefly inhabited by Armenians and Georgians. About five hundred yards to the east of it is a small fortification, built with mud only, and with four bastions to it, big enough to hold a battalion, and the general with his family; and besides, a large room for about thirty or forty sons of Lazgey mountaineer chiefs, as hostages for their father's good behaviour, to keep them quiet from revolt or inroading: these, like a sort of prisoners, are paid by the government, and relieved every three or six months by their brothers, or near relations, in turn.

As horses are very cheap in those parts, the Armenians hearing of Emin's arrival, about three hundred of them, two miles from that place, not considering the bad consequence of that imprudent measure, made a grand entry with him, together with five or six hundred Tartars on horseback; men who live under tents thereabouts, on the banks of the river Tuvky, and who joined the party out of curiosity as mere spectators. This

* A mistake.

terrified the pusillanimous general Stupition so much, that he drew up the bridge and crept into the fort; the rest of the Armenians and Tartars, with their families, coming out of their houses, with a joyful clamour, saying, "Here comes the prince of Armenia!" so that any person in Stupition's stead would then have been frightened. Emin acted very cautiously, and would not take a quarter without the general's order; he therefore sent a messenger to know his pleasure. In the meanwhile he pitched tents in an open place between the fort and the town; but had much ado to persuade the mob to go away from him. The general sent word, with compliments, that he had instructed Galust, the chief of the Armenians, to accommodate him in his house where he alighted, and took quarter. The next morning the general came to visit Emin, who returned the compliment in the evening, and showed the passport; which Stupition, on seeing the name of Peter the Second to it, did not at all approve, but took it from him and kept it, telling him he would consider it. Emin dined with him that day and the next; and on the fourth day after his arrival, the general, with a company of grenadiers and six hundred Circassians and Tartars, came to him; and after some cringing whining ceremony told him, that the pass was not clear, being made in Little Petrus's time; adding many abusive expressions concerning the deceased. He astonished Emin with this unpolished barbarity; and added, that Petrus was not worthy to reign, nor had sense enough to know the laws of the Russians, which strictly forbade suffering a military man to pass the frontiers of the empire. Emin made no objection, but told the stupid general, that he was very sorry to find a man of his rank possessed of so foul a mouth, and spitting out such poisonous unbecoming words upon the character of an unfortunate prince, who was the grandson of Peter the Great of glorious memory, that enlightener of the Russias, and lawful husband to the famous empress Catherina. He added, "What is the reason you brought so many fighting men? and on the

day of my coming hither, you run, like a lusty fellow, into the fort? It seems you are afraid of a single Armenian, who is ashamed to see a Russian general like you frightened at the sight of a mob, who were all the time your own subjects. Such a general as you, is more fit to graze cattle than to command a fort on the confines of an empire." The man looked as pale as death, and uttered hardly a word for five minutes, the accompanying Circassian and Tartarian officers, with the rest of the troops on horseback and the grenadiers in a circle, seeing this behaviour of Emin, which may appear rash to the reader, it gave those barbarous wild mountaineers a very great opinion of his undaunted resolution; and they took care ever after to report it among the Lazguis, from whom it spread all over Georgia, Turkey, Armenia, and even to Persia. In that critical juncture, they began to mutter to one another in the Tartarian language, saying "This man, while he is alone, has so great a liver, (the Asiatics commonly call a man of courage a man of liver), how much greater will he have if he command a thousand of us?" Stupition began to hang his head, and said, "Sir, I am afraid for your person, if you lie in this house without a proper guard. I have authentic intelligence of five hundred men, about two days journey from this place, waiting to lay hold of you." Emin said, "No, Sir, they wait to join me, an Armenian Christian, whose principles are well known all over Europe, and in England in particular, where I was esteemed worthy of being recommended to the court of Russia: but I understand your meaning; that I am your prisoner; do your duty, post the guards properly, lest you should run away, as you did some days ago."

The intention of general Stupition in making this difficulty, was grounded to extort a sum of money, since it was hinted to Emin, through an Armenian, that if he would fee the party handsomely, he might go with safety by the general's free permission uninterrupted. He thought Emin was worth a great many thousand English guineas; since a ridiculous report went

about then, and remains to this day all over Persia, that he was favoured by the son of the king of England with a million sterling, and had such certificates or Bank notes, that in any part of the world, the merchants who should see them, would immediately pay any sum of money he pleased: but they little imagined that his finances, at that very time, were reduced to three hundred Russian dollars; and the million was three hundred pounds allowed him by the earl of Northumberland. The late king George of England had presented him before, by the late lady Yarmouth, with 25l. in Bank notes; and after waiting at the late duke of Cumberland's levee door without daring to enter, when he did enter with the late lord Ancram,* who thought even that was too much, he had the singular honour to kiss his Royal Highness's hand, by virtue of which Emin maintained the character of the richest man in the world. It is ten to one but the Russian Stupition might have heard of this mighty sum, and believe it to be fact; but the poor man was deprived of tasting any of its sweetness, which Emin was most spitefully unwilling to let him have. The argument ended, and sixty men with some grenadiers were posted round the house to guard Emin, who gave his thirty Armenian troopers leave to proceed on their journey to Teffliz, ordering them to wait for him till the next year. The poor fellows went away almost broken-hearted; and the sight of their distress would sensibly have affected any one of the least humanity. The Tartars, joined to the Armenians, made a loud lamentation, cursing the general most heartily. For all the strictness of the charge, and the strength of the guard, could not keep the Tartars, Circassians, and Armenians, from the house where Emin was a sort of a prisoner. This caused great apprehension in the general's mind,

* William Henry, 6th Earl of Ancram, 4th Marquis of Lothian (1720-1775). A distinguished military officer. From the rank of cornet in 1735 attained that of a general in 1770. He fought and was wounded at Fontenoy, in 1745 commanded cavalry at Culloden, and subsequently accompanied the Duke of Cumberland to the Continent.

and saved Emin from remaining there a long time, in a state highly disagreeable to a man of spirit. He remembered that when he was at Astrakhan, two gentlemen, Asbeg Tartars, came from Bokhor in their way to Petersburg upon some negotiation, and were detained by the governor, flayed* to the very skin, and kept there nine months; and, when he was coming away, they were not permitted to proceed further. The same might have been his lot, if those wild Tartars had not frightened Stupition, who was glad to consent to Emin's return back to the capital. The general, who wanted activity with diligence, (qualities common to fearful people,) drew a formal protest, and made about four hundred principal Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, and Indians, sign their names to it; setting forth, That in case the Armenian Emin, who came thither with a wrong passport, were suffered either to stay in the town of Kizlar, or to pass the frontiers, the whole mountainous country of Lazguis, and the inhabitants of the woody plains of Chacham and Muchkez, would flock to him; the consequence of which might end in dangerous troubles, and prove injurious to Kizlar.

Having delivered this paper to a Russian serjeant, he ordered a squadron of twenty Cossack horses, with a Circassian centurion, to conduct Emin from stage to stage, relieving the guard with fresh troopers, to Astrakhan, to acquaint the governor with the business, and thence to set out with the serjeant alone and his two servants to St. Petersburg. As the suspected track of land was between, and as the governor, to whom he had a letter of recommendation before from Count Worronzoff, was very firm, and wrote a letter to the general, and gave Emin a passport, persuading him to return again to Kizlar; he consented, and was preparing himself to proceed the next day: but in the morning, behold, there came a courier from Stupition, with a letter to the governor, urging him

* Probably means robbed, despoiled of their property.

strongly not to let him remain a day longer, nor permit him to return to Kizlar, since he, having the command of the frontiers, would not be the cause of letting him pass; and adding, "he is a dangerous Armenian, brought up in the military profession among the English; his presence will bring on a rebellion of the Lazguis mountaineers on our side, which the Georgian side of course will join; you are sitting at Astrakhan in peace and quiet, not considering the difficulty and the danger of this command in the middle of so many wild barbarians; therefore I desire you will let the man return from whence he came, but will order the serjeant to guard him to his excellency the great chancellor."

The governor told all this to Emin, through Mr. Rentil, a Swedish merchant at that place, at whose house he had before stayed nine months, who being brought up in London, understood English perfectly well, and by whom Emin was treated with great politeness and hospitality. He was in great concern, expressing himself with extreme sorrow. When parting, Emin comforted him, saying, "My good friend, I am very glad for what has happened:—in the first place, my little money is almost gone; I am sure of being supplied a-fresh by my English friends in Moscow and Petersburg. Stupition's ill-natured behaviour, with an intention to hurt me, has made me more considerable in the opinion of that brave wild people, who if I had been allowed to pass, would have looked upon me as one of the common Armenians; but this affair has gained me great reputation; for they will not rest idle to propagate among themselves an opinion, that I must be a very able man, of whom the general was afraid, and prevented me from going on. In time, it will be of infinite service to me, when once I shall be in Georgia and Armenia, the poor ignorant men not knowing that I am but a school-boy in the art of war, for the Orientals are chiefly overcome by the sound of a great man, without which, let a person be ever so brave or rich, they care but very little for

him. A man must spend vast sums of money, go through great difficulties, and run into many dangers in hazardous battles, before he can be able to establish a name, and induce the minds of fighting men to follow him, especially when, by God's assistance, I shall come off with honour, to the joy of my countrymen in Kizlar, and to the mortification of my enemies. As for the fearful Armenian merchants at Astrakhan, who are prophesying that it will cost me 20,000*l.* to clear me out of the scrape, or that I shall be an exile to Siberia, I snap my fingers at them."

Emin's good friend Rentil was made easy by this. He therefore took leave and set out, travelling back the same 1,500 miles, over the best part of the kingdom. It was in the month of August, neither hot nor cold, but pleasant enough, with plenty of victuals, and very cheap, since the governor had charged the orderly serjeant that he should be treated respectfully at every stage; and he had a waggon full of water-melons as presents. He did not go so expeditiously as before. In about thirty-five days he reached the city of Moscow, and saved twelve days journey to Petersburg, by the empress Catherina's coming thither to be anointed; and all the English gentlemen came a fortnight after to see the grand ceremony. Emin, with a rich Armenian, named Ivan Lavarwitz, the empress's head jeweller, and the serjeant, went on Monday morning, and waited upon the count Worronzoff. The sergeant delivered the packet. His excellency, when he broke it open, asked him the reason of his coming from Kizlar? He answered, "I came by the order of Stupition, and with a serjeant also to guard me all the way." The count was very angry, and immediately ordered the man to go out of the house. He then began to read the report, shook his head, and asked Emin, smiling, the reason of his being sent back so many hundred miles? He said he could not tell; but as far as he could understand, Stupition thought himself more wise in observing men than his superiors: and this prevented

him from going about his business; ruined him by the expences of travelling backwards and forwards; and moreover caused an unnecessary trouble to his excellency. He ordered the Armenian Ivan Lazarwitz to tell Emin, that this very morning, before Stupition's report came, he had received a letter from a particular friend of his in England, in Emin's favour, giving an account of his honest principles; "and," added he, "in my opinion, your character is superior to the treacherous letter of Stupition, and his report, which when one casts an eye upon, one forgets the contents of the letter from England; but when I look over the letter again, it has the same effect, and I shall prefer it to the report. Go home, and rest satisfied: we will take care of you for your own sake, and that of our good friends in England." Emin made his bow, and went away with triumph; but did not dare to ask who was that good angel of a friend who saved him from the destructive fury of Stupition, who thought him but a sheep; but never had imagined that God's hand was upon his head wherever he went.

After a few days refreshment, he was summoned to attend the secret college of foreign affairs, or secretary's office as it is called by the English; and when he entered the awful chamber, found there the count Worronzoff, prince Gallitzin,* the envoy his old friend, and a very good-natured well looking man an interpreter, standing by the side of the table. Emin did not miss the happy opportunity to express joy in his countenance on seeing the prince, and made dumb compliment with a low bow. He had arrived but a few days, and was created a second chancellor immediately. He smiled on Emin with good-nature in his looks. Worronzoff asked the prince if he knew him? He said, "Yes; and a very honest Armenian he is." They then ordered the interpreter to inquire of Emin from the

* Prince Galitzin, having been appointed Vice-Chancellor, had returned to Russia from England.

first to the last of his coming to that place. He said, he would answer every question they asked him with infinite pleasure. Then the examination began in form, and took up almost three hours. Emin did not conceal the smallest article, sticking close to the truth, and laid before them his whole mind. They said, "By your conversation, we are apt to think that you are descended from some ancient princely family of Armenia." He said "I humbly beg your Excellencies' pardon, if I do not deny it: but prince is he that acts like a prince. I am the son of an Armenian. There are many born handsome; but they are not like that man who acts handsomely, which is an English phrase. And how is it possible to find a prince in a nation who have been made subjects to Mahometans above 600 years? They said, "What do you hope should be done for you?—If you stay here in our service, we shall favour you with our friendship to your satisfaction." He said, he had not left his friends in India, to come to Europe for a livelihood, but for knowledge, to be of some use to his poor countrymen, who are an industrious, brave, honest people, and will soon become formidable, provided they can receive the light of understanding, to acknowledge, by real services, the goodness of Peter the Great of glorious memory, who took the greatest pains for them, and indulged them more than his own subjects. "How came you to know him so well?" said they. "By hearing of him from my father," answered he, "more than a hundred times, and by reading of his fame in England.

"In the year 1727, his Imperial majesty endeavoured to fix upon some Armenian to be their leader; but, to my great sorrow, he could not find a person resolute enough to concur with his godlike magnanimous mind, and head that people. Mr. Hanway, in his History of Persia, says, That Peter the Great sent Israel the Armenian upon an embassy to Shah Sultan Husin, in Ispahan, who loaded him with riches enough to raise an army. When he came back, Peter asked his own people how

the ambassador (unworthy of the title) was received? They said, with great respect. But he changed the route of Peter, and passed through Shamakhy and Sherwan where 18,000 armed Armenians in a few days gathered about him, in hopes that his glorious Imperial majesty had commanded the Armenian ambassador to head them. This good news to a great and good mind must have afforded extreme satisfaction. All the valuable presents that were sent by the Shah, the generous emperor gave to Israel, not taking to himself the smallest part of them; and with undaunted resolution was going to confer on him the honour of a general, and the title of chief of the Armenians, when he, like a low despicable Jew, made an excuse, saying, that he was a merchant, and could not on that head obey his commands. Peter's great soul even tried and expostulated, but it was to no purpose; he could be made nothing higher than a Banian.

"A second instance of the same kind happened:—My father Hovsep having told me, that when Ispahan was taken by the Akhvans, a party of horse was ordered by Mahmud Shah to march up to Gilan, and drive out the Russians, who had it then in their possession. There was a Julpha Armenian, named Lazar, at the head of an hundred Armenian or Georgian dragoons, who behaving as well as they could, put the Akhvans army into disorder, and coming up with the colonel of the regiment, defeated the enemy, and obtained a complete victory over them. The news being sent to Peter, and an account given of the conduct of these brave Armenians, his majesty sent for Lazar. On his arrival, he honoured him with the order of the garter,* and the commission of a general, with the command of 12,000 men, to march and join the grand army against the Osmanlus, or Turks: yet this man, with the same mean excuse, shrugging up his shoulders, and scratching his ears like a brute

* He means what he considered to be a Russian equivalent.

animal, said, that he could not hold so great a command; which was again no small vexation to Peter. His extreme patience overcoming his anger, instead of degrading, he only pitied the Armenians, among whom could not be found a single person, at that favourable time, to head them. There was wanting your humble servant Emin to satisfy his majesty in his wars: but now you are at peace with the Turks: and as to my accepting your kind offer, for which I heartily thank your greatness, it would be the means of eating the bread of idleness, and buying the cruel character of an impostor; when the world will say, Emin has broken his word: instead of going to Armenia, he made a pretence by the failure of a pass, and stayed in Russia, to live, like, the rest of his countrymen, a pensioner. If you were at war, I should by all means prefer entering your service instead of going to prince Heraclius, who is as poor as myself. In case of my not succeeding with that prince, I will do my utmost to return to Russia, since his Excellency has already graciously favoured me with a letter to Heraclius, ordering me to be sent back in a satisfactory manner."—When this discourse was ended, both chancellors wished him success, telling him never to mind returning to their country whenever he should think proper, where he would ever be received with great pleasure. They promised to give him a pass when he was ready to set out. Emin made another short speech, with prayers for the success and prosperity of the empire; then went to his lodging.

He had hardly been at Moscow ten days, when he was taken ill with a severe fit of the pleurisy, the same disorder he was attacked with in Florence. To be short, he recovered in seven days, with great pain and difficulty. Prince Gallitzin then sent for him to his own house, and said, That they had acquainted her Imperial majesty with his design; that she was extremely pleased with the spirit of it, and willing to forward his honest pursuits; but that he must wait with patience, as there was time enough for him to attain the end of his wishes.

This singularly gracious message of invitation was received three different times, and even an offer made to give him the command of the Armenians at Astracan, if he would consent to kiss her hand, and enter into her service; but he could not be persuaded or moved from his former resolution; and they finding him obstinately unchangeable, were pleased at last to grant him a passport, which cost him but a single ruble, equal to four shillings of English money.

Not having left a single penny in his pocket, he was now as distressed as ever, but did not in the least repent of refusing to accept the 2000 dollars from his German friend Mr. Miller of Riga. He borrowed twelve rubles of Sukiaz Vardapit, an Armenian monk, and desired him to keep it a great secret from the rest of the Armenian inhabitants of Moscow, lest they should grow cool from the warm reception of him in their houses; as he has on several occasions remarked, that if a nation be once subdued, their minds of course will be. A man ever so enterprising, if he is found moneyless or poor, is despised by them, loses his credit, and is hardly ever taken notice of after a calamity. As the common people entertained an imposing opinion, entirely of their own composition, that the king of England had made him a present of a million pounds sterling such ignorant credulity might be fit for an impostor like Mahomet, to reform them which way he pleased, but not for Emin, who in gratitude to his English benefactors and friends, and in respect to his late majesty, did not contradict this fable in Russia, but told them the truth afterwards, in honour to his principles.

His friends who arrived from Petersburg were very anxious to know what was become of Emin: the chaplain of the ambassador, lord Buckingham, who had been there before they came, acquainted them with all his transactions; and added, that his lordship was frightened, and would by no means see him, but said, he was a dangerous mad-man. When he was so distressed for want of his lordship's interest to speak a good word for him

to the ministers, the chaplain (whose name is forgotten) did all he could to introduce him to his lordship, but it was not possible, he not in the least resembling the late envoy Mr. Keith, who was gone to England, and would have run into the mouth of a lion for him; nor were his two great friends Dr. Mounsey and Dr. Dumaresque present, both having gone away with Mr. Keith from Petersburg. Though lord Buckingham* was taken more notice of than any other minister, and even played at cards with the empress, which might have given him courage, yet it was said his hands shook, and he could never utter three words together to her, but was all the time as timorous as if he had been sitting in company with a dragon, and afraid of being swallowed.

When Emin (by God's help), without money, or a single interposer, finished his business alone, he was not insensible of that angel of a friend, who had sent the letter to count Worronzoff. His lordship, hearing of all these proceedings, told his chaplain, Emin's good friend, that the Armenian was a devil. He begged the messenger of this speech to tell the mighty lord, that he was neither a devil, nor a child fit for school, but a man who knew himself to be a mortal.

Mr. Boad, an eminent merchant, Emin's great friend, hearing all this, unexpectedly came to his quarters, where, through distress, his heart was hanging by a single hair; took him into his chariot (which had cost 1000*l.*), and carried him to the tavern, where his lady and the few English used in the day-time to dine, and in the night they went to their respective quarters to sleep. He there saw Mrs. Boad, his wife, and several gentlemen; she

* John, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire, b. 1723, Ambassador to the Russian Court 1762, that Court having requested a nobleman to succeed Robert Keith; resigned 1765, being recalled for the viceroyalty of Ireland, "would have been a good Lord-Lieutenant were it not for his family connections and his incompetent secretary." He was an amiable nobleman with pleasing manners and good intentions. Horace Walpole (see *Dict. of National Biography*) called him the "Clearcake," "fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment." Until the creation of the marquise of Buckingham in 1784, he always signed himself Buckingham—which accounts for Emin so writing of him. Died in 1793.

desired her husband to take Emin to his lodging to drink a dish of coffee: she stayed behind, and he went with Mr. Boad, wondering why they could not have coffee in the tavern. When they came to the house, Mr. Boad said, there was no necessity Emin should give himself trouble in relating his distresses; he knew the whole of his manly behaviour and he had no time to spare. He then said in a friendly manner, "Pray, Emin, why will you not go away from this place? I know you have the passport, and suspect the reason of your delay to be this (taking money out of his pocket, and adding)—here are twenty-five Russian gold pieces (each worth twenty rupees), take them for your journey expences, and give me your note of hand; say nothing, or I shall be very angry with you, and Mrs. Boad will never forgive you; it is her desire, and not mine; she has a great regard for you, and loves your spirit. I know your stubbornness of temper, and that you think meanly of accepting a favour, as you did poor Miller's offer: you kept it a secret from us, but a friend of his told me all that had passed between you and Miller at Riga; it is to your honour, but you are lawfully bound to hear me, as I am an Englishman, and not a German. Here are pen, ink, and paper; let me have the honourable pride to say, that the hero of Armenia is going with his own hand to subscribe himself my debtor." Emin could not refuse this friendly offer; he took the pen and wrote the following note: "I Joseph Emin, the son of Hovsep Emin, do hereby acknowledge and certify, I have received of Mr. Boad the sum of twenty-five Russian gold pieces, each equal to ten dollars, which makes 250 dollars. The said Mr. Boad, without my giving him notice of my distress, of his own accord offered that assistance which I in great necessity accepted, on this condition, that he would be pleased to receive the above-mentioned sum of twenty-five gold pieces, out of the sum which the earl of Northumberland, my patron, will send or remit in a short time. Witness my hand as," &c. &c. With this Boad seemed to be satisfied, saying

with a smile, "Damn all great men: Come, come, let me take you to your quarters."

The Armenians, seeing this kindness of his worthy friend, began to make bows lower than usual, joining in belief with the common people's imaginary million, since they saw him paying the twelve dollars to Sukiaz the monk, on purpose to make a show. Two days after, comes again his friend Mr. Boad in his chariot, and says to him, "Come, Emin, let us go, my wife wants to speak with you." Emin had a couple of rooms in a large house, with a spacious court to it, where the church was, and several Armenian merchants lodged in different chambers of it; it was in a caravanserai, with the master of the house. These men naturally had the curiosity to learn every thing from his servant, of what passed between him and his English friends; nor did the servants want the quality of busy bodies, to brag of their master's being so much honoured. He went with Mr. Boad again to the same tavern, whose lady, as before, desired them to go to the same place to drink coffee. No sooner had they entered it, than Mr. Boad drew his sword, and laid it on the table: the coffee was brought by a Russian servant, who seeing the naked destroyer on the table, was frightened out of his wits. Mr. Boad, in a very grave tone of voice, ordered him to go out; he then shut the door, bidding Emin draw his sword, at the same time presenting him a dish of coffee, which he took with great composure, and said, "There is no occasion to draw." Mr. Boad filled a pipe with tobacco, and said to Emin, "I will tell you a story." He said, "The story-teller is at the table, there is no occasion to give yourself any trouble." "No, no," said he, "an Englishman will not take an advantage, unless you draw likewise: but I must tell my story first." Then said Emin, "Go on, Sir." Mr. Boad began thus: "As one day the king of France was sitting after dinner with his favourite Madame de Pompadour, all the servants being gone out, he wanted to light his pipe by the candle on the

table; there was no paper, and they were at a loss for it: Madame de Pompadour put her hand into her pocket, took out an English bank-note of 25l. and applying it with her delicate fingers to the candle, lighted the king's pipe. This made such a noise, that afterwards, for three months together, it was published in newspapers all over Europe, as an act of liberality: she having at that time 200,000l. secure in our Bank of England. Where is the merit of that? I, who have not the tenth part of that sum, am a man, and hearing of a woman, who, if she had not been the king's mistress, would be deemed no better than one of the common women in Covent-garden, will bid a defiance to those who praised her to the skies. As to lighting my honest pipe with your note, I swear, if you stir to hold my hand, or prevent the burning of it, I will run you through immediately." He then burned it to ashes, after lighting his pipe. Emin thanked him heartily for his uncommon mode of generosity, and the pretended challenge turned into a stronger amity, and eternal friendship; for, twenty-four years after, lord Macartney,*

* George Lord Macartney (1737-1806) was the only son of George Macartney of Lissanoure, Co. Antrim, and Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. J. Winder. Macartney matriculated at the age of 13 at Trinity College, Dublin. M.A. in 1759. Considered one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men of his day. In 1764 he was appointed envoy extraordinary to Petersburg to conclude a commercial treaty with Russia and was knighted before starting. On his return to England was offered and declined the embassy to Petersburg in 1767. In 1768 married Lady Jane Stuart (who died in 1828), second daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Bute, and sister to the Hon. Frederick Stuart, who had seen Emin at Northumberland House during his childhood, and renewed his friendship with him later in Calcutta. In 1776 Macartney was raised to the peerage as Baron Macartney of Lissanoure. In 1780 he was appointed Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, where he arrived in 1781. After Eyre Coote's victory at Port Nuovo, Macartney tried to treat with Hyder and with the Mahrattas. Coote objected to his policy and was supported by Warren Hastings and the Bengal Council, whose control Macartney opposed. Macartney drew up a treaty with Tippoo Sahib, which was first approved of in Bengal and then altered, whereupon he sent in his resignation. On his way home he visited Calcutta, where he had a long and dangerous illness. It must have been during this visit that he met Emin. Before leaving, the Board of Control offered him the Governor-Generalship in succession to Hastings. He returned to England 1786, and in 1792 became Earl Macartney, in 1796 Governor of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. He resigned on account of ill-health, and died at Chiswick at the age of 69. (From *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

when he came from Madras to Calcutta, told him, that his friend Mr. Boad at Petersburg spoke of him very kindly.

Mr. Thomson, another gentleman resident at Moscow, made him a present of five of the same pieces. The Armenian gentleman mentioned before, Ivan Lazarwitz, head jeweller to the empress, and his only friend among so many Armenians in all the Russian empire, seeing the English so willing to serve him, was obliged in honour to lend him twenty-five ten-dollar pieces, but never would be paid ever after. Before his setting out from Moscow, his patron the earl of Northumberland, by the hand of his amiable friend the late Miss Talbot, remitted 100 guineas. The Armenian's father Lazar, who was not acquainted with his son's liberality, gave him five of the same coin, with a large loaf of sugar weighing forty pounds, and five pounds of tea.

Had Mr. Boad, or Mr. Thomson, been worth half as much money as Ivan Lazarwitz, they would with pleasure have saved Emin the pain of being beholden to any great man existing: but, instead of that, the former was at that time 15,000 tumans in debt to the Russian government, and lost every part of his capital in merchandizing in the late war, amounting to 300,000 rupees. The capital of the other, who was in a tolerable good way, was about 30,000 dollars. It was therefore great merit in the Armenian jeweller, whose father but lately died, leaving three sons and a daughter; and to the eldest son Ivan (Emin's friend) had left the grand manufactory, together with 8000 Russian slaves bought by him; all which were then valued at 40,000 tumans, or 800,000 rupees; and he gave also to the other two sons, and to the daughter, 12,000 tumans each, and 6000 tumans to the churches and the poor. With all this wealth, Lazar thought himself doing a generous action, in giving Emin five pieces of gold, with a loaf of sugar; and his son in lending him twenty-five pieces! Emin should not have made this remark, to expose the Armenians' stinginess, but speaking the truth is doing justice to all; for a soldier in particular, whose

tongue and heart should go together. If the Armenian merchants had half the attachment to liberty that they have to money and to superstitions, which are ruinous in many respects, they would have been made free long ago: but that horrid superstition has become so predominant, and so instilled into their minds, running through every muscle and vein, and so intermixed with their blood and humour that they really deserve the pity more than the reflections of the public. They actually do not know what liberty is; could they once but taste the sweetness of it, and drive old women's stories out of their good hearts, they would certainly be a great nation. It has been Emin's darling ambition only to tear off that obscure curtain from before their eyes, which motive forced him to go through such a multitude of toils. In any other case, he should have esteemed it imprudent to reflect on himself, as well as his poor countrymen, almost in every page of these memoirs; but when the reader shall candidly consider the subject, he will find the writer acts, in speaking openly concerning them, for their own good, and by no means with an intention to give the smallest offence or dissatisfaction to them: on the contrary, his chief object is to rouse them from their innocent slumbers, which happiness, he is sensible, cannot be in any man's power to confer, unless God graciously bestow it on them.

XIII.

1763.

[Start for Astrakhan—Rentil's friendship—"Avoiding temptation"—Granddaughter of Avan—Avan's history—Project of marriage—Emin "stonehearted like Charles XII. of Sweden"—Pathetic farewells—Kizlar—Russian general Stupition "grumbling like a bear with his tail cut"—His German wife's exaggerations—Escort of Cossacks—Journey through mountains—Tiflis—Heraclius—His nobles, "born 24 hours before the devil"—The graceless wolf of an old Armenian proverb—Kherim Khan threatening Tiflis—Emin enlists 800 Armenians—Heraclius's cowardice and Emin's disgust—Revolt in Ispahan—Kherim retreats—Heraclius's jealousy and treachery—Emin's honest dealings with Heraclius—The price offered for Emin's blood—His enemies—Heraclius bewildered—"All haramzadas and the patriarch just as bad!"]

HAVING now provided himself tolerably well with money, the necessary evil of life, he took leave of all his good-hearted friends, set out with a single servant, a relation of his, in a sledge, by the Imperial order, in the month of March, and arrived in fifteen days at Astrakhan; where he surprized the prophesying Armenian merchants; who, seeing him come back so very quick, in five or six months time, took for granted that he was the very man whom Haly Moses, the great patriarch, had foretold six hundred and twenty years before; and bringing their children with them, prostrated themselves at his feet. He begged they would leave off that slavish mode of paying respect, since he himself was one of them: but the next morning, when they came to visit him, and brought presents, he refused to take them, making apologies, and saying, that he had done nothing yet to deserve them: they were very fine rich pieces, various sorts of tissue, to the value of some hundred dollars. Mr. John Rentle and his wife, at whose house he lived before, were more rejoiced than all of the others together. Every one naturally wishes to see a man of an extraordinary character, or his portrait when he is talked of, as either good or great. Mr. Rentle was in every respect brave and generous to the very soul, fit for

enterprizes in forming governments, and worthy of his illustrious nation the Swedes; but his very look, eyes, face, shape, and height, exactly resembling Emin, who shall never forget him as long as he lives. He offered more earnestly than Mr. Miller to leave his wife for a time, and follow Emin's fortunes.

Emin had now a house to live in, which saved Mr. Rentle the trouble of entertaining him; and to preserve himself from temptation, he went over the frozen river Edel, pitched a tent, and lived there three weeks, about half a mile from Astrakhan, till the snow melted and the roads were opened. His reason for so doing was very strong. When he was at Kizlar, he found Avankhan's wife, an old lady of sixty-five, with her granddaughter, who had been absent from Astrakhan for some time, and were just returned from Borughan, a Circassian village, a-day's journey to the south of Kizlar, where people go to bathe themselves in the hot waters; and those two ladies had been there for the change of air. He was advised by his friends to promise marriage to the young damsel of fourteen, as she was the only girl in that country of beauty and education, and of the most distinguished family in all Armenia. The history of her grandfather Avan* would take up volumes, if it were written in a proper manner. To make it short, he was born of a noble family in Stirvan, revolted, with eighteen others, and deserted from Calbaly, sultan of that province, whom he surprized by night on the Armenian side of the river Cur; and by firing repeated vollies in different places, induced him to believe, that an army of mountaineers had surrounded him, so then he decamped precipitately with 18,000 men, leaving behind him considerable booty; which Avan's party, assisted by the neighbouring Armenian villagers, carried away: five hundred mule loads of fire-arms were distributed among the subjects of five chiefs of Karabagh; where, by all accounts, there had been no more

* Melik Avankhan of the Armenians, Meliks of Thizak. See the "Five Meliks of Karabagh," at the end of Part II.

than two match-lock pieces in each chief's arsenal. It was Avan the First who introduced complete fire-arms in those mountains. This happened some years before the destruction of Shah Sultan Husin. The last, when Peter the Great was alive, and not wanting to encourage him with his letters. The Armenian mountaineers from that time began to hold up their heads. Avan made himself an independent prince, with a formidable army, while he had to do with the Persians alone, whom he beat in several battles, killing no less than 70,000 of them; but when the Osmanlus took possession of great part of Persia, with a larger army, yet he could not have been overpowered, if the odious Turks had not brought with them the plague, which obliged Avan to go over to Russia.

The writer is not sure he was created prince by Peter, or, after his death, by his niece the late Empress Anne. When he was in Russia, the government made him general; and at the head of 12,000 men, he marched to Derbund, in order to enter Armenia, but died there soon after, to the great misfortune of the Armenians. His son, Prince Atlukhan, having been in that service long enough, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, but was unworthy to be called the son of Avankhan; and after a most debauched life died at the age of thirty-three years, leaving an only daughter, then an infant, and heiress to a great landed estate, besides an immense treasure in jewels. When Emin returned from Moscow, he found the grandmother, with her grand-daughter, returned from Kizlar. He chose to live in an asylum, rather than in a princess's house with peace and plenty, and with a young lady of fourteen, when he was about thirty-three. The old lady was ready to consent, and even to persuade, and nothing could have hindered his being married: so that he might have done very well, and by this time have been high in the Empress's service, whose predecessor, Elizabeth, was extremely fond of the princess, Emin's friend, and sent three times for the young angel to see her, with the

old dowager. Peter the Great also, the father, sent a letter to prince Avankhan,* in which the dear brother, and his glorious signature, promises that, as soon as she is married, provided it be to a soldier by profession, he shall be made a general.

This gracious letter of Peter the Great, the young lady had shewn to Emin three times, perhaps with an innocent intention, that he might form an inclination to matrimony; but he was stone-hearted, like Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and sacrificed all that prospect of advantage to the cause of his country, except the singular satisfaction of having acted honourably, in not causing a spot to be cast upon the reputation of that harmless angel.

The old princess sent over his breakfast, dinner, and supper, every day; and each time with letters so moving, that they would have brought down an iron town; but he only shed tears bitterly, and sent apologizing answers. The princess Avan was a woman of great natural sense, and finding he would not consent to coming over to live, was very uneasy lest he should catch cold, and proposed to him to sleep in a separate house; but he could not be persuaded: he only went three different mornings very early, stayed just time enough to read the letter beforementioned, and immediately went away to his covered waggon. On the last day, when he took his leave of them, he said, he would be as good as his word, and return to them, if it should please God to grant him success in his plan; otherwise, he never should think himself worthy of being one of her Highness's common footmen. The scene was pathetic; all three were drowned in tears; hardly able to speak, hanging over one another's necks, and just able to bid adieu. Emin

* Raffi says that Melik Avan died in 1744, and mentions the Empress Elizabeth's affection for his grand daughter, but gives her a different name, Frejlin, not Marian, and if the latter was only fourteen in 1763, she must have been born after Avan's death. Raffi also refers to Peter the Great's liking for Avan, and the latter's visits to Petersburg, but as Peter died in 1725, the promise contained in the letter must have been intended for fulfilment in the case of a future descendant of the Melik's.

only consoled his mind, by thanking his Maker, that he had done no harm, but had a good intention in that uncommon proceeding, when he might have married and acquired an immediate fortune, without being obliged to see the face of the Greek prince Heraclius, whose heart was full of envy and jealousy.

When he arrived at Kizlar, he waited on Stupition, who could not believe his own eyes, but thought he was in a dream, when he saw Emin with a powerful passport and a strong commanding letter from two very great ministers, setting forth, that if all the Armenian inhabitants of Kizlar (excepting those who had been naturalized) should follow Emin Hovsepwitz, they were to be convoyed without any pretence or hindrance; and that whatever behaviour, good or indifferent, general Stupition should shew to the said Emin Hovsepwitz, should be placed to their account. And, to convince him more fully that he could be a judge of the character of Emin, and of his principles, it was added, "By our will and pleasure he is to pass through the town of Kizlar honourably, without any sort of molestation. And whereas by a calumnious false imputation, he was obliged to return to the Imperial college of foreign affairs; he there passed an examination, and came off with honour and applause. Given under our hands," &c. &c.

Stupition, stupified and confounded, grumbling like a bear with his tail cut, did not know what to do with himself. He had been weak enough to believe his German wife, who said, that she had seen Emin in the king of Prussia's army, commanding the death regiment of hussars, where he did more havock, and destroyed more Russians in the battle of Castrin, than the greatest part of the king's army. When her husband put the question to Emin, he said, he should be very proud if it were true, not of destroying Christians but of just fame; but that in fact he had been no more than seven days with the king. However, they took for granted that he was the man,

but did not think proper to speak the truth. Then the lady thought herself very wise to prig up her head, and her husband looked vain, thinking he possessed a jewel of a wife. This happened before the report was made and he was sent back.

Emin's name, through such report, grew every day more and more like a snowball, which in a few days melts to water; for his English education had so good an effect upon him, that he never could be made so weak as to be in the least vain of himself: and he must acknowledge, that if, instead of a snowball, his fortune had been turned into real solid gold, (which would equally have melted with a strong fire,) he should have chosen to bestow it rather on honest soldiers, to fight for the liberty of their country, than to sit drinking wine to the healths of rich Armenian merchants, who would have been glad to hear of his profession, especially since their own purses are made inaccessible through good and salutary laws.

After Easter holidays were over, he set out with three servants on horseback; and the general, to his mortification, by an order from above, sent 120 cossacks to accompany him to a village belonging to the Circassians, at the foot of Mount Caucasus. After five days travelling from Kizlar, he and his servants were obliged to halt a fortnight on account of the snow in the passes, and to settle with the mountaineers about the payment for allowing them to go over. This commonly amounts to twelve pieces of coarse linen, each to make a shirt worth two English shillings: every man pays besides for his bedding; and the packs of the horses are carried on the backs of those Herculean fellows, for no more than four such pieces of linen for a horse-load, all the way, or two days journey. It is incredible how they climb up those high mountains, whose summits reach above the clouds. At length, with infinite fatigue, they passed over them, descended, and pitched tents at the foot of them, near a village called Stepan Sminda (or St. Stephen): The master of the place had orders beforehand, from

prince Heraclius, to accommodate him with quarters, provision, and so forth. According to custom, the man begged Emin to give notice in writing to the prince of his arrival, which he did very readily, and sent it by one of the villagers. The answer of his highness was received in six days from Kakhet. After some cool compliments, it signified to him, that he was to march to Ananor, one day's journey from that place, to be entertained there till further orders. They stayed there four days more, and received fresh orders to march down to Teffliz.

His thirty men, who had been sent away by him a year before, came every one in good health, and met him in the way as he was slowly advancing. On drawing near a village about twelve miles from the town, on both sides of the road, as close as could be, were standing, ladies of the city, with white veils, and about 4000 horsemen, Georgians or Armenians, who met him just half way, in the avenue made by those lovely spectators, Armenian ladies of all ranks, praying for the success of Emin as he passed along, loud enough to be heard by him. He seemed to be pleased, seeing handsome forms, and hearing agreeable voices; but his heart all the time whispered to him, "No.—Heraclius is not a man to be depended on." Since he was sent thither by his friends the Russians, he could not help otherwise putting on the best countenance.

In that grand manner he made his entry: his men increased to 800; but he dismissed all except eighty of them. He was conducted to an Armenian merchant's house, and his servants to different places; his horses, with the grooms, to an inn. He was very well supplied with wine, and all sorts of provisions. He ordered guards of his own men to stand at the door, and not to admit any Armenian or Georgian merchants, with an intention to avoid giving umbrage to the prince, who came six days after from Telav, the capital of Kakhet Georgia, and the next day sent for Emin, who took along with him a brace of pistols, with a couple of spying-glasses, and the letter of count

Worronzoff. On presenting them, he told his Highness they were not worthy the acceptance of a prince like him; but he could assure him, that he was come to present his heart and service to be wholly devoted to him, and was ready, on word of command, to shed his blood for him at any time. The prince appeared to be vastly pleased, and was not wanting in words. After returning the compliments, he thanked him, making some apologies for not answering his letters, and saying, he was very glad of Emin's resolution;—that it was God who sent him thither. Then he made Emin sit by him. Emin thought it prudent to beg his Highness to let the audience be private, which was granted immediately, and the people ordered to go from the levee. He then said, “Your Highness judges of my coming to the dust of your feet, agreeably to my heart's wish. Nothing in this world can be done without God; nor a single hair fall from our heads without his decrees. I have left a country which is no less than a paradise upon earth, and preferred Georgia or Armenia, which, without you, (whom God preserve,) would be no more than a chaos. The people, as far as appears, are disorderly and ignorant; no good can be expected from them, but only confusion and mischief, whose ears are deaf to good words, and open to bad; and who are ready to magnify a fly to the size of an elephant: therefore, I humbly implore that your Highness forbid their coming to me, or visiting me upon any account; for the healer of my wounds, and the physician of my maladies, is your Highness alone.”

Heraclius, on this representation, opened his sympathising heart, and said, “God has made our minds alike, and under the same planet: you are in the right; they shall not come to fill your ears with nonsense, for they are not worthy to be in company with a person whose mind is as pure as unmixed gold.” He then began to complain of his wicked nobles, and their unruly disposition; and added, “With all my care and pains, I cannot make anything of them, nor find a single soul who has

sense enough to incline his mind or bend his thoughts towards meaning well; but, on the other hand, they are wicked to the soul, false to the very bone: in a word, they were born twenty-four hours before the devil. As for fighting, they do not want courage: but what of that? the wild beasts in the field have as much; beware, and take no notice of them: but what shall we do, my Emin Aga, to make men of them?" Emin said, "Break them into small pieces like glass, to be cast afresh." The prince laughed at the expression, desired him to come near, to sit close to him, knee to knee, and then asked how that was to be done? Emin said, "It is impossible for any man, who has been brought up in a wild way, without education or experience of the world, to give just hopes of any thing good. The only method will be, to set up two or three common schools, and make their children go to learn the principles of religion, from seven to sixteen, that their faith may be well grounded: when that is done, frame them into companies, to be taught the use of arms, like the Europeans, from sixteen years of age to twenty. Let that be the work of the morning, and about three in the afternoon let heroic lectures be read to them, about three quarters of an hour; short and sweet: then let them go to play."

Here the prince interrupted Emin, saying, "What shall we do for money to pay the school-masters?" He said, "It may very easily be managed: let every man give a penny every morning to his child, when he goes to school, to put into the master's hands; six pence a-week, makes two shillings a-month. Fifty boys will bring a hundred shillings; and five pounds in so cheap a country, are sufficient to maintain a family, where a bottle of wine is sold for a penny, an English shilling loaf for three-half-pence; a sheep, one year old, for five or six shillings (in that place called Abasys). When at the age of twenty-one they shall be disciplined in useful learning, they will be exactly like birds of prey. A general like your Highness at the head of them, or one of your sons may easily then find game for them

in the neighbouring country of the Turks and Persians, whose rich army is no better than a mob. The difficulty is in the beginning, when once the lost end of the yarn is found, the coil of it may easily be opened as the wheel goes round; and then it may be wound into clues. In the meantime, the wisdom that has deserted this fine country will come back of itself, and make it flourishing, thus enlightened, as it has all the kingdoms of Europe." He added, "Though I am poor, and my advice blunt, yet if your Highness will listen to it, you will surely never repent." The prince was all attention to his simple way of giving counsel, and said, almost at every word, "Good, true, very right." Yet he could not check his avaricious Asiatic disposition, insisting, that they must have money to commence so great a work. This made Emin recollect the old Armenian proverb, *Gaili gekhin avitararan cardatzin asatz vochkhary hotten antzav*;) that is, when they were preaching the gospel over the head of a wolf,* he said, A flock of sheep is passing: which is as much as to say, a man cannot change his nature.

From that single meeting, Emin soon found of what metal the mighty prince was made, and remembered his late father's prophetic hint, when he wrote from Bengal to England, That Heraclius was not a soul to be much depended on. And added, "My dear son, do you judge him to be like the princes of blessed Europe? Can you compare a tiger to an angel? Go to him, and remember me, when I have departed from this vain world; he will meditate all the mischief he can against you. But never fear, God is with you, for your good heart: go to him; he will never be able to injure your person." When Emin hinted his being poor, or a soldier of fortune, he perceived that the prince's countenance changed to a yellow colour: his com-

* *Gaili kēlkhin avietharan karthatsin assats voch khari hoth'n antsav.* More forcibly, ԳԼԻԽԻՆ ԱՎԵԹԱՐԱՆԻ ԿԱՐԴԱՏԻՆ ԱՍԱՏ ՎՈՇԽԱՐԻ ԽՈԹՆՆ ԱՆՏԱՎ : While they were reading the Gospel over the head of the wolf (in order to convert him from his evil ways), he said, "Hurry up, there's a flock of sheep gone past!"

mon complexion was black, mixed with green; his stature was short, half an inch taller than Emin's; but he was well made, and strong in bones and nerves. Heraclius had been one of the greatest men living, if his mind could have been turned into the path of truth. In regard to the character of the people Emin agreed with him, he was in every respect the first man among them, which enabled him to have the command over all.

The first conference being ended, Emin took leave and went to his lodgings. A few days after, Revaz Eshigu Agasy Bashy (or the first aid-du-camp) was sent with compliments to Emin, with orders to enlist as many Armenians, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, as would enter into the service; news being received that Carim Khan had overcome all his competitors in the kingdom of Persia,* and, at twelve days distance, was preparing to march with a hundred thousand men to Tiffliz, if prince Heraclius would not consent to the condition brought by Carim's messengers to him; namely, to send his daughter-in-law, the wife of Wakhtan Mirza, his late eldest son by the first wife, and his brother Gorgin Mirza, the hereditary prince of Georgia, or second son to prince Heraclius, together with his son-in-law prince David, and twelve other noblemen's sons, with twelve beautiful Georgian virgins not older than twelve years.

Though sorry for the demand, Emin was glad with all his heart of the opportunity, and enlisted 800 stout Armenians in six days time. When he acquainted the prince, he told him, with no less jealousy than surprize, to stop, asking his advice in regard to Carim's demand? Emin said to him, "Why do not you consult your nobles?" The prince answered, "I have consulted them; they are willing to submit, and have made me

* Subsequent to the period of rebellion in Persia following on the assassination of Nadir Shah in 1747, one Kherim Khan, after subduing all other aspirants to the throne, eventually became the ruler of the country. He resided in Shiraz where he constructed many fine buildings and bazars, one of which, the Vakil bazar, is still known by his name, as at first he called himself Vakil, not king. He appointed his brother Zaki-khan governor of Shiraz. Kherim died in 1778, twenty-one years after restoring peace to Persia.

almost listen to their advice; alleging, that the consequences of falling out with the king of Persia may bring on the total destruction of Georgia; for my nobles tell me, it will be a difficult undertaking to stand against a powerful nation, without money, artillery, or ammunition." Emin said, "May it please your Highness, the character I have heard of you in England, differs greatly from what you now confess, which is downright pusillanimity: your agreeing to it will be an action of a coromsak, or pimp, not of a prince, to take with your own hands of your son and daughters, and those of your subjects' innocent children, and deliver them to the lusts of dogs to be defiled!—Brute beasts would not be guilty of such an action!—Let them come—let us die first—let us not see that horrid day with an open eye. You conquered with a handful of men Azad Khan,* the Afghans sold him for 300 tumans not long ago to Carim, who was twice as powerful.—Never fear, God will fight for us.—It stands against reason that Carim should get the better of you; his inclination is to debauch your family, while you pray for the peace of your country."

Seeing Emin thus exasperated, the prince told Ter Philippus (an Armenian secular priest, the prince's grammar master in the Georgian language), to say, "The prince thanks you for your heroic advice." Indeed, if Emin had not been present, the prince's heart would have fallen like a tower whose foundation is undermined and perhaps he would have consented to Carim's unnatural villanous demand. Within twenty-four hours, Heraclius wrote a short sarcastical letter to Carim, and despatched the messengers. Not many days after, news arrived that Zakiz Khan, Carim's brother, had revolted in Ispahan, and carried all the inhabitants of that great city to the mountains of Loristan; which had obliged Carim to march with his whole army in precipitation, making two stages in one, to put a stop to his

* Azad Khan of Khorassan, at one time a successful opponent of Kherim.

rebellious brother's proceedings; which saved Heraclius from becoming, like his predecessor's father-in-law, tributary to the king of Persia.

This lucky event made Georgia enjoy peace to this juncture. Had the prince complied with that diabolical condition proposed by Carim (and he had very great merit in not complying, for Emin's advice was but wind in his ears), that country, as well as the Eminate Georgians, who were chiefly made free from the subjection of the Osmanlus through the prince's wise politics, might have fallen into everlasting slavery to those two Mahometan nations, as they had before fallen for a period of about 130 years; nor would they have been so happy as to become provinces to the empire of the mighty Russians, when the glorious empress Catherina compassionately accepted those two small principalities under her august and most auspicious protection, which, very fortunately both for Heraclius and Solomon, took place in her imperial majesty's reign; for their ancestors many years before, namely, the princes Archil, Vaktang, and Bakar, had been supplicating that court, even in Peter the Great's time, but could not effect their purpose of becoming subjects to Russia, and were obliged to live and die there in grievous anxiety; whereas her benevolent majesty received the proposals of Heraclius and Solomon with pleasure and cheerfulness. Who knows, but in time to come the Armenians may join the Georgians, and bring a formidable army into the field, for the downfall of the Mahomedan kings. But to speak the truth, Emin was not at all pleased with Carim's marching back from Romia* to Ispahan; had that prince come to Georgia, he might have acquired the glory of dying honourably, or have performed service sufficient to win the prince's heart, and thus have succeeded in his main design, delivering the Armenians, and forming a respectable alliance with Georgia, and then becoming tributary to a Christian power.

* Urmi.

When the just-mentioned news was authenticated, the prince sent Emin orders to dismiss all the new-raised men but forty of them. He obeyed, and proposed to the prince to let him have the command of about 1000 Georgian horse, to fall on the rear of Carim's army, before he could leave Azarbaijan, as it was reported that he was on a hasty march, with heavy baggage, and could not possibly reach Arakistan in forty days, whereas Emin might in five days reach it with light troops; besides, the Armenians in the way had sent a promise to join him, and he was sure of dispersing that rabble of an army, which, with Carim at the head of them, were almost defeated, not a year before, by a body of 300 Armenian mountaineers; and they would have gained a complete victory, if Fataly Khan Avshar their general had stayed, but he ran away with 15,000 Kezelbashs: which Carim hearing, rallied his mob, and in two days, with the loss of 1500 men, overcame them at last, and put them all to the sword. The Persian stragglers often told Emin, some days after he came to Tiffliz, that if those 300 Armenians had only water and ammunition, Carim could never have taken them; and that on the capitulation, he took his oath upon the Koran not to kill them who surrendered. Emin with great sincerity was proceeding with his proposals to serve Heraclius, not minding the jealousy of his heart, and imagining, that as he was a Christian, he might overcome it; but the serpent grew bigger and bigger every day. The prince told him, there was no necessity for so dangerous an undertaking; and said to the secular priest Philippus, that Emin's heart was made of steel; this was only to puff him up, and conceal himself from Emin, supposing him weak enough to mistake flattery for applause.

That summer, Heraclius took Emin and his forty men with him to the fine fields of Georgia, where they passed the time partly in bush-fighting against the plundering Lazguis, and partly in taking pleasure. The prince kept him always in his company, either on horseback or in the tent, with an intention to pump out

of him the secret of making money, and to know if he had any, or was really poor. He complained most bitterly of those hardy invaders the Lazguis, and said, they were the ruin of Georgia. Emin said, "If you will give me leave, I will tell you, that those very Lazguis are your best troops, since their incursions impoverish the country of your nobles, and oblige them to be subservient to your will. You may very easily prevent their entering the country, if you please; you suffer their coming, and take no notice of it till they have ruined a village or two, and made the inhabitants captives; then you set out with your household troops, and a pretended zeal, to destroy the poor creatures, and that with no loss of your own men; and of course you acquire the fame of a conqueror; the nobles grow poor and exhausted, and are obliged in spite of fate to submit to you; while you think yourself in the right to keep them under, by paying them in their own coin. It is very well known to all, that when Shah Abbas took the country of the Cartuel Georgians, which you are now in possession of, and marched to Kakhet Georgia, which is your Highness's own hereditary country, the poor people of it fled to Cartuel for shelter; but the nobles, instead of protecting them as their fellow Christians, took and sold them by thousands to the Turks, till they almost depopulated Kakhet; and, on the other hand, both countries were enslaved by the Persians. Shah Sultan Hussein, the last king of the Sophy family, being killed, and the Turks and Afghans having gotten possession of the kingdom of Persia, prince Buker of Cartuel, your uncle by the mother's side, inviting the Pasha of Osmanlus to Tiffliz, was forced to fly to Russia, and the Lazguis over-ran Kakhet. Then Nadir Shah comes out of Khorasan, delivers the whole kingdom, drives the Turks away, sends for your father king Tahmuras, who died in Moscow, and by whose will I came hither. He fearing to go to Nadir Shah, the deliverer of Persia, your Highness's mother Tamer undertook the journey, went herself to Nadir, and obtained the rank of Vali, or feudatory, for her husband your father.

After the destruction of Nadir, when no hereditary prince was to be found in Cartuel, you being then the heir, became master of the country, and recollecting the past conduct of its nobles, and their former unnatural barbarity, you approved that method to revenge yourself; though you do not sell their subjects to the Mahomedans, as they do yours, you let the Lazguis do the business for you; and leave the world to say, that Heraclius is the defender of the Christian faith, and the protector of those who profess it! You have only this to answer before God, and the world will vouch for you, that you have sold no Christian as slaves to the Mahomedans like the nobles of Cartuel; but you have suffered them by thousands and thousands to be made captives by the Lazguis."

A few weeks after this conversation, Chouchol Mussa, a man seventy-eight years of age, a captain of banditti of the same mountains, at the head of 200 hundred of them, was taken alive, mounted on a mule like Mahomed; and when he was brought before his Christian Highness, he was in hopes of escaping the sword on account of an intimacy with him and his father. As soon as he found that he must lose his head, he spit at the prince's face, and said to him, "You, that pretend to defend Christians, can you deny before the Supreme Being a box full of letters, which is now in my house, both from you and from your father, pointing out the way to Cartuel Georgia, and inciting us to kill and enslave its inhabitants? Do not you remember how many hundred measures of wine we and our party drank in your house, and how many hundred monds (a Georgian measure of bread) they have eaten in it?" He added, That besides 20,000 slaves sold to the Turks, that he had for his part at different times debauched 416 beautiful Georgian virgins, and that he had nothing more left in his heart to wish for. Then stretching out his neck, he began saying, "Laila ilalah" and so forth. His head was struck off with a single blow of a sword. All the while Heraclius was grinning at the nobles, when the man boasted

of the destruction of Christians; and he might not have been executed, if he had not spit in the face of the prince. Thus had prince Heraclius maintained to himself, and kept possession of both the Georgian provinces, Cartuel and Khaket, for thirty-nine or forty years; and at last gave them up, with a pretended good-will, to the management of the Russians, fearing, very justly, that after his death, it would not be well governed by any one of his numerous children, who were all growing up to manhood, but none so enterprising nor so active as himself.

He one day proposed to Emin, if he had such a man as could be trusted with a secret of great consequence, so as to form some enterprize, and try if possible to take by surprize the fortified town of Iravan—"If that be done, it will be the only place for you to settle in; the Armenians will come to you in crowds from all parts, hearing that Heraclius is the author of the plan, and is a friend to Emin; there is no doubt of our becoming invincible; as for those Khans of Persia, they are but school-boys; we can play with them as with dolls." Then he repeated the same question to him. Emin answered, "Yes." The prince said, "Who is he?" Emin said, "I am the very man, your Highness's humble servant." Heraclius asking in what manner, he said, "In a very easy manner; please to send a file of twelve men to stand as a sham guard upon me; order a cryer to proclaim in the city, that the Armenian Joseph Emin, having, in Russia, forged false letters in the names of the nobles, ministers, and generals, in recommendation of himself; and we having discovered the spuriousness of them, have commanded the prince Heraclius of Georgia, on the receipt of this, to secure the said Emin the Armenian, and send him with proper guards, over the same mountains of Cowedous, to conduct him to Moscow; then order five hundred men of your best troops to come from Kakhet, your own country; deliver him to their charge, and command them to take him to Russia. Having given me a letter signed and sealed by your own hand, to shew to the com-

mander of the five hundred men, let him set out in the afternoon; this will prevent the people from suspecting any thing; and when about midnight I shall shew it to the officer, he will learn the contents, that the commander with his troops shall be entirely under my command, and that the report was a fiction; that he is to follow me wherever I please to lead him, and obey me to the last drop of his blood; then depend on it, Iravan will be no longer in possession of the cowardly Husin Aly Khan, who has but seven hundred men in the fort."

Upon this, the suspicious prince was struck with amazement, hung down his head, putting his elbow on his knee, and his hand upon his forehead, but did not speak a word for half an hour? He then asked, How he would proceed afterwards: Emin said, "Sir, there is no occasion to trouble yourself farther; your business is to command so far, and mine is to obey. I will take the oath of fidelity to your Highness, if you mistrust me." Then, to take away the unnecessary suspicion which appeared in his face, he said, "There are four capital religions in the world, from its creation to the present time; the first is, that of the heathens, who swore by fire and water; the second are worshippers of God, but Jews, who take oaths on the Old Testament; the third swear by the Holy Gospel, the foundation of Christianity; and the fourth by the Koran of Mahomet. No man can be out of these four faiths, upon which I will take an oath, and proceed on the expedition; if not, the empty project will be like building castles in the air." The prince said, "He firmly believed that he was a zealous good Christian; but that to venture on a design so dangerous, might be attended with bad consequences." Emin could not help laughing, to see the prince departing from his proposals, and contradicting himself without sense of shame or honour; and he thought of his father Hovsep, who knew the man without having seen him.

Then the prince desired Emin to send his head-man Simon, with his forty servants, to Iravan, to enlist in Husin Aly Khan's

service and continue in it long enough to become well acquainted with the Khan's Armenian troops in the fort, whom by some means he might entice away. Emin would by no means undertake so base a business, or teach his countrymen treachery; neither he nor they were Mahomedans, to proceed in that wicked way, to eat a man's bread and salt, and instead of serving him to cut his throat. "Why will you not send," said he to the prince, "some of your own men, whose very nature is made up of treachery and cunning?" The prince said, "Husin Aly will suspect them; as for your servants, who are Armenians, they may say their master is poor, and has no money to support them and that necessity brought them to serve Husin Aly Khan." Emin then found that it was Heraclius's design they should be dispersed; he could not help saying, "Yes; do as you think proper." The little money he had he divided among them, and gave them permission to go which way they pleased towards Armenia, not losing the opportunity of writing a long letter, which he gave to his servant Simon, to carry to the archbishop Honan or Jonas, of the monastery of St. John the Baptist, the only friend of Emin's among so many thousand ecclesiastics, in the province of Moosh, N.W. who answered him very kindly, assuring him, if he would come away from Tiffliz, with about fifty Georgians, and that by the consent of Heraclius, in order that the Turks might know he was Emin's friend, four thousand men would be ready to put themselves under his command; but without Heraclius's name or assistance, it could not be done. This letter he carried and shewed Heraclius, as he did every letter from the chiefs of Carabagh; and reported every small negotiation or correspondence with them, to be before hand with informers; and this alone secured him from falling a victim to the prince's incurable jealousy. No sooner had his wicked followers gone to give him intelligence of Emin's receiving letters from his poor countrymen, than the prince told them, he had broken the seals at Emin's own desire, and read the

contents himself first; and he many times declared to his people, that Emin was an honest Armenian; and, if he had not been a dangerous man, by writing only, and without money, he would have gained the minds of all the Armenians, in every part of the country.

Emin in his second letter acquainted him, that he was as poor as Job; and the bishop, in his fatherly answer, told him, that these brave Christians had sworn, and would again swear, to serve under him for ten years, without expectation of pay; and that if they took a rich town, the booty of it should not be touched by them; but that every part of it should be given to him, provided that he would come to them with the good-will of Heraclius. To all these proposals, the prince grew deafer and deafer every day, and was very watchful to find some pretence to lay hold of Emin. Simon Catholicus,* the successor of Jacob, at first was inclined to concur with Emin; but when

* Simon of Erivan. Elected Catholicos 1763, died 1780, aged 70. He established a paper mill and printing press at Etchmiatsin, instituted or arranged the archives of the patriarchate, revised and arranged and lettered the calendar of the Church. He also wrote a key to the calendar. The calendar of the Church is a very important volume, showing all the hymns appointed for every day in the year. (The daily services consist mostly of singing and contain very many hymns.) He fixed the observance of national feasts on Saturdays (the feast of Varthan, the national hero, is apparently an exception, as it always falls on the Thursday before the 1st Sunday in Lent). The observance of certain feasts, which up to his time the people were at liberty to observe or not, was ordained by him to be indispensable. He fixed the days of commemoration of the Apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew on Saturdays, and the commemoration of the Angels and of All-Saints, also the observance of Transfiguration Day on a Sunday, and sanctified certain other feasts to be observed as "Lord's Days." He inserted the penitential litany of the "Lord, have mercy," in the liturgy, and wrote the versicle "Hasten Thou, O God of our fathers," also the lengthy Introit for the festival of St. Gregory the Illuminator. Maghakia Ormanian, in his book on the Church of Armenia, translated into English by G. Marcar Gregory, says that Simon I. may be looked upon as "the most noble personality of the age." His actions with regard to Emin, however, scarcely show him to have been possessed of nobility of character.

Lynch, in his "Travels in Armenia," says that the fortifications of Etchmiatsin were restored by Simon during his patriarchate, according to Dubois de Montpéroux's "*Voyage autour du Caucase*," Paris, 1839, vol. iii., p. 360.

Formerly there were four Catholicos of the Armenian Church. Their seats were at Etchmiatsin, Kilikia (Cilicia), Akhthamar, and Gaudtsasar (Karabagh). There are now only two, the Catholicos of Kilikia, and the Catholicos and Supreme Patriarch of all Armenians at Etchmiatsin,

he found that the prince's heart was not the same with his outward behaviour to him, whom he wanted only to make a tool of; he sent a letter to Heraclius, to signify to him that he was the king of Armenia and Georgia, and that he would do best to send the imprudent prince to the place whence he came; thinking to be in favour with Heraclius by this flattery, not looking deep enough into the meaning of his expression; which made Heraclius so angry, that he said in his council to Philipus the grammarian, and to all the nobles, "Pray, Sirs, how can I be the king of Armenia, when the Catholicus of Etzmiatzin advise me to send their imprudent prince away? How can Emin, the son of Joseph, born in Ivah in the city of Hamadan, be called by Simon Patriarch *our prince*, which is as much as to say, hereditary prince of Armenia? What do you think of this, Sirs?" Their answer was, "May it please your Highness, Simon Catholicus is one of the most learned men of the age, and has seen a great deal of the world; ten to one he must know Emin's family better than any one, else he would not have entitled him *our prince*. Emin must have been a sorcerer, if without money, beauty, or other qualification, he could possess the hearts of all his nation. As your Highness declares, you have perused every one of their letters, the very direction of them are surprizing—*To God's Protected, his Majesty Emin, King of all Armenia*. May it please your Highness, necessity has no law, this man must be demolished, or put out of the way; otherwise Georgia will be trampled under the feet of the Armenians who out-number us ten to one."

Secander Aga, a Persian Turk, chief of the clan of the Cossacks of 15,000 men, came forwards, making his speech, and giving his Mahomedan opinion in the case, and afterwards offering the prince 500 tumans, (equal to 10,000 rupees,) the price of Emin's blood, to kill the Armenian Gaur; who, if he should succeed in the smallest degree, would be another Nadir in Asia. "Have not you all seen, when the prince pitched his pavilion

with a body of four thousand troops by the village of Mardhop, and went in every evening with the people for fear of a surprize from the Lazguis, how Emin, with forty Armenians never stirred for a fortnight from his station? Was not he attacked several times by the enemy four times stronger than himself in number, and had he not always the better of them? My own clan, your Highness' subjects, are become so fond of him, that I am afraid it will not be long before they will all go over to him; in short, may it please the Valy of Gurjistan, (or feudatory prince of Georgia,) to take care of that great Caffer."

Turkhan, an Armenian merchant, the son of Agamal, who is, to his great shame, an old acquaintance of Emin's father, did not fail to give his envious sentiments; saying, that he knew Emin in Calcutta, where, with all the strictness of his father and four uncles, they could not manage him; that at last he ran away from that place, and went into an English ship, working his passage to England; the people of which country, famous for being warlike, seeing him spirited, took notice of him. The prince said, "I know all that by his own writing: all you have said is more to his honour than his detriment or discredit: nor am I displeased with his being alert. But my question is, How comes he to be styled prince?" Turkhan, and the other Armenians, said, their Catholicus, according to the rites of the Armenian church, could do more than naming a person *prince*,—he could make a king of him, or of any man he pleased, provided the party concerned had sufficient talents to deserve it. All they wished, was to send him away from the person of his Highness, for fear of any accident, since he had not a field large enough to act in, ambitious as he was. Should he take into his head (which God avert) some violent method, it might draw the two Christian nations into miserable calamity. Thus far they petitioned his Highness; and said, "He is more able in wisdom to judge for the rest, and for the welfare of the Christians." The poor prince did not know what to say; and, after a

long pause, told them, they were Haramzadas, (or base-born,) and the patriarch just as bad; who some time recommended Emin as a faithful servant of Christ, adding, that for all the world he would not wrong his trust, or disgrace his credentials from the Christian nobles of Frankistan; and another time, would be glad to turn him out of my house. "It is my opinion," added he, "that when he first spoke favourably of him, he was in expectation of some great present from him, like you foolish Armenians, looking upon him, as a god who would give you lapfuls of gold; but when he found Emin was a soldier only, and as poor as Heraclius, he then thought proper to write entirely the reverse. It is my firm belief that God has sent Emin to me, who is sitting innocently in his house, while you are digging a pit for him; and I am in great fear, that you, the Armenian priests, and the Georgians, will tease me so much, as to make me part with my Emin Aga, whose heart is as clear as a mirror. As for you, Turkhan, merchant of Ispahan, what service have you rendered to me in these seven years past? I have made you a present of a house and garden: I honoured you with a servant and horse; yet you never, in all that time, went with me thirty yards from the gates of this city of Tiffliz; nor are you carrying on a trade by which the people are benefited (the custom-house): my poor Emin Aga has been here but four or five months, yet is every day on horseback with me, and has fought against the enemy before me more than a dozen times; and at my word of command, he is ready to run through sword and fire." Then he began a severe lecture to the chief of the Turkish clan, saying, "You, Secander Aga! are you so rich as to pay 500 tumans to shed a Christian's innocent blood? What has he done to you? is he guilty, because he is brave, which your envious malignant hearts cannot bear to see? We are Christians; not like Mahometans, who kill their fathers, and murder their brothers. Get out of my sight all of you! Father Philipus, go tell my Emin Aga all that has happened here; and let him

know I shall be very glad to see him to-morrow morning, and every day, without ceremony." Emin hearing all this from father Philip, said, "It is true, the prince is a Christian: but it is a pity he is alone: those wicked men will effect their design at last."

XIV.

JUNE, 1763.

[Emin with Heraclius' permission goes to fight the Lezguis with 24 Armenians—Encounter with 52 of the enemy—The Lezguis cannot overcome them and finally march away—Heraclius failing to send supplies, Emin has to return to Tiflis—Heraclius now becomes excessively kind on account of Emin having held up the Lezguis—"No one can be cheerful in Tiflis for half an hour"—Emin goes with Heraclius to Kakhet, where he is well treated—Mischief-making priest Phillipos upsets everything.]

ABOUT the month of June, Emin petitioned the prince, that if he would be pleased to grant him a firman, or patent, with 100 horse-load of flour, he would go with his twenty-four men just taken into service to the bishopric of Haghpat, two days journey to the south-west of Tiflis, the inhabitants of which district had been partly carried away by the invaders, and had partly emigrated to Kakhet, the prince's hereditary country, to live in the monastery. In this deserted and mountainous country, the Lazguis generally hold their rendezvous. The prince made no objection to the proposal; but favoured him with due authority by the following commission: "This is to give notice and certify, that I, by the grace of God, and Christ my Saviour, Heraclius, king of Cartuel and Kakhet, have, by my pleasure and authority, authorised my most beloved faithful servant Joseph Emin, with commission to go with his men to the inhabited bishopric of Haghpat, to take possession of, and to live in it; and also to annoy, kill, and destroy, without giving quarters, those Lazguis who are enemies to the faith and

the country of Christians. We have been also pleased to command, that if any Armenian or Armenians should go to him from any part of the country, he shall receive and protect them as he shall think proper: and no person or persons shall stand in the way to prevent him, nor take them by force from him. We shall hear no complaint if any man's subject should choose to go and put himself under Emin's command: and such complaint shall expect no kind of redress from us. Given under my hand and seal, &c. Dated at Tiffliz, in the month of June."

In regard to the hundred horse-load of flour he told Emin to go to Beydar, about sixteen miles or more from Tiffliz; and that in a few days he would send an order for it to be given by the Musulman Cossack clans, in his way, about five miles from the place above-mentioned. The prince went to Kakhet, and the next day Emin, with his 24 men, marched out; but were not gone six miles from Tiffliz, when they discovered, at a great distance, a body of horse: who should they be, but fifty-two stout Lazguis. He and two more of the men were on horse-back; the rest were on foot. The rogues drew nearer and nearer, while he took no notice, going on in the road till they came within 500 yards of him, making sure of Emin's party, who were so few, and their charging and his dismounting happened at one time. He facing his men to the left, checked their coming to close quarter, who, firing their pieces all in a volley, dismounted directly, and led their horses to a ditch on the left side of the road, deep enough to cover them, leaving the horses behind it, and making the bridge of the ditch a breast-work, within fifteen yards of Emin, who stood in the road exposed with his men to the rogues' fire, from eight in the morning till six in the afternoon. The loss on his side were only three wounded, one of his horses killed, and another one, the only Georgian among them not belonging to Emin, mounted in the heat of action, and rode away to save himself; but two of the Lazguis horse overtook him, and made him a slave. The enemy

had none killed on the spot, only thirteen of them wounded, as Emin's people were told. Three weeks after, they went home and all died.

The Lazguis finding it very difficult to overcome the few Armenian boys, when both parties were tired of fighting, and in the heat of the sun, without a drop of water, they spoke to one another and asked if they were Russians who stood the brush so many hours? Emin's little followers answered, "You, Mahometans, why do you stand asking questions? this is neither a hummum to wash, nor mejid to pray in; fight away till you bleed." At that very time a big headed Lazguis called Emin bad names, besides Caffer, as is common with that nation, and at the same time aimed his piece at him; he missed three times; and at the same instant the fellow was answered by an English piece, the gift of the duke of Richmond, the ball of it took him just in the mouth, carried away the upper teeth and the jaw with half of the face. When this man was out of the way, they retreated, and carried their wounded about half a mile from the place of action. Emin perceiving by their motions, that they would not go away, easily formed his men all in one rank, charging them strictly not to fire at random, as they had done before; then having marched a great distance from the place, when the enemy took advantage of the ditch, they stood in an open field to receive them, who forming their body into a deep column, cried out, "Glory to Mahomet, and destruction to the Christians," charged, and halted within a hundred yards. Being taken no notice of, they dispersed to the right and left about; and in about five minutes more, gathered again together to complete the third onset; coming a little nearer than they did the second time, but found it impossible to provoke Emin's party to fire at that distance, as it was their wish they should, in hopes to frighten them into disorder, then to fall on them sword in hand. Emin's men called to them to come nearer, and not be afraid, since they had neither powder nor ball left; and there were

with them half a dozen pretty Georgian boys, who would sell for two hundred tumans each. "O ye Caffers!" said the Lazguis, "you want in that way to kill us all at once. We know you reserve your fire; but not because you have no powder; you are neither Georgians nor Armenians; you must be from the Caffers' country, where the seven carolls and the rest of them reside: but we must tell you, that all our comrades will not survive, as their wounds are mortal; once more, farewell!" Then each party marched away, after a ten hours skirmish; since, when Emin's men were in order, the enemy thought it advisable not to have any thing to say to them.

About nine o'clock they reached the place mentioned before, the Armenian village Baydar, and took quarters there; but, instead of forty-five days, the time limited by the prince, Emin waited five months for an order from him to get the promised flour, and was then obliged to dismiss the men, keeping only four to take care of two horses, and wait upon him. At the latter end of November 1763, the prince sent him an order in writing to receive one month's provision only, to maintain twenty-four men and himself, with forage for four horses, of which two were destroyed; one ran away with the Georgian, and the other was killed in that little fight. Emin answered and thanked the prince for his liberality, and said, "Great Sir, this one month's provision will be just enough to maintain four men for forty months to come; as the rest are gone away, there will be no more need of it till then; but, in a country like this, every eatable is so cheap, it surprizes me to find your Highness so niggardly as to disgrace the very name of economy; which puts me in mind of a merchant in Ispahan, who almost starved his own children to save his money; but as he was travelling in a caravan, a highway-man, with fifty companions, robbed him of all his riches, and left him on the road starving. He was sorry," he added, "that he did not hearken to count Worronzoff's friendly hint, when he said, that prince

Heraclius was not the man to satisfy him: sure his prophecy was nearly coming to pass, and he was not far from being starved." The prince, in his answer, comforted him, and desired him not to take it to heart, adding, "Every thing in good time, patience will conquer all; come to me, my dear Emin Aga! I will do all in my power to make you happy. Pater Philipus, your only friend and mine, translated every letter you sent into the Georgian language; when I read them, I swear by the grave of my father, it would be infinite pleasure to make Emin happy." So it might; and he was able, at that time, to make all the Armenians both free and happy, if the dark angels had not stepped in the way with their black hearts, which made him at last lose his poor Emin for ever.

In obedience of the prince's order, Emin immediately marched, with his four servants, from the Cossack clans, two days journey back to Tiffliz. In his way he convoyed a caravan to Telave, the capital of Kakhet Georgia, a pitiful town, containing twelve hundred mud houses. When he waited upon the prince, he was received with extraordinary kindness, more like that of an affectionate father than a prince. Heraclius thanked him for his behaviour against the Lazguis, expressing great surprize how, with a handful of boys, he could stand so many hours under so hot a sun, against fifty-two veteran mountaineers; and he added, "after your engagement, the same men robbed a caravan of five hundred men, well armed going from Tiffliz to Baydar, on the very same ground, killed several and carried away above a hundred of them." Emin said, "If your Highness would have ordered the promised hundred horse-load of flour they would not have enslaved away an hundred good subjects, besides taking their arms, horses, and baggage, while their miserable families are groaning. May God in heaven direct your Highness's heart to the right way of protecting them!" The prince said, "I, in firm belief, agree with you, that nothing can be done without Him: they deserve it very justly: if you knew them as well as

I do, you would not be so great an advocate for them, or feel so much for their misery. I do all I can to defend and keep them happy; but go yourself, enter into them, and read their hearts, what is there written will soon bring you back to my way of thinking; and take this from me, it will not be long before they will do their utmost to divide my heart from you, and will glory in their wicked minds, as if they had effected a great thing: come, sit nearer to me, let us enjoy one another's company, while we are in Kakhet, for Tiffliz is not a place in which we can remain cheerful for half an hour." It had in fact become a common remark in every body's mouth, that the Valy changed his temper as soon as he went out of town; and especially when he was in Kakhet, turned entirely to an angel, with good-nature, politeness, and pleasure. Emin enjoyed the prince's company for several days, which was really very improving, as if it had been the conversation of a learned English nobleman, without the least pride, stiffness, or domineering deportment, which are so common to Asiatic princes; and with such a quickness of apprehension, that at the opening of any subject, he understood the whole extent of it. His voice, in pronouncing words, conversing or treating any topic, was so melodiously sweet, that the hearer, without seeing his greenish brown complexion mentioned before, would have thought an angel was haranguing. Of pride he had not the least particle; he never perhaps boasted in his life, though he overthrew in many battles almost every competitor since Nadir Shah; and it would have been all the same to him, if he had been in possession of all the kingdoms in the East.

One evening about nine o'clock, he sent for Emin and Pater Philipus; when they came, they found him sitting alone; he said, "Come, my dear Emin Aga, we are not in Tiffliz now, to be interrupted by any one of those great fellows; we can talk at our own pleasure." He seemed to be very cheerful, and his fine eyes sparkled. The conversation turned on various subjects,

till it rested upon religious matters. He said very wisely, that ever since the two brothers, meaning the Armenian and Georgian nations, differed on points of faith, they had become for that sole reason divided from each other; the consequence of which discord was so apparently effective, as to make them both fall headlong under the dominion of infidels; that unless they would join in one opinion, and unite in one body, like two hands (opening his fingers, and clasping them close into one another), they would never be able to form any noble design. These sentiments made Emin rise, lay hold of both his hands, which he kissed seven times. Heraclius returned the compliment, kissing his forehead, and both shed tears of sympathy; which Philipus seeing, he was no less affected with sensibility: and the sympathizing prince added, "I do not mean that your countrymen should entirely change their way of thinking, which is morally impossible; it will be only necessary to cut off some superfluous and useless ceremony on our side, and some on yours; that alone can make the two nations one: what do you say to that, my Emin Aga?" He answered, "I have already approved it by kissing your hands; and it is my humble opinion, that none but your Highness can effect that great design, being by God established both in fame and power; provided you will not hear the tales of those who will be ready to sacrifice your good mind, and make your sublime councils fall victims to the hostile ambition of men, who are entirely strangers to unity or peace between the two churches: the best way will be, to take no notice to them of so grand an enterprize." The prince asked Emin, if he could give advice how to go about it? He said, "This moment give orders to 6000 horse and 10,000 foot, which will be ready in five days time; put yourself at the head of them; march directly to Bujazid, the country of the Curds, without seeing Tiffliz; it is but a march of six days; invade that country first, where, see by this very letter, 4000 Armenians are ready to join you: pass thence to Arzerum, in three days:

the next countries are Bassan, Susan, and Betlis; there you will have 12,000 foot, before the Turks will rise from their everlasting drowsiness. The Armenians of Mush, with 10,000 horse, will join you; the whole making 40,000. Then issue a proclamation, that you are come to claim Armenia by hereditary right, as lawful heir to that kingdom; and that your ancestors in former days reigned 300 years over it. Do this, you will succeed; but your Highness will do nothing. This letter of bishop Jonas of the monastery of St. John the Baptist, will tell you, that the Armenian nation do acknowledge, and have acknowledged for these twenty years last past, that you are their sovereign; it was through necessity that they invited your Highness's humble slave to enter into those parts; for by writing only he had awaked them to a noble zeal, and that not without your consent and permission; and that it is not possible for a layman like him to be their king. When you were angry last year at their calling him prince, who is the son of Hovsep the Armenian now in Calcutta; can he pretend to the sovereignty of Armenia, whose real sovereign (whom God preserve) is living, with seven princely sons, and five angelic daughters?"

By these words of Emin the prince was so roused, that his inward emotions made him, from sitting cross-legged like a taylor, change his position, and sit upon his knees. He began to twist his whiskers, resembling a fierce lion, and said to Philipus, "Christis madlema zalisuy utkhar;" that is, "By Christ, he speaks very strongly." The priest said, "May it please your Highness, if he had not been extraordinary in every respect, how could the princes in Frankestan have esteemed him worthy to be recommended to your Highness's favour: by what I can judge, without being partial to the Armenian nation, your Highness will never find another like him, even among your own people. I am told by Armenian merchants, that his father is in a good way, and himself might have lived very happy with great credit in England, but he must be inspired with love for your name

and glorious actions; otherwise how could it have been possible for him, without seeing your person, to have so great an attachment for your Highness, whose life may the great God prolong, for the happiness of your subjects!" Then the prince said again, "My Emin Aga, every word you have spoken is a gun in my ears, and I hope we shall act with great satisfaction and success, provided God himself will be our conductor. I only wish my eldest son had been alive, whom the small-pox snatched away from my arms two or three years ago, and that at the age of twenty (saying this, he burst into tears); he would have joined you with hand and heart, and with all his might, to ease me of my troubles, which have almost worn me out for the last twenty years; I should then have lived at my ease. Can you recollect a letter, when you were last at Travan, sent by the archbishop Zachariah of Tiffliz, and the advice of your wise father, in regard to matrimony?" He was just going to complete the sentence, and to say that Emin had demanded his daughter, when Philipus, thinking to do Emin service or honour, and well understanding the prince's meaning, interrupted him, saying, "He has made an engagement already at Astrakan, to marry Avankhan's rich grand-daughter, named princess Marian." At this rapid, violent, and most imprudent speech of Philipus, the prince stopped, and never said a single syllable of what he with cheerfulness had begun, which brought on a profound silence of all three, like persons thunder-struck, looking down without speaking a word almost half an hour. This forwardness of a priest knocked on the head all his project of friendship and union; after he had taken so much pains, and gone through so many hardships, he was reduced at last to nothing by this over-hasty interruption of a man for being honoured with being admitted interpreter between prince Heraclius and the rough soldier Emin. The rejoicing prince was most bitterly dejected, and lifting up his head from deep thoughts, asked what hour it was? Then looking at his watch, he saw it was past three in

the morning; and said to Emin, "I wish the old priest had not been here this night, he spoiled our council; I am very sleepy, are not you so, Emin Aga?" This was exactly twenty-four years ago, and no soul knew this secret, except Heraclius, Emin, and the priest. Emin cannot help thinking, that many who are not well acquainted with him, nor have seen him in that country, will suspect what passed between him and the prince to be fabulous; such a suspicion may be excusable in those who consider his present situation in life, which, though honourable, is not equal to the dignity he aspired to; or in those who are not well versed in the disposition of the Georgian nation, whose nobles sell their own children to the Turks; so that it would have been no great wonder if prince Heraclius had given his daughter in marriage to an Armenian Christian soldier, to fight and bleed for him. He remembers one day in Petersburg, at the prince's father's house, the late king Tahmuras asked Emin, if he was married? He answered, "No." The king said, he would take care to marry him to a handsome daughter of one of his Armenian merchants in Tiffliz. Emin said, his choice was to have a Georgian tavat's (or noble's) daughter, who would be handsomer. One of the tavats standing by, said in a tone of anger, "Do not you know that you are an Armenian; that our law abominates the very name of those who are as bad as heathens?" He said, "Yes, Sir, you would rather give away your daughters to circumcised Persian dogs, who are worse than heathens. For my part, if I were a king, and had an only daughter, and if the sultan of the Turks and a Christian young Georgian were rivals in her love, the Christian should have her sooner than that powerful Mahometan." This shews the difference between Armenian Christians and those of the Greek church, who are full of malice. The good king, not understanding their conversation, as they spoke in Turkish, when it was explained to him, put his hand on his breast, and swore by Jesus Christ that Emin was in the right. He then added,

"Never mind what he says, you shall have my daughter;" and if he had lived he would have been as good as his word, for he was the most pious king Georgia produced; but hard-hearted fortune was too cruel to let him succeed in either of his views. The late duke, his patron, hearing all this from his letters, comforted him in his answers, saying, "My dear Emin, fortune sports with you; go on, never mind her crossness, for one day or other she will favour you fully to your heart's satisfaction."

XV.

1763 (continued).

[Return with Heraclius to Tiflis, "the city of discontent"—Their conversation about the Catholicos Simon—Emin's plain-speaking—"Saul loved David"—Letter from Archbishop Jonas—40,000 ready to fight for him—Intrigues of Zaza Beg—Brave Purseck, whom forty Georgians cannot overthrow—Emin in confinement—Supposed to be a magician—Taken out of Tiflis to a camp—Emin's servant and his adventure in search of him—Another trick on the part of Heraclius.]

HE had been in Kakhet three weeks, when the prince was called upon some business, and sent Emin word to get ready, and go in company with him to Tiffliz, the city of discontent, out of which, from its first building to the time when he was there, no man ever came without being disrespected, distressed, or insulted. After some days past, the prince sent word he wished to speak with him, and desired to see the letter from the patriarch. Emin obeyed with pleasure, and said to the prince, "I can very easily perceive, that your Highness's heart is changed, having intelligence of Simon's plot, who has desired of you to take the letter from me, lest I should shew it in Russia as a certificate that I have been complimented with the title of Prince of Armenia, as the three churches of Etzmiatzin are in some measure under your protection; and then to invent

some calumny to lay hold of me as your Highness shall think proper. It is to be hoped," added he, "that your Highness will take into consideration, that both Ivan and Turan* will be angry with you; that the Grand Signior will put all the Armenians to the sword in Constantinople; and who knows the consequence of encouraging Emin the Armenian, who has neither money nor troops!" The prince had very justly observed before in Tiffliz, that if Emin had made the patriarch a present of a great sum, his Holiness would not be so rigidly inveterate against him, who made God Mammon and himself the God of the innocent Armenians; and said, that his Highness is not better than the patriarch, if he hears him; that is to say, the prince was as fond of money as the patriarch. On this speech, the prince said to Emin, "Are not you afraid to speak so boldly before my face?" He said, "he should be, if he had been treacherous and false like his neighbours." "If you kill me," he added, "the world will say Heraclius was afraid of a single Armenian, who fell a sacrifice to the good cause of his country; and that each drop of his innocent blood, by the invisible hand of God, will become fire and sword to those who have been the instruments of his death. As for me, who am a soldier, it is the same to me whether I die to-day or to-morrow; but woe to those cowardly wretches, intoxicated with black ambition, who never even dream of dying!"

This expression seemed to move Heraclius a little; and he said, "Emin Aga, what can I do? Your own patriarch, with all the bishops and monks are against you; the best part of my subjects are Armenians, who look on them as prophets and apostles; if I proceed with you, without minding what they say, they will think me no more a Christian than the Grand Signior. Do you remember, that at our first meeting I told you a little money would be of great use; with money we

* *Ivan and Turan.* Ivan is probably a misprint for Iran. Iran and Turan would mean that Persia on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, would both be offended.

could make them as dumb as if they had no tongues in their mouths." Emin said, he was very glad he had none of it, for he was sure the prince would be the first man to take it away by force; his English friends better knew the character of the Georgians, else they would have supplied him sufficiently; but hearing prince Heraclius's name and truly Christian conduct, they relied upon him, and suffered Emin to come to him. "Now, Great Sir," added he, "all this you hear, and seem as if you were affected by it; but, take my word for it, that your Asiatic nature will not let you rest, till I become your prisoner." The prince said, "I do love you, Emin, I assure you." He answered, "Saul loved David." Then gave him the patriarch's letter, made a bow, and went away

When he came home, he found that thirteen Curd Armenians had brought a letter from archbishop Jonas, of St. John the Baptist, mentioned before, to this effect: "The bearer Melih Stepan of this place, of the province of Curdistan in Armenia, will bring you this letter; you will receive from him 600 Zarmabab zekins, to defray your little journey expences, and make your coming to us as expeditious as possible. Desire the prince, with God's blessing and my prayers, to give you twenty Georgian horse, for the satisfaction of the people here, and for their assurance that he is your friend. Should he be prevented by the enemies of union, from complying with your request, never mind it; God will do you justice; but be not backward in receiving the sum abovementioned; take it, and spend it at your pleasure: when you find the prince will not favour you with his assistance, make yourself easy, think nothing of it. I received your letters mentioning the malicious proceeding of those wolves who pretend outwardly to be the disciples of our Saviour, but who have always been instrumental in the downfall of our harmless nation, and who are no better than tools in the hands of infidels. I have been working for eleven months past by writing, and have very easily brought over to your

interest and heroic way of thinking, all the great Armenians in Turkey, Constantinople, Smyrna, Caisary, Tokhat, Arzerum, Diarbeker, (in which last place he was born), Vuer, &c., &c.—they are citizens. As for fighting men, you shall have 40,000 to meet you at the end of six days journey; the Assyrians and Yezdy Curds are likewise ready to join us. Do not say to the Georgian prince, that they must have money; for to make you more composed in mind, they all have taken their oaths on the holy scripture, and by the bloody cross of our blessed Saviour, that they will fight for it under your command ten years, without any expectation of money; as for provisions and ammunition, they likewise have their own well provided. The Turks are not the same as they were an hundred years ago; without fighting, they will give up all; and as their towns are not fortified, you may suppose the taking of them will be very easy. A superstitious prophecy has taken root in their minds, that their sovereignty is near its end, and that their fighting against Christians will be of no signification. They have also heard of your coming from the Russian empire, strongly recommended by its blessed Empress to the prince of Georgia, and the Turks will never dare to shed a Christian's blood; that since your coming from England by the way of the Mediterranean, three years have elapsed, and that, when you exhorted the people of the villages you passed through, every Armenian betook himself to arms; that even the women were ready to fight, provided Heraclius would engage to stand by you. Let this suffice in writing. If you should not succeed with Heraclius, my fatherly advice is, that you never despair; but go on with all your might, fear no manner of danger, put your trust in God; whether you succeed or not, you will have fame: but I am in hopes you will be the means of freeing your poor distressed countrymen, from the chain of subjection, and from affliction. I pray God to protect and preserve you, to the honour of Armenia, and remain, &c. &c. Jonas the Monk, the servant of

Christ. Dated 1763, in the sacred house of the son of the Carrin woman, Saint John the Baptist." (Carrin woman signifies Elizabeth, Saint John's mother, to whom the Armenians generally give that appellation.)*

The Armenian Malich Stephen, who brought the money, happened to fall into company with the Georgian Zaza Beg, as officer or servant of Heraclius, from Iravan to Tiffliz, bringing the letter from Simon the patriarch, who, with hopeful flattering words, pumped every syllable out of Stephen, by telling him, that the prince was making proper preparations to send Emin away, with some thousand horses to Mush, Saint John the Baptist's monastery. They arrived in town at the same time, when the poor man told Emin with joy, what the officer said, and that he thought it no harm to tell the Georgian of the six hundred pieces of gold. Emin laughed at him, told him to go away from him, and keep the money himself, lest the prince should snatch it away from him; nor would he be so mean as to accept of it, and act the play of an impostor by robbing Honan of his money. "The prince, he added, will probably be apprized of it by that fellow Zaza, who is his spy, and very cunning; to-morrow or next day, you will hear of it?" Stephen said, "Zaza told him on travelling, that besides what he told before in the letter from his holiness to the prince in your favour, he is to give you forces to take first Iravan, and then proceed to Mush?" Emin said, "You will see in time, the consequence of it to prove the contrary." The villanous Zaza, instead of 600 zekins, named 6000; setting the poor prince's heart in agitation, to study how to get the cash; seizing the letter of the holy Simon Catholicus, for a pretence to seize upon Emin.

Two days after, one of his Marin servants, a native of Astrakhan, who had been discharged before, mounted on horseback, armed with bow and arrow, being sent on purpose to breed

* This term is unknown at the present day.

a quarrel with his other servants, by the wicked contrivance of Zakaria Varapet, the archbishop of Tiffliz—(many suspected the prince had a hand in that low business, but Emin cannot credit it)—As the fellow was passing by the door, he began to use bad words, and one of the Curd Armenians lately come, named Purseck; of the first family of Mush, being a person of great courage, returned the language, which immediately brought on a real battle; the distance between them was ten yards. The ungrateful man, Marcus, took out his bow and arrow, and aimed twice at him, but missed, as Emin was standing on a terrace looking over, to whom the fellow let fly two more arrows, which missed again, struck against a stone wall, and broke to pieces. The brave Purseck standing below, asked Emin for leave to return the assault; and he had no sooner opened his lips to say, Drive the ungrateful fellow away, than Purseck drew his scymitar and ran at him. Marcus seeing him like a loose lion, turned his horse's head to run away. Purseck despairing to come up with him, at the distance of ten yards let fly his sword after him like lightning, and the end of it took the poor beast behind, cutting him from the top up and down twenty-four inches, and almost ten inches deep. Marcus, extremely terrified, galloped precipitately to Zakaria, who was waiting, ready to stir the fire of mischief, and cried out for joy, "The business is done, Emin is caught in the trap!" He then took the fellow and the beast to the prince, who sent for Emin and Purseck. When they were asked the reason of the fray, Emin answered, "The reason, Sir, you know best, I told you two days ago, when you asked for Simon Catholicus's letter, and declared that you loved Emin—who now is in the way of reaping the benefit of your love—Oh! my good prince! I pity you with all my heart; do your worst, that you may not disoblige the holy Simon. The horse which is maimed, had been my own property, and was given away by me to the ungrateful man, who not long ago was in my service. If you think this a breach of peace, I am ready, according to

the Mosaic law, to give tooth for tooth, but not a man for a beast, especially one who, not long ago, was sitting knee to knee by you. I am sorry to say, I cannot save your good ears from the calumnies of the unworthy, false, treacherous inventors."

All this passed in the Turkish language, when Carim and other khans, messengers, or officers of note, who had been in the late Nadir's service, were present. One of them, pretty much advanced in age, said, "He speaks vastly like Nadir, when in Melich Mahomed Khan's service at Mashad, a city of Khorasan, which provoked Melich to order him to be bastinadoed." The prince, at that time, was sitting high up stairs, laying his right elbow on the wooden rails; while the author, with the Kurd Purseck, were standing below in the open court under the sun, like malefactors to receive sentence. The prince ordered his executioners to take Emin's sword from him; but Purseck standing close to his left hand, with sword and shield kept the fellows off, who were about forty in number; and told Emin, that they should not come near, if he would but give the word which behaviour frightened the fellows, and the prince rose in a hurry from his place, and cried out, "Pull down the man!" but they dared not; and were just going to gather a mob. Emin quieted Purseck, alleging, that they were not among Mahomedans to behave in that manner; "please the prince's fancy, and let us suffer ourselves to be taken." The prince hearing that, said to the Georgians, "Be gentle with Emin." He therefore, giving his sword up to them, said, "Sir, you did not give me this sword, which has been in your service these fourteen months without reward; and the giver of it can give thousands instead of it." Then the bravos fell on Purseck, began to strip him, and tried to pull him down. When almost naked, after a struggle of three quarters of an hour, he stood like a tree immoveable. The prince, from the varanda, called out to them to let him alone; rebuking his people, and saying, "It is a shame, that forty of you are not strong enough to bring down a single Armenian."

They, in the agitation of their blood, said, "Please to come down yourself and try, for he is made of iron, not of flesh." When the hurly-burly and jostling was over, Heraclius asked the Armenian lion "Why he cut the horse in that manner?" He answered, "My master ordered me to defend myself." The prince said, "How far would you go to obey him?" Purseck said, "To the last drop of my blood." Then the prince said, "Barakalah, yegeed!" as much as to say, Well done, brave boy! Then the prince was going to make it up, but was interrupted by the malignant angels Zakaria the bishop and others, alleging, that he would disoblige the holy patriarch if he did not confine Purseck, to which he agreed with reluctance.

Emin was ordered to his quarters, with a single officer for a guard, and Purseck to another place; but he was released the next day; and, by order of the prince, his arms were restored to him, and all his things. Two days after, the prince sent two Georgians with compliments, and demanding his two small boxes, with the keys. They contained his books, clothes, and papers. In two days more he sent back the boxes, but kept the letters from different parts of Armenia, and detained the books to examine them; for poor Heraclius had been weak enough to have been persuaded that Emin was a conjurer, whose secrets were in those books; by which, and without money, he charmed the prince, and made all the Armenians acknowledge him as their sovereign. They being at a loss for a person who understood English, sent for two Roman Catholic priests, one of them a German, and the other an Italian, who, by the title-pages, could just tell that they were books on the art of war. Emin laughed at their ignorance and barbarity in thinking that Europeans could be so stupid as to publish books of conjuration, when they scorn the very believers of such nonsense; but he did not then know the wise prince's intention, which had a double object, first, to satisfy his people, and then himself by finding out, if he could, the six hundred pieces of gold sent from bishop Hovnan for

Emin. After the examination, the books likewise were sent back ; but his gun and bayonet, which were the gift of the duke of Richmond, were kept.

Heraclius finding it impossible to appease the false accusers, thought proper to let Emin continue in confinement in his own quarters, with intention to set him free. The officer, or guard, who only slept in the house at night, told him, that the prince never passed a day without mentioning him with expressions of sorrow for what he had done. In that manner twenty-four days passed, when two Armenian ladies, born in Georgia, hearing from the people what was passing in the court, and how those unjust enemies were working to injure him more and more in hopes of provoking the prince to make an end of him at once, advised Emin to draw a petition to his Highness, in order that they might dress it up in their own style, which must be very submissively smooth, so as to convince the prince that he had not spoken a single word to, nor even seen, from the time of his arrival in Tiffliz, those wicked wretches who had accused him of saying, That himself only was the king, not Heraclius ; that he had never used any such expression ; and that the people of that pitiful unhappy place would never afford half an hour's peace to his Highness's humane mind, whose great benevolence was his only protector ; which he hoped would defend and keep him from their malice, who think themselves immortal, not apprehending the tremendous judgment of God.

A letter was accordingly written, something in that style. They then sent for a clerk to copy it fair ; and kept it so secret, that it has never been known to this day. The amiable ladies tore the original with their own hands, and gave the writer two rupees for his pains ; begging Emin to send their well-composed petition immediately to the prince, who happened to receive it at a very critical time, when he had just seen the form of a petition to put an end to Emin's paltry life ; which writing, the prince tore to pieces on seeing Emin's humble address,

and immediately ordered the petitioners to be driven away with sticks, like so many Jews. On the next morning, a message came to Emin from the prince that he should be set free very soon. The conspirators suspecting what was going on, went with some presents, Zakariah the bishop being at their head, begging that Emin might be sent back to Russia, whence he came, to please at least the patriarch Simon Catholicus, the god of the Armenians.

Here he is entirely at a loss to know, whether the sense of that pathetic letter composed by those female angels, affected the prince so deeply, or whether it was through the respect due to the Russians, that Emin narrowly escaped falling a victim to the fury of those who made themselves the instruments of ruin to Georgia and Armenia: for Heraclius, from that time to this very day, if he is existing, has been able to shake off the yoke of subjection from the necks of the Armenians: none of the two Mahomedan powers could hinder him; that is to say, neither Othmans nor Persians. For, since the fall of Nadir Shah, all the Georgians, and the five Armenian chiefs of Carabagh, have been engaged in war almost every day of their lives against several competitors, (if any one were to write an account of their actions, it would fill volumes); and these being inured to that noble practice, in a period of almost forty years, were continually giving battle to different nations; the Lazguis in particular, who were at last obliged to give their sons as hostages for their engagement never to make incursions. This stopped their horrid depredations, so that they were not able even to kidnap a child; but, on the contrary, were ready to put themselves by thousands under the command of the prince, who in reality defended both the kingdom of Turkey on the west of Georgia, and Persia on the south, and has been a complete bulwark all this while: otherwise the savage Lazguis, for the sake of booty, would have obliged the former to run headlong into the Black Sea, and the latter (if they escaped starving on the barren

mountains of Farsistan) into the Gulph of Persia. Therefore it is to be lamented, that the prince lost Emin through ignorance of his faithful heart, which is the characteristic of a true Armenian. And it is still more to be regretted, that another prince cannot be found, who merits, like Heraclius, the sovereignty of the Armenians and Georgians. But the poor prince's heart was composed of two different metals, Persian and Greek, which deprived both him and Emin of the happiness and glory of seeing their country freed from slavery.

Six days after the petition, his confinement having lasted exactly thirty days, the prince sent him word to get ready and march with him to the north of Tiffliz, to a place called Havchaula about eight miles distant. On setting out, about four in the afternoon, one of Emin's servants was missing, who had 400 rupees of his, and stayed behind on purpose to serve his own ends, and enjoy himself in that wicked town of Tiffliz. This was the only money he had in the world to depend upon, being the remainder of 600 rupees sent by Hovnan, the bishop's first draft of 100 zekins; the second, mentioned before, brought by Malich Stephen, for 600 zekins, he did not think it honest to accept, since he was prevented from going to Mush. He was greatly distressed by the accident; since the next morning he was to march to another stage, in company with the army, and then part from the prince to proceed three days more to the foot of Mount Caucasus, where he should not have had money to buy linen, or to give the mountainers for allowing him to go over those high passes. The villanous servant well knew that he would go on farther and farther every day; and that the money would remain safe in his possession. Emin therefore thought it necessary to speak to prince David, Heraclius's son-in-law, to interpose for permission to go back after the servant who had his rupees; and he said, go, lest the prince should be tempted to rob him of it (for Heraclius was fonder of money than of his eyes).

Prince David, with great good-nature, seeing him almost in despair, went into the tent to speak to his father-in-law, who being in one of his bad humours, grunted like a provoked bear, without speaking or answering him, which was a signal of his wrath, and made David remain stock still. Emin, standing behind the tent in hopes of redress, waited almost half an hour without a word coming out of the dark pavilion, where there was not even a single candle lighted. He therefore withdrew from the place gently, calling God to his assistance, mounted his Arabian bay horse, and told the Armenian Anania, (whose two horses he hired, one for packing, the other saddled for Gregor, the very man who wanted to make away the money by staying behind in Tiffliz,) to accompany him. Honest Anania consented; and they then set out in the night along the river Cur. When they reached the city gates, Anania dismounted, and began to knock as hard as he could; but there was neither centry nor watchman to hear. At last a porter came out of his bed, and stood within the gate, asking, who it was? Anania said, "Open the door." The fellow said, "I can not: it is Heraclius's strict order not to open the gates till sun-rise." Anania said, "Foolish man! I have a letter from prince David, the king's son-in-law, to his father Rewaz, the great Sardar, who is next in rank to Heraclius,—and I will give you an abasy, which will buy you a tabriz maun of wine." No sooner was the name of that generous liquor mentioned, than the gates were opened before them, the door-keeper being so sleepy as to forget the money; but Emin told Anania to give the poor devil the abasy. Anania said, "I hate him as a Georgian, and his king too, for bringing you to this condition. Did you not understand what the troops were saying to me as they were passing by us on the road?" Emin answered, "You know I do not understand Georgian." Anania replied, "They were saying, that you were not yet discharged from your confinement and that if you should run away, I must suffer for it; that the king would cut my head off, and

sell my children to the Lazguis. Now I will open my heart to you: I am ready to lose my life, if those thirteen Curd Armenians will have the courage to go with you to Mush, though sent for that purpose from the bishop of St. John the Baptist. I will guide them out of the great roads over the mountains; for Heraclius's oppression is insupportable; it is worse than that of Heathens; let him destroy my family."

This speech of the brave Anania ended just as they reached the door where Emin's quarter was. On their inquiring after Gregor, the woman of the house directed them four doors higher, where they found Purseck, but not Gregor who had the money. There came out a woman, who was a widow, and had an only son, a weaver, named Vardan; (both mother and son knew where Gregor's house was;) and Vardan's wife said, "They will hardly be lucky enough to find him at home." Emin asked, why? The good woman said, "O, Sir! he has a great many loves,—ten to one if we find him in his own house." They went winding about several narrow lanes, before they could come to the place; and the woman begged him to say nothing all the while, lest the man, hearing his voice, should hide himself or go from his house to another. Emin said, "Very well, good woman; do as you think proper." Then the woman began to knock gently at the door, behind which were sleeping six persons; and with a very faint voice, she called out, Tamar! Tamar! On the third call, Tamar, who was the wife of Gregor, awaked, and said, "Who is at the door?" The good woman in the street said, "I am Vardan Nana;" which signifies, I am the mother of Vardan. Then Tamar said, "What do you want?" The woman said, (with a tone of voice as if she was crying or bewailing some dear friend,) "Is your husband Gregor at home?" Tamar said, "Yes; what will you have with him?" The woman said, groaning and sighing, "The Curd Armenians, who were sent from the bishop of St. John the Baptist, to carry Emin to Mush, have brought some wine and meat, and can neither eat

nor drink without your husband's company, wishing particularly to hear him tell the story of Emin's fighting against the Lazguis." No sooner was the name of wine pronounced, than the door was opened, and Gregor awaked, sitting up in his bed. Then the wise woman said to Emin, "Now, Sir, it is your time!" He therefore flew like lightning, seized Gregor by the collar, put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and took out the purse with 200 rupees in gold, while the other four persons never dared to stir out of their beds; for Emin threatened, in a fury, that if they did, he would strike off their heads. Then, with his sword drawn he brought out the ungrateful wretch; made him kneel down, pretending that he would cut off his head at one stroke. The nightwatches, with a lantern, were passing by, but durst not say a word. Terrified to see him in that desperate attitude, Gregor was almost out of his senses, having just breath enough to beg for mercy; when Purseck laid hold of his wrist, and intreated for his pardon, which Emin was very glad to grant, as he would not have shed his poor countryman's blood for all the money in Asia. Anania, admiring his merciful behaviour, cried bitterly, saying, "O, my God! why will you not stand by this man, to make him prosperous for his compassionate heart? For so much money as this, the unmerciful Georgians would have destroyed half a dozen Armenians, and ruined their families for ever! O Heraclius, and Simon the Patriarch! I wish you may never draw a comfortable breath in your lives; may you die groaning in anxiety; since, without the least fault, you have forced this man away from my country!"

Emin then gave notice to the thirteen Curd Armenians, and said to them, "Now, gentlemen, you see I am free, will you agree to go with me to Mush?" They answered, "We would go with all our hearts but you will be kind enough to consider, that it is not our orders, nor can we venture to do it without Heraclius's good-will." Then they offered to return the 600 zekins, which he again refused, though they expostulated, but he

could not be persuaded, nor did he take them at last. He only told them to carry word to the bishop Hovnan, and see how far Emin ran a risque of his life in going to Mush; but his men had not sufficient resolution to follow him, since they had not received orders from him. He then took his leave, and left them in tears. Anania said, "You have done all you can; it is necessary to go out of town before it is light, for Héraclius is in search of some pretence; should he make an inquiry in the camp, and miss you, he would send a file of horse; and if we are caught here, he will play the devil with us." They then took some corn, just enough for the horses, and went to the sleepy porter, who opened the gates.

No sooner had they come out, than Anania said, "Let us feed the horses here under the wall close to the gates, for the poor beasts are tired; they have been sixteen miles backwards and forwards, eight miles more which we have to march to the camp will make twenty-four." Emin consented; and having drank some water, rested a little. In a few minutes, who should come but two Cossack troopers, with an order from Heraclius to take him up. Emin asked them, in broken Turkish, as if he was a Georgian, What was their business in the town? They said, "The Armenian gentleman is run away from the camp; the Vali is very angry, and has commanded us to apprehend him." They knew Emin all the time, for he had been on parties with those troopers many times against the Lazguis. Emin said again to them, "Do you know the man, if you see him?" They said, "Yes, very well;" knocking at the gate as hard as they could, seeming to be in fear; for Emin was resolved to make an end of the story, and die like a soldier, if they should lay hold of him. But the poor Cossacks were happy when the gate was opened, after half an hour's waiting; and then bidding Emin good morning, they entered the gate. Anania (who had been frightened almost to death) said, "Sir, it is now high time for us to set out for the camp; the danger is over; let us hasten

before the sun rise." They reached the place exactly half an hour before day-light; when Heraclius's servant called out for Emin, who was lying on his bed with great composure. The servant seeing him, went and acquainted Heraclius, that the report of his being out of the camp was not true.

XVI.

1763—'64-65.

[Night camps amongst the Georgians—Heraclius' treachery—Orders Emin to leave the camp immediately and go to the Caucasus—A trick to separate him from his escort—But Emin passes through without any mishap—Stays at the house of a Circassian—Falls ill—Contrives to reach Boragan, where Armenians shelter him—Writes to the grandmother of the young lady at Astrakhan—But now that he is penniless and in trouble, they will have no more of him—Atchakhan, a mountaineer from Muchkiz—A lump of sugar an unknown rarity—Mountaineer offers him a troop of forty of his relatives without pay—The difference of faith—"A soldier's religion is his sword"—They offer him their allegiance with old-world warlike ceremony—A Circassian lady's friendly kindness—Eight thousand mounted troops at his command—A mischief-making Armenian informs the successor of Stupition and receives 1500 strokes for his pains—Emin's servant Turkhan arrives from Petersburg with the third and last draft from Lord Northumberland—His interview with the young lady at Astrakhan.]

IN Asiatic camps, pitched in the night-time in their irregular way, a person when wanted is not easily found, especially the Georgians, among whom no sort of regularity or order is kept; but from eight till twelve at night, there is as much hallooing and noise as if they were already beaten by the enemy; servants hunting for masters, and masters for servants, till they find one another, exactly like cows and calves in a dispersed herd: then they directly spread the table-cloths, set down the skin-full of wine, eat and drink till they are full, and then sleep as sound as a rock, without watch or sentry; so that if the beasts of the field were to come and prey on their bodies, they

would hardly be sensible of pain till sun-rise. The only watchful man Emin ever saw among them was the prince himself, who sat up sometimes till one, sometimes till two in the morning, with his household servants, whom one might see often half asleep, standing upon their legs before the prince, till they dropped down upon the ground, and afforded him great amusement: therefore it is very easy for an European general, at the head of 20,000 men, to be master of all that part without any difficulty.

Prince David told Emin on the march that morning, that his father-in-law, though he was a little out of humour the preceding night, yet about ten o'clock, after supper, expressed great sorrow for having used him so ill, without any sort of crime; and said, he was in hopes of keeping him by good treatment: "For," he added, "he is a useful man; nor will I give ear any more to those fellows who were the very cause of my displeasure."

When they came to the second stage called Sagarejo, about twelve o'clock, they halted there for that day, where the road divides from north to east. The thirty Circassian horsemen, with whom the prince's order was that Emin should go (when in Tiffliz, he sent his order by a messenger), did not halt, but kept going on; he, encouraged by what David had told him in the morning, stayed behind to know the prince's pleasure; and about three in the afternoon, Revaz Eshikagasy Bashy, or the prince's first aid-du-camp, brought word, that it was his royal master's strict command, that Emin should not tarry a minute longer in his camp, but set out immediately for Caucasus, and over that mountain to Russia, where his friends were. He could not do otherwise than obey. The brave Georgian troops, in a manner his comrades, were extremely sorry for this; they loved Emin as their brother, having been skirmishing with him against the enemy several times, and cursed their master for his conduct.

Here Emin began to suspect a little, that Heraclius's conversation of the preceding night with his son-in-law prince David, was with a bad design, that Emin might be flattered by it, and stay behind at a distance from the Circassians, the road being very dangerous for a few travellers, so that the invading Lazguis might lay hold of him, and carry him into captivity; by which stratagem he might be put out of his way, without his having the character of being the murderer of an innocent man; and by that politic device, he might also stop the murmurs of the world against him, and hide his Georgian envy in the profound darkness of his miserable heart; for Emin was heartily sorry to find so able a man possessed with so unmanly a vice, destitute of conscience, and weak enough to think him helpless, without believing that God would guard him to the destined place. Here a single servant, and five other Armenians, set out in the name of God, the only Father of the fatherless, and arrived in four days, without meeting any party of robbers all the way, at Stephen Sminda, where he found two of the Circassians, and rested there two days, till the guides of the mountaineers came, who took their customary fare of Emin, and carried him, with the other Armenians, ascending and descending for four days, to the other side of Caucasus; whence, in two days more, he arrived at the house of one of the Circassians in Circassia.

Here Emin and his servant stayed; the other five Armenians went to Kizlar, intending thence to proceed for Astrakhan. This was in the month of June. That country had not much to boast of its climate or its waters, which are muddy all the year round. Vexation of mind, and eating mutton every day without bread (instead of which a sort of hotch-potch is made of cunery-seed, boiled like rice to a thick paste), threw Emin and his servant into such an ague, fever, and continual head-ach, as in forty days made him almost despair of recovery; and seeing there was no sort of remedy, he begged his

landlord to get some guide to conduct him to Boragan, twelve miles from Kizlar, where he had heard some Armenian families inhabited, who might help to take some care of him. The master of the house complied, and procured on the spot two horses to carry him and his servant, with two good Circassians on horseback to be his guides and attend him, for twenty-four rupees, to be paid at that village, his Arab horse being left behind lame.

He arrived, after travelling almost four days and four nights with immense fatigue, and in exquisite torture from head to foot, and alighted at an honest Armenian's house, who rejoiced at finding him alive, though he was almost broken-hearted at his ill success, and prince Heraclius's cruel behaviour. He was however comforted with some refreshment, and paid the two guides, adding some small presents; his servant went to his family at Astrakhan, and he stayed there near ten months. The intermitting fever did not leave him till November, but he was not so ill as in Circassia, because the Armenians did not let him want any thing all the time. On his good days, twenty of the young and old Armenians took him on horseback to the hot waters, about three miles from the place, where they pitched tents and bathed themselves. Among them were two brothers, who always washed his linen; they all dined and slept there in the day-time, and an hour before sun-set came back again to their houses in Boragan, which village contained 800 Circassians mixed with a few Tartars. It is a sort of republic, under the protection of the Russians, with six Armenian families, and about thirty unmarried shopkeepers, who lived very comfortably among them without paying any sort of tax to the chiefs or begs. It would have been a pleasant retreat for Emin, if he had been in perfect health, since every thing was in abundance, and his few countrymen willing to make his time pass very happily.

Recovering a little from his illness, he thought it necessary to fulfil the obligation of his engagement to the Armenian

princess, the grand-daughter of Avankhan in Astrakhan, mentioned before; and he wrote a letter to her grandmother, in the following terms:

“The Gohvar Khanum of Armenia.

“Madam,

“I answered your Highness's letter, and thanked you for your kind correspondence, and for that of my friend the lovely princess Marian, who never missed any opportunity of writing to me. Your Highness will know by my letters all that passed between the prince and me, whose unmanly treatment of me put me in mind of your Highness's idea, in regard of his character and his people; every part of your sentiment proved exactly just. It is some time since I came to this place: my not writing immediately was owing to a very dangerous illness, which disabled me from holding a pen. Now (thank God!) I am recovering every day; but since the weather and the climate of Astrakhan will not be healthy yet for these three or four months, I deem it more proper to make this easy proposition to you; by acquainting you, that it will be quite agreeable to both parties, if you will please to come with the princess hither, where the climate is more favourable at this season, so as to make her and your humble servant happy, in being united by the sacred law of the holy church. Thus I shall fulfil the obligation of my promise, of which I was doubtful when you proposed that happiness to me before at Astrakhan; having acquainted you, that I had done a foolish mad act two years before, in sending a letter to the prince from Bajazed, little expecting to go round to him from Russia, when he was just going to give me his daughter in marriage, but was prevented by the over-hastiness of the priest Philipus, an Armenian, the prince's grammarian. That alliance therefore is at an end. Now let me know your pleasure; if you agree to come, to bring my friend with you, or chuse that I should come to you myself. Two lines will be

sufficient; let them but contain one of these two words, negative or affirmative, which will be equally satisfactory to me. I have this more to say; that when the marriage shall be over here, or at Astrakhan, I will again return to Armenia, to try my fortune. If I succeed in my design, which has been your chief wish, the sending for you both will be very easy; but should I fail (which is in the hand of God), then I can come with honour, having done all in my power; and then can enter into the imperial service of Russia, where I have, as your Highness knows, many great friends, who, I am sure, having known my character before, and seeing my future conduct, will promote me accordingly. I wish you health and happiness. Give my love to princess Marian, and believe me to be for ever yours."

This letter was sent, and Emin waited in expectation of an answer, but instead of writing, they returned only a verbal message they had nothing to say to it. The dowager-mother would not know a man who had no money; a second and third message came one after another, with the same meaning. Emin, on this abrupt disdainful return, maintained himself with the satisfaction that, when he had the young lady wholly devoted to him, his conscience stood by and made her innocent person inaccessible; whereas, many in his situation would have been glad of the opportunity, and the princess Marian herself has acknowledged to many persons, that she was gratefully obliged to him for his honour and fortitude. Emin would not have written these few lines so frankly if he had been a merchant, or had they sent a civil refusal; but as a soldier, feeling to the quick, could not refrain himself, declaring truly, he made himself easy with that crossness of fortune.

Not knowing which way to make his way through to Georgia, Emin could not return to Astrakhan, where he was sure of having a mortifying reception in return for his honesty; his 200 rupees were near expended; the noble English were too far to receive him again with open arms; and the misery of

adverse fortune increased his indisposition so severely, that he eat very little, only once in two days, and so on for a long time; till one afternoon, as he was sitting at his chamber-door, there came into the court-yard a Muchkiz mountaineer, armed with a gun and a short spear; he stood a great way off, touching his sheep-skin cap, making a very low bow, and expressing himself in these very words: "Oh, Agha! I wish the apples of my eyes had dropped out of their sockets under your feet, before I had seen you in this condition! Are not you the man who came to Kizlar from the Russian empress, who made the general Stupition tremble, and run into the fort for fear of you; who in eight days after marched away back to Moscow, and brought a firman again in thirteen months; then went to Georgia to that cowardly prince Heraclius, who, I am informed, has turned you away from his country in reward of your zealous services in beating so often our Lazgui Chapauljees, and killing many of us? Why did not you accept at Kizlar, the offer of thousands of us, who were very willing to serve under your command, and with a glad heart would have acknowledged you to be their leader?" Emin called him nearer, took him into his room, presented him a glass of arrack with his own hand, and when he had drank that, gave him another with a lump of white sugar. He said, "The dram is very pleasant; but what is this piece of salt?" Emin answered, "Put it in your mouth." He replied, "Salt is eaten with bread?" Emin said, "First touch it with your tongue." When he did so, finding it sweet, he cried out, "I am very glad to have this, it is a remedy for sore eyes; I will carry it to my wife as a great rarity. I tell you, Sir, though I look so mean in dress, I am a miller by trade, and a soldier by inclination; I have forty relations, all young and hardy, some of them have fought against you in Gurgestan, and every one will come to salute the dust of your feet; you are to bless them, and take them into your service, with their arms and horses." Emin begged to be excused,

as having no money. He said, "What do you say? Do you imagine we are to love a prince for his treasure, like infidels? No, Sir, we are, thank God, Musulmans; we only want your sense and management to rule over us, and give a disposition in battle like the Russians; by which we shall have all the money in the world." Emin made another objection, saying, "Our religions are not cordial." Atchakhan (for that was his name) said, "That does not signify a straw," pointing with his finger to the ground; "a soldier's religion is his sword, once eating bread and salt, makes them all brothers to eternity, as if they had been born of one father and one mother. Let the Mulas and priests differ on that head, our business is fidelity and friendship; so God preserve you! No more of that; I am going like lightning to set all the mountains on fire for love of you; be in the way, for those brave boys will in two or three days come and lay their heads under your feet; bless and receive them all alike in your open arms!"

Atchakhan the Muchkiz mountaineer, having ended his discourse, went away; any man would have imagined him born with Emin of one mother, and with the same romantic disposition, and style of speaking, compounded of sense and wildness. But two days after, he brought a small bag full of walnuts, with his wife's compliments; he then set out in a hurry, and did not stay long enough to take another dram. On the fourth day, he came with his forty relations armed and well mounted, himself at their head, dressed in armour, on a fine horse; he entered the yard where Emin's room was, and which could hold but six men sitting cross-legged. They all dismounted and came two and two, laying their heads down upon the ground, to receive his blessing. He was going to forbid them; but the miller Atchakhan said, he would break their heads, if he hindered them. Emin thought himself very vain, growing as big as a bishop; in which character he assumed a power to bless them all. When they got up they drew their sabres, laid them before

him, to pray that they might be successful, free from rust, and continue wet with the blood of his enemies. He could not refuse all those warlike ceremonies, and therefore took leave, but said nothing, finding he was not strong enough to make an harangue to them. Their coming to him, he cannot but say, was some comfort to him.

On the eighth day, as he was walking slowly out of the village with three or four Armenians, he saw all of a sudden six hundred men mounted on horse-back, in armour, with sabres and guns, at the distance of fifty yards; they dismounted immediately, forming themselves into a large semi-circle, that every one might see him in full view. The master of the ceremonies, Atchakhan, came up, and said to him, "These men, all of one clan, are come to present themselves, and to offer their service to you; treat them as you did my relations yesterday; to-morrow, about this time, there will be another set of them here, who are 1200 in number, and so on every day to the amount of eight or nine thousand. If that force be not enough to go on with, let me know, that I may bring more; they have ammunition for three months, and provision for two months in their portmanteaus; they can shave one another's heads, and have each a pair of spare horse-shoes, besides what are on the horses hoofs; they will not want any thing of you, but to be commanded; they stand ready at the word of command out of your mouth; to put this very village to the sword, if the inhabitants have not behaved to you properly." Then he turned his face towards six hundred of them, saying, "Did you hear, brothers, what I have said to your chief?" They answered, "Yes; and we are very ready to obey him." The miller then asked Emin, if he was satisfied? and all the while, the three poor Armenians stood trembling, and praying for God's mercy. He said, "very much so," and desired the miller to tell them to come near, two and two; and not to fall prostrate any more, but only to sink down on their knees, with drawn sabres in their

right hand, and the reins of their horses in their left, to receive his blessing; and he told them, that as soon as he should be recovered from his sickness, Atchakhan should be sent to give them notice. They then marched to their huts, some one, some two, and some three days journey distant.

Emin's weakness of body, during the few minutes of his standing there to gain the hearts of those brave fellows, made him return home as much fatigued as if he had marched an hundred miles. Presently after, the lady of the village, or wife of the chief, who happened to be absent, sent her compliments to Emin, desiring to speak a word with him. He excused himself, deferring the interview to the next day, when he waited on her. After the usual compliments were passed, she very kindly asked how he did, and hoped that his Armenian subjects took great care of him? Emin said they were not his subjects; they were his countrymen. She said, "How can that be, when all the Dagistanis call you Armarily Pateshahy, and will stand by you with their conquering arms, to make even that Yaver Heretius Gurjee acknowledge you such; nor is it in the power of any prince to stop the mouth of the world? Do not you know the proverb, which says, Ell Agzy Faldar; or, The mouth of the people is omen? The inhabitants of our village are thrown into great apprehensions, on seeing the Muchkiz nation coming to you, and acknowledging you their sirdar, or leader. I am in hopes my people have not displeased you?" Emin said, "By no means, madam; in the first place I am but a guest, and the village is under the protection of the Russian patishah, whom God preserve! and who is also the protector of the Armenian nation. How is it possible I should be so imprudent as to take it amiss? Even if your ladyship should chuse to turn me out of Boragan your village, with a glad heart I should obey your command that very instant." At this expression the lady could not contain herself for joy; she then, with uncommon cheerfulness, honoured Emin, saying, "O, brother! I am happy to see

the reality of the report I have heard; you truly deserve to be the sovereign of all Armenia, Dagishtan, and Georgia." Emin said, his opinion of her wisdom stood on the same ground, having often heard the praises of Circassian ladies, and now seeing the truth of them in her most charming sensible behaviour. Finding, therefore, the lady to resemble in beauty, politeness, and good-nature, the noble English ladies, he cheered up his spirits and opened the book of his heart before her, displaying his rhetoric in the Turkish language, which made the amiable Circassian love him as her brother; and while he remained there, she called him so with great affection; and he esteemed the liberty of intitling her as his dear sister equally valuable. After this peaceful meeting was over, he eat bread and salt, which is the sacred tie of friendship, and then went to his lodging, almost recovered; giving a demonstrative proof of the power of the fair sex, that a single conversation only could cure his illness: and he is happy to declare, that it had been always his lot, when in great distress of mind, to be relieved by them, and induced not to despair.

Every two or three days the troops came, and were received as usual. When the list was completed to eight thousand, in a month's time, its report reached Georgia to the south, and Astrakhan to the north; for a Kizlar was but twelve miles from Boragan, they could have intelligence from it in four-and-twenty hours, the sentry being just over the river Turkey, where two thousand Russian Cossack families inhabited. Emin was informed that a Nukhchuan Armenian had told all that passed to the new general of Kizlar, successor to the late Stupition, and how Emin had brought over to him those eight thousand men, and inlisted them; for which information the fellow received a reward of 1500 strokes with a stick on his naked back, by the general's order; who declared to the rest of the Armenians standing by, that Emin was a free man, not a subject to the Russians, and a Christian, as well as a man of honour,

that he would do the Russians no wrong, nor meddle with their frontiers. "Let him do as he pleases," added he; "our great ministers have several times examined him, and know his principles better than you do; otherwise he would never have been suffered to pass our frontiers. The envious Heraclius has not let him remain in his country, though he would have been of infinite service to him; and the very man to prevent the Lazguis from enslaving every year multitudes of the Georgians, and selling them like asses to the Turks. Emin is much beloved by two great nations; first by the English, secondly by us Russians. How can it be possible that he should act with hostility against Christians; for his very aim and zeal is to die for Christians? He flatters the Dagistanians only to frighten Heraclius. I tell you, that, hence-forward, if ever you bring such treacherous false reports to me, you shall be tied up and flogged like brats, which will be worse than the chastisement yonder fellow has received." This news made Emin very happy, especially as it came from an unknown gentleman, whom he never before had the honour of seeing.

At the beginning of November one of his servants arrived from Petersburg, who had been sent from Tiffliz eight or nine months before, for the third and last draft of one hundred pounds from the late duke of Northumberland, with three pieces of English cloth and a watch worth ten pounds, presents from his old Armenian friend Joanes Lazar, in Russian—Ivan Lazarwitz, before-mentioned. This man, whose name was Tarkhan, told Emin, that when he was at Astrakhan, in his way, the princess Marian seemed to be in great concern at his having been used so unpolitely, without even a civil letter. She pleaded, that her mother was at that time in great agitation; for the tyrannical new governor had stopped the allowance made by the late empress Elizabeth, pressing hard, and trying all possible means in his power to make her his wife; which trouble of mind prevented her writing to his master. Tarkhan, under-

standing something of the affair, or, perhaps, having been acquainted with it at Moscow, said to her, "No, Madam, your Highness had heard that Emin was poor, and you did not care to answer his letter: now you hear he has the command of all Dagistan, you speak thus mildly, so as to move his affection: but he is a man of spirit, and will abide by your treatment of him. For your sake alone he displeased Heraclius; while you or your mother had not sense enough to gain the heart of a man who would have raised you in honour and respect. Whom do you now think of marrying, but some Armenian merchant, who, in Russia, is no more than a Jew?"

XVII.

MAY, 1765.

[Emin, having 12,000 men under him pretends to have formed a plan of attacking Georgians—Letter written by the faithless Marian and his reply—Sukias the monk again appears at Boragan with a fresh letter from Bishop Hovnan—Sets out with his thirty "wolf-like commanders"—Chachan, where he receives great kindness—Numbers of armed men come to Emin expecting to be led against Georgians, whilst he is privately meditating how to make fools of them—Slave market at Andia—Lezguis taking a child of six to be sold—Their only support the sale of slaves—Argues with his followers with no effect, finally dismisses them—Journeys on to Khunzakh—Mahomed Khan the nutzal and his wife—Her humanity contrasted with behaviour of a Roman Catholic priest on the death of a young Englishman—Nutzal gives Emin escort and passport—Sets out for Catukh—Ridiculous affair at the house of a Lezgui—Hajy Mustapha's kindness to him.]

EMIN, at the latter end of May, made the list of his mountaineers, who were full twelve thousand men; and after holding an assembly at the place of rendezvous near the hot waters, three miles from Boragan, he thought proper to tell thirty-five of their chiefs only to keep in readiness, while the troops remained in their respective places for further orders; that when he, with those thirty-five commanders, should reach

Avar, after five days march, and proceed from thence in four days to Georgia, very near half way between the two countries, to consult with Mahomed Khan the nutzal, (which, in the Avar language, means a king,) he might then send back those chiefs to conduct the troops thither, and then fall at once upon the Georgians, while they were drinking wine with their mistresses. "This surprize," he added, "will make the conquest easier, and will be the means of saving of you ; whereas, in a pitched battle, for the first time, the fall of many brave fellows cannot be avoided."

They had before sworn solemnly on the Alcoran, first, to acknowledge his superiority ; secondly, never to contradict his order. When he ended, they all agreed, pulled off their caps, and marched away ; being assured in their own minds that he was provoked, and would not be reconciled to Heraclius, though, in truth, he would not have changed one Georgian Christian for all the Mahometans in Asia, but continued a true Armenian.

Emin left them satisfied with their own opinion, and kept himself in readiness, when he received the last letter from the faithless Marian, sent by an Armenian gentleman, an ensign in the Russian service, a near relation of hers, on purpose to be delivered by his own hand. The purport of it was as follows :—
"My dear Sir, and justly-displeased friend,

"We have acted wrong in every respect, disdainfully, ungenerously, and imprudently, in not answering your kind interesting letter. To think of assigning reasons for our conduct, would be unnatural. We acknowledge our misbehaviour against you ; but are in great hopes your humane heart will condescend to forgive us. Be persuaded and assured, that poor Marian is your own, and is perfectly convinced, she never can be happy without you ; nor you, she is sure, without her. O, cruel Fate ! what affliction hast thou brought on me ! My poor grandmother sends her prayers and blessings to you,—she is as much afflicted as your poor Marian is unhappy. Should you not relent and

come to her, be pleased to write a single line, that she may have the satisfaction at least of taking it to the grave with her. Adieu! I remain to lament my distracted situation till death. And am," &c.

The Answer.

"My dear Marian,

"I received your letter, acknowledging most honestly your fault, which I have passed over with all my soul: but am sorry to say, the balsam you now send, is come too late to cure the wounds of a heart that preferred you to all the world. For the future, I shall esteem you as my dear sister. Think that you have a brother going to die for his country's cause. Make yourself easy; marry whom you please, and be happy. When you cannot avoid remembering, that no one else would have the same fortitude, or act with so much honour, as Emin has done in regard to you; recollect what a man you may regret the loss of—a true lover:—but content your mind with having found a brother, who will continue so all the days of his life. Adieu!"

Emin being clear of that engagement, the monk Suczaz, then collector for St. John the Baptist's monastery, whom he had seen before in Astrakhan, arrived at Boragan, and told him, that bishop Hovnan, the head of that monastery, had in writing, ordered him (the monk Suczaz) to give Emin all the money collected in Russia from the Armenians there, being the sum of 646 tumans, equal to 12,900 rupees. He said, he had refused before 600 zeckins at Tiffliz, brought by Melich Stephen, when he had but 200 rupees. Now he had an allowance of 100 pounds, sent by his patron the duke of Northumberland, which would be sufficient for the time: nor was he sure whether his chimerical plan would succeed or not. The sum of 646 tumans would have been in a manner an enemy in his bosom among those wild and almost savage Lazguis. He therefore bid the monk to keep the money to himself, or take it to the bishop; for he was chased like a tyger from place to place, not having a hole of his own

to creep in, where he might have a little time to fetch breath. The monk agreed that he was in the right; but begged to make so free, as to lay before Emin his sentiments on the proposition he was going to make. He said, he would hear with pleasure, for the sake of his only friend bishop Hovnan. Then the monk began fawning and cringing, and said, "Sir, you have devoted yourself entirely to fall a sacrifice, with hearty zeal, for the cause of your countrymen, bidding farewell to the pleasures of the world; and having given many examples of purity, have overcome many temptations before, and now have refused a fair princess's offer, with a great estate, who might make any one else happy. On the receipt of an answer from you, I saw her shedding tears of blood, and lamenting her thoughtless behaviour which made her lose her dear lover. The Armenians at Astrakhan, on the other hand, learning the reason of this, pitied her deplorable case, but admired your heroic attachment to her, and more particular your love for your country. From what I have been told by some merchants, you could live among that glorious people, the English, with respect and comfort: and I was an eye-witness, at Moscow, that the Russians would be very glad to receive you in their Imperial service: but to that, you did not show the smallest inclination; and rather chose to leave them all behind, than break your undaunted resolution: nor will you accept this small sum of 646 tumans by the desire of my lord bishop Hovnan. After all, my intreaty is, that you will not marry any Mahometan prince's daughter in the country of Dagistan, for fear of losing your Christian character. I know they will be pressing to fix you there. I know you will not renounce. (God forbid!) your enlightened religion:—but what will be the consequence of such a marriage, when you have children, who, in course, must be brought up in the false Mahometan faith? What will you answer then before our Blessed Saviour? Therefore I beseech you to have compassion on your own conscience,—make me easy on that head,—and excuse me for making

so bold with you." Emin said, "In what manner can I give you assurance?" The monk said, "Swear, by the grave of St. John the Baptist, and the second martyrdom of St. Stephen." Emin, with great willingness, immediately swore by both the holy saints: he only said to the monk, "Though you said so much before, in my favour, yet I am sorry to find you so weak, as not to know better the strength of my faith, or my real character, who was born and baptised a Christian, and will die such, if the whole world were turned Mahometans." He could not help adding, that he wished, with all his heart, that the monk, and all his sect, had been possessed of the tenth part of his faith in Jesus Christ. If the monk had foreseen the cutting answer Emin made, he would never have opened his lips. Thus ended the conversation between two Armenians,—one of them an ecclesiastic, the other a plain layman and a soldier.

To be brief, he bought a Circassian horse; the monk made him a present of another; a third he procured for his baggage; and having hired a Tartar servant, he set out with the thirty wolf-like commanders, and entered their country, Chachan, half a day's journey from Boragan, when the Armenians in that place took for granted that he went, of his own accord, like a sheep to be slaughtered and devoured, not thinking that he was one of them; and that they behaved to him with a hundred times more tenderness and hospitality than the Georgians, or their princes:—nay, more than his own relations. He stayed a fortnight at that first stage, where Aly Sultan, the prince of Chachan, the head of all the twenty-nine, made his lady, with her two sisters, sit like taylors to make his cloaths, and fit them to his liking, with all the cheerfulness imaginable. Emin thought himself happy as if he had been in England, and began to forget all the uneasiness of his mind in Georgia. He marched back again with them to the hot waters of Boragan, for the purpose of bathing; and in the evening, lodged at Kachatur the Armenian's house, where he stayed two days. This made

them satisfied. They were astonished to see those wolves of chiefs standing as tame as lambs before him, and not sitting without his order.

After he had taken leave of his countrymen, he marched up to the mountains; it was a five days stage; but the chiefs begged him to make it fifteen days, by halting in every village three days; in which time they killed 1,500 sheep and thirty oxen, and boiled them in large coppers for distilling arrack. These were the booty taken from the Armenians, or Georgians, in the open fields. There was, to be sure, such a multitude of armed people, as would have surprized any spectator, as numerous as if Abubaker, Omar, and Osman, were making their entry. All came to see Emin, kiss his hand, and obtain his blessings: but he could not be in the least vain of all the pomp, he being a Christian, and they Mahometans, who, all the time, wished success to him, and downfall to the *Gavers*, which made him quite unhappy: but he was obliged to put on a good countenance, and say, Amen! and make them believe, that they, having him at their head, could overset Georgia, not in the least suspecting that he was meditating how to make fools of them.

The reader cannot imagine the probability of all this; and supposes it rather an Arabian tale, than an authentic narrative, well knowing he had no money, and was not a Mahometan, to gain their affection: but he must consider the disposition of those terrible savages. The leaders of those excursions have been always Georgians, from the highest degree to the meanest of subjects; who, being oppressed by tyrannical princes or masters, went over to them, and being chosen by them as their guides, marching at the head of thousands, carried fire and sword through the country; while the Georgians were sitting in banquet-houses, eating and drinking like beasts. Thus they destroyed their opposers without mercy; drove the defenceless into captivity, reserving the sturdy and the beautiful infants to themselves, whom they circumcised, and adopted as their own

children; but sold the rest to the Turks and Persians. Therefore, there can be no great merit in Emin, in being respected or caressed so much by them, when the head men of them had seen him with their own eyes, in Russia, taken much notice of; and had been fighting against him in several skirmishes when in Georgia.

A day before his arrival at the capital of Avar called Khun-zakh, he came upon a high eminence to Andia, a large free town, where a market of slaves is held: generally the Crim Tartar merchants buy them. Here he, with his thirty devilish commanders, met five mountaineer Lazguis, who had a Georgian little girl, about six years of age, with a pair of brogues on her delicate feet, running before them, like a little lamb, to the market to be sold. Emin seeing that object of pity, found his distracted heart splitting, to observe the condition of the innocent creature. He could no longer help shedding tears. The men began to handle her, and pull her about, to see how she was made, in such a barbarous manner as to put Emin almost out of patience. He told them, if they wanted to buy the child, they ought not to make a football of her; that they were worse than the brute beasts to behave in that manner. They all turned round at once; but Aly Sultan exclaimed, "O, Sir! if you are possessed with a heart so merciful as to be affected for one slave girl, how can your eyes bear to see many thousands of them in that condition? You have no treasure to pay your troops,—how are we to be paid?—We must pay ourselves in that way, to obey your orders; otherwise, you must not expect that we will fight for you for nothing! Since you shew so much humanity toward a single subject of your enemy's, how much more must you have for your own countrymen, who make half of the subjects of that Caffer Heraclius? Answer our just question; or give us permission to return to our place."

Emin said, at the instant, "I have no occasion for you:—go your ways! if God will prosper me with success, and make

me master of money, I shall be glad then to call you into my service, and treat you like men, not like tygers or wolves, to let you prey upon human bodies:—the former is the doctrine of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ; the latter is that of your prophet Mahomed. Now, brave fellows! which of the two is the best?" They said, "That of Christ: but our Molaks tell us, that the Georgians are Caffers, whose persons and properties are made lawful prey to Musulmen." Emin said, "When the devil tells mankind to run after wickedness, are they to follow that evil one's advice?" They answered, "No; but what shall we do to live?" He said; "Go, till your lands; live by the sweat of your brows:—God is the creator of all, not of the Musulmen only: the beginning of your own prayers tells you the same; but you are blinded by your own learned men, who are wolves in sheeps clothing. I ask you, if you should like to have your children torn away out of your arms, and your wives defiled before your eyes by the Russians? Or, do you think that they can do it, or not?" They said, "Yes; very easily." He said, "On the contrary, they defended the people of Dagistan against Nadir Shah, by supplying them with ammunition, which saved them from becoming slaves to the Persians. You have forgot all that. Instead of being grateful, you go and take the Georgians and Armenians into slavery, who are their fellow Christians; (they still bore this with patience;) and you will not leave your wild ways, because the deceitful disciples of the impostor Mahomed forbid you!" In this manner he reasoned almost an hour and an half; they hanging their heads down, and saying nothing; but, according to their custom, kissed his hands, begging him to pray for them, and to remember that they were always under his command, whenever he should have occasion to send for them. They then went away with as much content, as if each of them had obtained a beautiful Georgian damsel.

Ali Sultan, the prince of Chachan, never opened his lips;

he was a pensioner of the Russian government, but as great a rogue as ever trod on ground. This man hearing at Boragan that Emin had a little money, was all the way making free with pretended familiarity, handling sometimes his bosom-pocket, sometimes his side-pocket, as if he wanted some snuff that is usually carried in a leather bag. Emin, with seeming indifference, never took it amiss; but knowing the intention of Ali Sultan, took care to remove his money from place to place about him, so as to make the sharper prince believe that he had none, and mortified him to the very soul by now and then taking a zeckin out of his pocket, and giving it his servant to buy some clothes: he took for granted that Emin had the philosopher's stone, and needed only to rub his thumb against his finger, to produce gold whenever he wanted it.

The next day they arrived at Khunzakh, where he was received with great politeness by Mahomed Khan, the nutzal, or king, to whom this Ali Sultan was a relation. After some days, he well learned the temper of the nutzal, and that he was not a great friend of Ali; for he said, that Ali was a very treacherous false man, although he was a relation of his; that he often behaved not like a man of honour, and several times brought a party of Russian Cossacks, and drove away the flocks of his own clan, for the sake of his paltry pension of twenty tumans a year, which is no more than 400 rupees; and in gratitude for Emin's goodness, who pacified his own people (meaning those 12,000 men who were going to cut him in pieces, when at Boragan), from that place to this he had been studying to find out where his money was, forgetting that he had sworn fidelity to him upon the Alkoran. He added, "That man (meaning Ali Sultan) is neither a true Musulman nor a Christian; he is a kizelbah (or red-head);" meaning a Persian heretic.

Ali Sultan finding Emin in a secure place, and having made no hand of him with all his cunning, came to take leave. Emin said, "as you are returning to your country Chachan, I well

know you will go thence to Boragan, where you learned that I had a sum of money, and that you, a treacherous comrade, could not get it from me, after trying all your cunning and base arts! Understand me; you will see they were satisfied in their minds, that their countryman Emin is not the person they imagined would have been deceived by Ali Sultan, the prince of Chachan, whom he made no more than a tool of, all the way to Khunzakh, the capital of Avar." He added, "When you go to Kizlar, make my compliments to the general; thank him for his good opinion of my principles, without having seen me!" This reprimanding speech he made in the nutzal's presence, who approved of it with expressions of great satisfaction; and Ali went away dashed with chagrin.

Emin, with his servant, named Mortazaly, stayed as guests with Mahomed Khan the nutzal, where he passed four months as happy as if he had been in Europe with a fortune of 5000l. a-year. The behaviour of that prince had never the appearance of a Mahomedan, except when he sat down to prayers. The princess named Bakher, his first wife, was the daughter of Utzmy Shamkhall, another great prince of the N.E. of Dagestan. Though she out of modesty concealed herself, yet her politeness and hospitality cannot be expressed, she sent every day her lady of the chamber, the wife of the cazy, to ask how Emin did; and besides the three usual meals, she took care he should have three collations of fruit, some growing there, and some sent to them from the distance of five or six days journey on that high mountain. In regard to her humanity, they had a Georgian dumb slave, who one day went to wash himself in a pond, and was unfortunately drowned: she lamented much, gave him a very decent burial, ordered six sheep to be killed, called poor people to dine, and pray for his soul, and was several days after in great concern for the accident. Emin sent into the haram, and begged of her to know if such liberality for a Christian was allowed by the Mahomedan laws? She sent for answer, that humanity was

the law of Nature, and greater than any law made by men in power. As a contrast to this, Emin remembers an Englishman named Gray, who died at a Roman Catholic priest's quarters, which was in the church. The black-hearted fellow, unknown to Emin, ordered two men to take the corpse of the unfortunate young fellow by the legs, and throw it like a dog into a hole. Gray paid him extraordinarily well for his board; yet the rigid monk did not so much as say, Dust thou wast, to dust thou shalt return!

Both the nutzal and his lady giving hints, that if Emin had an inclination to command, he should have in a few days as many thousand fighting men as he pleased; he said, he was not a turn-coat Georgian, to be actuated by false ambition, and ruin his country for nothing; but that he should be very glad to have about twenty men to go with him as far as Catukh, a village four days journey off, from whence it was a journey of about three or four days to the mountains of Armenia, called Karabag: that was all he wished for: he rather chose to die, than see an Armenian walk lame. This very sentiment made them more fond of him than before; and they said, "A man who is true to his own country, will be so to his friends; but he that will fight against, betray, or hate it, is a caffer, having neither honour nor principles, like the Georgians, who ruin their country with their own hands, by shewing us Lazguis the roads, passes, and every corner of it."

Here Emin, if a digression may be excused, cannot help confessing, that he repented of having taken an oath to the Suciash Armenian monk in Boragan, that he would not marry among the Lazguis, for both the prince and princess offered one of their three daughters to him in marriage; but when he confessed the truth, that he had made a vow by the grave of St. John, (whom they call Son of Zachariah Yahya Pegumber the prophet,) they still admired Emin's honesty, and caressed him more and more. Had they been Christians, he could have lived and died there

very happily, finding among them so much politeness, hospitality, simplicity, and true liberty, which might have saved him many cringing postures at great men's doors for a livelihood. The nutzal would have given him land enough, with men for agriculture, oxen to till the ground, and flocks of sheep in abundance: the climate is wholesome, and, with a sober wife, he might have enjoyed it a hundred years, and with a good conscience have died contented, without being envied by the ambitious part of mankind, nor would his poor ears have been plagued by the appellation of Prince; for let him move on ever so hardly, the world will cry out, Emin wanted to be king;—and he might have been one, if he had sold his conscience, and abandoned humanity!—Let the world see his heart in this imperfect book; his mind is as humble as dust, but his ambition has always been to see his countrymen free, which he hopes to be the wish of every honest man.

When he had well established a friendship with the nutzal, he desired him to order some of the people to accompany him down as far as Charr, or to the Catukh village, four days journey to the lower woody part of Dagistan, originally belonging to the Georgians, a very plentiful place, producing all kinds of fruit. They favoured him, besides twenty-five men, with a letter to that republic, in this form:

“The bearer, Emin, an Armenian Christian, having been taken proper notice of by the carols of Frankistan, the Russian pudeshah's vizier recommended him in a letter to prince Heraclius. That caffer, instead of rewarding his services, has turned him out of the country. He is returning over the Oss (or Caucasian mountains), and going through Circassia to the village of Boragan. The Michkiz nation, in the woody province of Chachan, coming to him for the sake of booty, several thousands of them offered their services to him, in order to march with him to the desolation of Georgia; but he being an Armenian, and not in the least inclined to their enterprize, dismissed them,

making Ali Sultan, my relation, his guide, as far as this place; where we received him according to the law of hospitality ordained by Abraham, the first of all prophets. The truth and honesty of his heart made us love, respect, and caress him, as much as if he had been born with us of one mother. We cannot doubt that the Jamahat of Charr, or Esembly, will receive him in as friendly a manner as we have done; and that you must not expect him to go with you, inroading or making incursions into Georgia; for he is an Armenian, true to his faith; and not a Georgian, false and distrustful! But if there should be any expedition going on against the Refzys, he will have no objection. Given under my hand and seal unclosed, at the city of Khanzakh, in the kingdom of Avar."

This letter served him as a passport all the way, through different republics in the mountains, not subject to any prince but by their tenure, the nutzal can call upon them when their service is wanted against any power; that is to say, Turks, Persians, Georgians, and so forth.

After travelling two days, about two in the afternoon, as he was marching with his twenty-five men through a large meadow, and passing by a village on the left called Cutakh, a Lazgui named Mohamed, observing that Emin's dress was not like the rest, and perceiving that he was an Armenian, came up, and gently laying hold of the reins of his horse, carried him to his own house, very happy that he had a rich booty; securing also his led and pack horses. About 500 villagers, and as many women, making a great throng about him, sat down, according to custom, to divide the booty. The head man of the nutzal's people told them very coolly, that he was certainly an Armenian, but not such as they thought. They said, that Dagistan was a sacred country; and that by their law no Christian could go through it, unless he was chained as a slave for sale; so that all the gentleman's reasoning with them had no effect. He therefore left Emin among them, and went to the elders of other

villages. He was gone about an hour ; during which time the women, old and young, sat round him, as if he was dead, with a musical voice lamenting his situation, and bewailing his father and mother, thinking how unhappy they would be to hear their son was made a slave ; tears running down their cheeks, as if they had lost a son or a brother ; little imagining the charge of burial, and the funeral dinner, would cost Mahomed his whole winter's provision ; for he, discerning Emin's friend, at the head of 600 armed men, coming down from the brow of an adjoining hill, directly drove away both men and women, and, with his gigantic mother, fell down upon their knees, and begged Emin, the dead man, to save their house, by saying, that he was brought in as a guest, not as a slave. Emin consented to say so ; and when they came and asked him, how he was used by that fellow, Mahomed ? he said, "As a guest." They said, "That word saved his house from being pulled down." The nutzal's letter was read again to them ; they all shook hands with Emin ; and it was very fortunate the landlord returned his things before they came there, otherwise the house would not have escaped their fury, for his transgression against the law of hospitality, in Dagistan particularly, as he made bold to treat in that rough manner the most beloved friend of the nutzal. He ordered the fellow to bring victuals, and they, like so many wolves, devoured every morsel of dried beef and mutton, and obliged him to give Emin's people seven large sheep, which served them three days on the way.

When they came to Catukh, it was Wednesday, and the nutzal's general letter was read by Molah Musa, in the assembly at the Mesgid, on Friday after prayers. All of them made Emin welcome, and were very glad he had escaped from the hands of that caffer Heraclius. Hajy Mustapha, at whose house he alighted, told him, that as it was his wish, according to the purport of the letter from the nutzal, to go to Armenia, he would conduct him to Talla, an hour's journey from that place,

where there were many Armenian merchants lying in a caravanserai, some of whom, for their own affairs, would soon depart, when Emin might join them in time to be in the same caravan with them. Emin, very glad of that intelligence, set out with Hajy Mustapha, and his servant Mortazaly Ali, and arrived at the place called Talla, where the hajy, according to the custom of the Lazguis, took and introduced him as a guest to another in the village of Talla. Just as he entered the court-yard of the house, there came out two Turkish women, wives to the landlord, like mad dogs, scolding Mustapha furiously for bringing his guests always to their house. Hajy Mustapha ran away; and the master of the house begged Emin to alight for half an hour, till his son returned. Just at that time the son came, and took Emin and his servant to the before-mentioned caravanserai, about 800 yards from the house. Emin was flattered with the hopes of going among his fellow Christians, not knowing that their poisonous words would shoot through his heart. When he reached the gates of the hellish mansion, every one of them came and stood at the entry, looking as pale as death; and, instead of speaking to him, told the young Lazgui, they had no room to spare. "Take him," said they, "to your house again, he shall by no means enter here; he is your king; we have nothing to say to him."

The poor young man, surprized at their behaviour, and afflicted at Emin's situation, said, with a very meek voice, "Never mind, Sir, God is great; let us go to our house again." No sooner had they turned their horses heads, than the Jews began to murmur like cowardly dogs standing upon the terrace of a house to bark at passengers. Emin was very nearly provoked to turn and fire at them; for if he had killed ever so many, nobody would have restrained him; the young man his companion would very willingly have joined him; and the Lazguis would have been very glad of it, since among them, to kill an Armenian is no more regarded, than to cut a cucumber with

a knife. Yet he bore with great patience all their satirical insolent expressions. Had not his English education helped to prevent him, he might have behaved according to their deserts: he only comforted himself with thinking, that they were all Georgians, not genuine Armenians. The Lazgui boy, very much resembling an English gentleman, asked him on the way to the house, how he could be so fond of so worthless a people? And added, "Is that all the reward of your pains, and dangerous travels through the world, particularly in Dagistan, where the birds cannot fly in the air without being sensible of terror; yet there the Lazguis with a good heart received you, elected you to rule over them as a sovereign, and are always ready to follow you. This exasperating affront is inexcusable; pardon me, Sir; you will do nothing at last with that conscience and humanity of yours: remember me, I am but nineteen years of age, but I predict, that one day you will find all your trouble to have been vain." On entering the courtyard, the exhortation of the young gentleman ended.

Emin slept there that night, and the next morning went back to Catukh, to Hajy Mustapha's house, but found that he was absent. There were two Armenians of the same cast lodging in one of the rooms annexed to the house, under the hajy's protection, carrying on a sort of trade as shopkeepers, with a capital of about two thousand rupees, but as insolent as the richest of them. These men set the landlady on to turn Emin out of the house: the messenger between the two parties was Emin's servant Mortazaly. At last the servant was told by the hajy's wife, that his own countrymen, the Armenians, were the reason of her pressing his master to go out of the house; that since those two shopkeepers were of some profit to the hajy, she was obliged through them to give Emin warning; and she concluded with saying, "Tell him to do as he pleases." No sooner had he heard that last message, than he placed his baggage under a large walnut-tree, to which was twisted a vine, with

great bunches of grapes hanging down over his head by the side of a cool brook; and he let loose his horses to graze in the very court-yard, which was like a fine garden, threatening the poultry shopkeepers to punish them for their baseness. They, through fear, killed two large fowls, made a pilau, and invited him to supper. The next day the hajy came back; and having learned what had passed the day before, was extremely angry. Had not Emin interfered, and with great difficulty quieted him, he was really going to cut off, first his termagant wife's head, and then those of the thoughtless Armenian shopkeepers.

The hajy took Emin to his country-seat, three miles off, where his second wife was in the farm, with cattle and horses. He lodged him in a little tower, just big enough for five or six men, and put his horses in a stable, in the midst of the very people against whom he had fought near Tifflis, wounding thirteen of them, every one of whom was dead. They all came to see him, and instead of revenging themselves, like other Mahomedans, they respected and loved him, expressing wonder how his few lads could stand so many hours against so many veterans. They, at Emin's expence, took great care to bake, boil, sew, and wash for him, with as much cheerfulness as he could wish; nor had he the least apprehension in regard of what had passed before. The servant that came with him in hopes of procuring a slave, finding his inclination was not in the least bent to go marauding to Georgia, with several bands who offered at different times to put themselves under his command, asked leave to go away to his own country, which was granted. As there was no agreement for wages, Emin made him a present of his bay horse for three months service: he then went away with as much content as if he had procured a Georgian slave. Emin thought proper to stay under Hajy Mustapha's protection at Catukh, to hear some news from Armenia and Georgia; and in the mean time to derive some advantage from gaining the affection of the people of that place, which was ten hours journey

to Kissikh, the frontier of Cakhet, and four days to Carabagh, the north of Armenia.

XVIII.

1766.

[Plot against the lives of Heraclius and his family—Heraclius warned by David, an Armenian—Conspirators seized—Shaverdy Khan plots destruction of Armenian Chief, Yusup of Gulistan, and calls the Lezgus to his assistance—They invite Emin to accompany them on a raid against the Shamshadins, but the latter capitulate—Emin provided with a troop of Turkmans, who under him encounter Kurds and punish them—Lezgus take hundreds of slaves and much booty—Emin's object to play off Mahomedan against Mahomedan, and save his helpless countrymen—Commander of the Lezgus sends Emin a present of two beautiful ladies, whom he twice returns—Turkmans show approval of his conduct—Emin contrives to save his countrymen from lasting captivity—Fighting between Kurd, Lezgui, and Turkman—Hatham and Yusup, and the corn of Shameor.]

HAVING been there about six months, he heard the dreadful news from Tiffliz, that Pala, prince Heraclius's uncle by his mother's side, had formed a conspiracy with twenty-four petty Georgian princes to put an end to his nephew's life, and destroy all his family; but that the plot had been fortunately discovered by an Armenian, whom the conspirators had trusted with the secret, offering to pay his debt of three hundred tumans; and giving him a letter signed by every one of them, to carry to the Lazgus, requesting them to bring their troops at the time appointed for putting their horrid design into execution. But God above, who has the heart of every man in his hands, seeing their cruel intention, turned the heart of the Armenian David, who, instead of setting out on the expedition, which might have been the cause of shedding the blood of many thousands, and among them the innocent children of the prince; about two o'clock in the morning, went to Heraclius, knocked at his door, and was admitted immediately to the prince's own

haram, where he delivered to him the fatal letter. The prince seeing all their seals and hand-writing, ordered the Armenian not to stir out of his haram, where he supplied him with plenty of wine and food, which is the darling object of that nation. The next day he called a great council, summoning every one of the conspirators; and after making a long harangue, alleging his great fatigue and dangerous battles fought in person for the defence and welfare of their liberty and property, he asked them, one by one, what they thought such a prince of another country should, in consequence of such services, hope from his subjects? They answered, "Respect and honour." He said, "If, on the contrary, they should be so treacherous as to form a conspiracy against him, what then?" They answered, "Such people would deserve no mercy." Then the prince produced the letter, and shewed it to every one. The conspirators could not deny the fact; they were instantly seized and punished, not one of them escaping. The prince asking Pala, his uncle, how his heart could suffer him to write to the enemy, that he would destroy, with his hand, both his nephew and his children? he said, so he would have done; upon which he was immediately cut to pieces.

Thus was the prince of Georgia saved, with his family, through an Armenian at last, who was created noble, and rewarded amply: but he and all his family died away in thirteen months, leaving not a soul behind. He shared, it seems, the same fate with them; for he was, by all accounts, of a very bad character: he had set fire to a barrel of gun-powder, and did not imagine he would be blown up likewise by the secret hand of the Almighty. He might have excused himself, without entering into their wicked design; but how was it possible for him, who had neither honour nor religion to help him, to escape ruin? The poor Armenians, good and bad, work and labour, to leave money for others to enjoy; which can be imputed to nothing but mere ignorance. These very unfortunate treacherous people would have persuaded Emin to join in the

plot; but he despised and laughed at them while in that country; nor opened his lips on the subject to this very hour; but now he thinks there can be no harm in mentioning it, as a caution to some against venturing to undertake a scheme of the same kind. Though a sense of humanity affected his mind for the families of those false ambitious men, yet the light of truth, entering with awful consolation, told him that it was well done, and that all was right.

Shaverdy Khan of Ganja, at that time next in power to prince Heraclius, had enticed away two of the five chiefs of Carabagh, Hatam, and Ousup, to remove from their country, and settle at Shameor on the confines of the Shamshadin tribe, who were on the north, the Khan being on the south, and the Armenians in the middle. Thus he lay meditating their destruction; and by his Persian cunning, gained Hatam's heart to his interest, intending to make away with Ousup, who being apprized of the stratagem, fled with his son Beglar to the Shamshadin clan for protection. They happened at that time to have revolted from Shaverdy Khan, through some misunderstanding, or act of oppression, which saved the lives of Ousup and his sons. The Khan finding no other means to quell the rebels, sent over to the Jamaat, or republic of the Charr Lazguis, (in one of whose villages Emin then lived,) to come to his assistance, and chastise the Shamshadin tribes. The Lazguis then told Emin, that as they were going to persecute Sheya, (or the sect of Ali,) it would be a proper time for him to join them. He consented, and set out with eighty elders of them, followed the main body of about four thousand horse, who were to march on the second notice of the Khan, in case the Shamshadins should not capitulate, which they did.

Two days after their arrival at Ganja, with their families in bonds, only keeping the Armenian chief and his son, through regard to prince Heraclius, who had, by writing, acquainted them that they were under his Highness's protection, the Charr elders

being satisfied with the Khan's presents, were just going to return, when Emin received intelligence, that Husein the Zdahar mountaineer was coming at the head of two thousand horse to Ganja; and that Shaverdy Khan had written for Husen to send him to Nakhchuan to enslave the Shaikhs and impoverish the Khan of that province, so as to reduce him to subjection. Emin knew great part of that country to be inhabited by helpless Armenians: he staid two or three days more at Ganja, till Husein arrived with his two thousand men. Shaverdy provided him with two Persian guides; and they set out the next afternoon. In one day and a half they crossed the Shamshadin mountains; and about eleven o'clock reached the corner of a fresh-water lake, called Gegham. This precipitate marching was advised by Emin; who, while in Ganja, had intelligence that the tribe of Colan Curds were on their way from Iravan, coming to the protection of Shaverdy; and that if he hastened, he might lay hold of them, and so satisfy the Lazguis, and save the Nakhchuan Armenians from slavery.

At sun-set they pitched on the bank of the lake, and two hours before sun-rise, they, according to custom, cast lots: it fell to Emin's party of forty Turkmans, or Turks, who were Hajy Mustapha's own subjects, (among whom Emin quartered,) to march before as the van-guard; and an hour after sun-rise, they discovered, at a great distance, thirteen horse-men coming along the lake. Emin perceived with joy that they were the clan of Colan Curds belonging to Carabagh, who, since Nadir Shah's death, had been removed to Iravan and were then marching to the protection of Ganja, and thought they should fall victims instead of the Nakhchuan Armenians. Emin ordered his men to let the horses go on full gallop. The Curds had not in the least expected to meet a single Lazgui; and on seeing Emin's party near them, began to speak to one another in Armenian. Emin thinking them to be Christians told them, to run away if they could. No sooner had they turned the heads of

their horses, than they began to speak Curdish; and Emin, recovering from his mistake, took all the thirteen alive; when, behind a small rising ground, about a quarter of a mile off, were moving, richly dressed, the whole of their tribe: but before all the two thousand Lazguis could come up, Emin's forty Turkmans fell on with sword in hand, killed many, and took prisoners the defenceless women, children, sheep, and cattle; the fighting-men retreated, and began to fire briskly: but when the two thousand main body came up, they rushed on like ravenous wolves, killed two hundred and fifty, and took the rest alive; amounting in all to eight hundred and fourteen slaves, men, women, and children; with eight thousand sheep, two thousand black cattle, and six hundred mares, each, in that country, worth one hundred tumans.

Shaverdy Khan's two Persian guides were terrified; they had made flattering promises all the way to the Lazguis, on purpose to vex Emin, saying, that every one of them should have an Armenian boy and girl for his share; not imagining that their eighteen female relations in the clan, besides kinsmen and other males of the same religion, would fall into the hands of those monsters. Their expectation of seeing the poor Christians in misery, turned to mourning and lamentation for them. Then they considered that Emin's intention in exhorting the men to march with that celerity, was to make Mahomedans a prey to Mahomedans, and to save some thousands of helpless Christians. Let this suffice to show the reader, how far Emin singly has run into danger to serve his poor countrymen against those barbarous nations; but he is sure that the richest of them, if they should chance to understand, will be the first to deny it: Such is the effect of money acquired by base-minded people, resembling half-starved cows, driven into a meadow of fine grass, where after filling their bellies with it, they prance and kick, thinking they can gallop like Arabian horses.

The magnitude of the booty gratified them exceedingly; the

ready cash in gold and silver, amounting to twelve thousand tumans; and on an equal division among them, each man's share came to six tumans. A horse's rich harness, and other silver furniture, was made a prize by Husein the Lazgui chief, to the value of sixty tumans. Emin's share was almost as much, which he distributed among his own men. All that he took was but half a pound of butter for his breakfast.

In that destructive affair, a Kurd, on a sorrel horse, after fighting sword-in-hand for ten minutes, finding he should be overpowered, caught hold of his wife's hand like lightning, and lifted her behind him; when some of the men endeavouring to snatch her away from him, he returned his beast to the left-about, and rushed on them like a provoked lion, wounding several of the Lazguis: then he turned again, and rode off without being hurt. In that close quarter, or confused fight, a very stout man on foot clapped the muzzle of his piece to Emin's breast, and snapped it, but it did not go off. His men, seeing that, cut the fellow to pieces. A woman, with her beautiful daughter, about fourteen years of age, with spears in their hands for about fifteen minutes fought like Amazons, killed two of the Lazguis, and wounded some, preserving their honour like angels; but fell at last, to the astonishment of all the savages. Their Mulah came with the Koran in his hands, craving mercy; which Emin seeing, he slackened the men a little from their fury, and said, "What are you about?—Do you not know how the Shari's learned men abused the second Khalif Omar?" They answered, "No." He added, "They have published a scandalous story; would not acknowledge the supremacy of Ali, who has excommunicated him, and transformed him into a woman; in which condition, he was married to a miller; and after having brought forth two boys and a girl, was changed again to a man." Emin could not finish the story, before the Mulah and his Koran were cut to pieces. Only six or seven of the Kurds run into a cave on the rising ground; and defending themselves with their guns,

wounded one of Emin's men, and were saved from either being taken or killed. The loss on the Lazguis' side was but a few men, and on the side of the enemy, 250. The free-booters, not contented with the plunder, which consisted of money, large coppers, and kitchen-furniture, beds, and pieces of silk, stripped men, women, and children; tied the men's hands behind them, and setting the women on horse-back, were returning home.

Emin's band told him, there were some Armenians among the slaves and there happened to be a boy about ten years old, riding behind one of them:—they said, he was an Armenian. Emin inquired of the boy, two or three times, who he was, and what was his name? The poor creature, hearing the Armenian language, between affliction and joy, could not speak a word, but burst into tears, which, like small shot, darted on the back of the man; a scene of so moving a kind, he never beheld in his life: himself, likewise, began to weep as he went on, overpowered by sympathy and grief; and neither of them could utter a syllable for some time. At last the poor boy told him, that his name was Beglar; and that there were many Armenians, but what number he could not exactly tell; their dress being the same with that of the Curds, it was not possible in such a crowd to distinguish them. Those terrible savages, observing Emin's compassion for his countryman, could not help sympathizing with him, and comforted him, by saying, it was the fortune of war: nor would it have been difficult to save them, had his own band of forty men been Armenians; so that by dividing the slaves, he could have taken them for his, and his men's shares, and then have set them at liberty. Thus has he been unsuccessful in all his undertakings, being alone, and labouring in vain. He did not despair from it; but trusted in God, setting his brains to work to find some means, not only to save his poor countryman, but the clan of the Curds too, though very wicked, and by profession, according to all accounts, murderers of merchants, and robbers of caravans; but they were not so excessively cruel

as the Lazguis, who, that very day, in the evening, reached the foot of the mountain, and the road at the corner of the lake, where they entered into a meadow adjacent to it, and there they halted to rest for the night. Here they began to torment the captives.

Husein, the commander of the Lazguis, sent Emin a present of two beautiful ladies; one of them wife of the Chragh, or chief of the Curds; the other about sixteen years of age, lately married, and the chief's daughter-in-law; but he would by no means accept them, sending them back with the fellow who brought them. Husein sent the poor creatures back a second time, with only silk red shifts on, bare-footed, and without any covering on their heads, (their tears streaming from their black antelope eyes,) with a message, that they were the handsomest among all the slaves; and that if he did not like them, he might go and chuse any two he pleased. At this Emin could not help losing his patience. He sent back the victims a second time; and immediately after, sent his man to Husein with a reprimanding message, in these terms: "I am come, by the order of my master, to tell you, that you are very wrong, and even wicked, to offer those women to him. You, that command so many hundred men, should not so imprudently set the base example among your troops of defiling slaves, and becoming defiled yourself: the consequence of which diabolical action, my master hopes, will be the vengeance of God upon your head; so that neither you, or your men, may be able to carry a single child to Dagistan." The man came back, and said, that when he had delivered the message, Husein took the miserable objects to himself, for fear of mutiny, hanging his head down, and saying not a word; but those who were present, cried out, "Allah! Allah!" commending Emin, and saying, he was God's own man.

This making a great noise, 600, out of 2,000, who were Turkmans with their centurions, left Husein,—never approached

the slaves, but preserved them from dishonour; and changing their stations, came and pitched their tents by Emin. Through the whole night was heard the lamentable crying of females from grown women down to girls six years old, who did not escape brutal treatment. The hands and the arms of the men were tied behind them with raw thongs, which, for half an hour, are somewhat easy, while they are fresh; but when they become dry, begin to pinch the flesh, causing exquisite pain, which continually increases. The shrieking noise of some, and the groans of others, shewed what torture they went through all night, till sun-rise. In that manner they were treated every night, till they were out of the reach of the country where hostility had been committed. And when the Lazguis were in their own mountains every man claimed his share of slaves, either to sell, or keep working in the house.

Seventy years ago, these Lazguis, through the necessity of gaining a livelihood, and the baseness of Mahomet's religion, began to enslave the Georgians. Their abstinence in regard to slaves had been remarkable; and an order was always observed among them, with as much strictness as if it had been a law ordained from above. It was death to any one who offered to meddle with a slave woman, unless he chose to marry her. But when, in course of time, the Georgian, the Turkish, or Persian children, of six years old or less, preserved from being sold in Dagistan, were made free by adoption, and brought up to manhood, their natural impure blood prompted them to that horrid custom of breaking through their ordinance, by making free with slave girls. The German noblemen, to this day, will not have any connection with their own female servants, however handsome, thinking that their noble blood would be debased; so the Arabs, Tartars, and Turks, who made such extraordinary conquests at first, kept that rule sacred: but when, in time, they became more polished, they lost every thing that was rustic, plain, and honourable. The softness of noxious pleasure, made

them no better than they are at present—distrustful, contemptible, and indigent. The next morning, the rosy-cheeked women looked as pale as ashes.

On the march, Husein asked Emin's opinion, if it would not be more convenient to take the slaves into an uninhabited fort, on the left of the road, which was almost inaccessible, and sell them to neighbouring mountaineers, or their relations, whose centries on the hills, at a great distance, were observing his motions. Emin perceived he was apprehensive of danger, and said, "You need not be afraid, Shaverdy Khan is your friend; the Shamshadin tribe are the Khan's subjects; the enslaved Kurds are the subjects of Ibrahim, Khan of the Carabagh Armenians, an enemy to Shaverdy, who, instead of being angry, will be much pleased, and reward you with great presents. Never mind; go on till you are in a better place, where grass and water will be in plenty for the troops." Husein, the stupid Lazgui, listened, and was highly pleased with Emin's counsel, not knowing that he would pay dear for it. Had Emin advised him to go to the fort, with 2,000 armed hardy Lazguis, they would have been very well accommodated with grass and water; and having so many thousand heads of sheep and cattle, would have sold their old slaves, and carried away the young and handsome ones in the night on horse-back.

When they came to an open place, surrounded with high mountains, exposed to the Shamshadinians, Emin told them to pitch there; and after about an hour's rest, there came to him an Armenian secular priest, at the head of sixty Armenians, men, women, and children, all in the hands of the Lazguis. They began crying, and begging to be saved from their misery. Emin told them, he was but one man; nor had it in his power to afford them the smallest assistance. "Go," said he, "pray to God, who alone has power to deliver you from your miseries!" He then spoke to the Lazguis to take them away from his sight. A little after, the Kurds, who were stationed not quite forty yards

off, came to see him: several of them understood Persian. Emin comforted them, saying, "The twelve Imams will help to deliver you." During all the three days in which the troops made a halt there, Emin ran a great risque every night, by loosing several of the Kurds, and ordering them to go to the Shamshadins, advising them to come in a body, and surprize the Lazguis, about three o'clock in the morning while they were sleeping stark naked, like dead men; and promising them, by his faith, that he would not head the Lazguis upon any account.

He might then have let loose all the grown men among the Armenians, if he had pleased; but he acted cautiously, fearing that the savages would suspect him as their fellow Christian. To make the troops rest satisfied, he told them, that though he could not help being sorry for their misery, yet he could not but say, the Armenians richly deserved to be made captives. Why did they not stay in Iravan? or, what business was it of theirs to join the Colan Kurds? They, touching their noses with their fore-fingers, said, "Alah—Alah!—what a just man he is!" To please him, they used the Armenians with some humanity; and bringing all their able-bodied men before him, he drew his sword, and laid it upon the scabbard, to form a cross, which he ordered them to kiss, and swear by it, that they would not run away. This he did, in order to save them from the torture of the night, in having their hands and arms lashed with straps. The honest Armenians stood to their oaths, did not violate the confidence of the Lazguis, and slept free from pain, no one of them running away, which afforded great joy to Emin, and gave him hopes that his countrymen would, one day or other, by God's providence, be free in this world, and happy in the next. He was also very glad to find, that even the savages had learned the honesty of their hearts, and their firmness in the Christian faith; conceiving, that if, after swearing on a sword and scabbard, shaped into a cross upon the ground, they would stand so true to their words, they would more resolutely bleed under

the cross, when displayed on military ensigns. O, ecclesiastics! if you but let them break the chain of superstition and ignorance, you will see how bravely they will attack the enemies of Christ!

Their halting three days in that defenceless open place, was owing to Emin's advice, which, though treacherous to his cannibal Lazgui comrades, yet was just to the distressed; for had he not acted such a part in those circumstances, and, standing mute, had suffered those miserable, objects to be carried into everlasting captivity, he could never have been happy for the rest of his life. Whether right or wrong, he did it to satisfy his own conscience. What the public will think of it, he is not sure; but he is in hopes they will, on the whole, commend it.

Husein, on his first arrival at that place, sent Chragh, the chief's wife, and a buffalo, with messengers, to Ganja, a journey of fifteen hours, as a present to Shaverdy Khan, whom he congratulated on the downfall of the Khan's enemies,—ignorant that they had come for his protection, though they formerly were Ibrahim Khan's subjects, belonging to Carabagh. All this time, Husein flattered himself, that Shaverdy would answer him with applause, and a khalat, or rope of honour; but, suddenly in the morning, about two hours before sun-rise, the Shamshadin clan and the Armenian mountaineers surprized the Lazguis' camp, firing vollies from three different sides which threw the wicked Lazguis into such confusion, that they had but just time to catch their horses (killed about 100) of which they took 250; but left the slaves with goods, sheep, and cattle, and decamped so quickly, that not a single child could be carried away. Emin's horse ran away; but he caught a fine colt belonging to one of the Kurds. His men (missing him till sun-rise) helped him to another, stronger. The Lazguis, pushing on to an eminence, where, as they were not pursued, they halted, and began to look back, like wolves whose prey had escaped, towards the surprizers and the slaves with the rest of the booty. They could easily see

from that high ground, that the number of the Shamshadin clan, with the Armenians, was but 600, who were preparing for a second attack; and the Lazguis, their panic not being yet over, turned their faces to run away. Emin and his men, with much ado, rallied them; telling them, that if they went in that disorderly manner, every one of them would be cut off. The Shamshadin clan seeing them recovered and faced, desisted from their attack, only watching, like dogs, the Lazguis' motions. Emin advised them to charge, which they immediately did, killed sixteen of the Shamshadins, and were near making an end of them, and taking the booty back from them. He then made them retreat, and told them, that it was sufficient. "The enemy," said he, "knows what you are made of:—now we can march away at our pleasure." Emin stood behind the troops, and saw the Shamshadin clan moved almost out of their sight; then he followed his comrades, overtook and passed them, riding on towards the river Cur, and thence to Dagistan.

He advanced almost four miles before them, and reached the foot of a mountain, whence he discovered, on the right, at the distance of about four miles, a large body of men, before the opening of the Shamior Meadow. He did not then know who they were; but was afterwards told it was Shaverdy Khan, with 18,000 Persians and Armenians standing in wait for the Lazguis, but not courageous enough to move. Had he marched, he might have cut off every soul of them, having before sent his son Mahomed Husein Khan to the ford of the Cur, to prevent their passing. Had he pursued and attacked their rear, he would have made a complete business of it. About twelve horsemen just at that moment sprung forward, playing with Emin's party, firing and running back, to amuse and delay them: but Emin knew better, and went on till they came to a sort of broken ground; and then returning the fire, eleven of them ran away; but one followed them almost five miles, to the bank of the river Cur. As the ford was guarded

by 500 Persians, commanded by Mahomed Husein Khan, son to Shaverdy Khan, Emin thought it necessary to change the course and marched with his men down to the water-side, where there was no fording-place. In swimming over, one of his men was drowned. His horse, turning back, fell into the hands of the man above mentioned. About a quarter of a mile from the river, on a high ground, he halted, to observe the motion of the 2,000 Lazguis, who, after two hours, came down, and fell upon the back of the 500 Persians, killed several, and forced their way. As he observed them passing the river, he ordered his men to march on, which they did, from eleven in the forenoon to ten at night, and halted by another river called Ghabry, not so deep as the Cur, where he rested the whole night.

The next morning, as they were preparing to set out, he discovered a great body of troops coming out from behind a mountain on his left, and took it for granted they were Georgians. The men asked Emin, what was to be done? He answered, "Fight them, and die like men!—you see they have the advantage of us in every respect, the mountain is on their back, and their number is great:—we have no shelter, but a very large open plain before us:—should we fly from them, they will pick us up like wild game. Though our undertaking be desperate, yet we shall fall like brave soldiers, and leave no room for the world to reflect that Emin and his forty Turkmans behaved in a dastardly manner, and fell like women." They approved the proposal, and said, "Please to set the example." No sooner had he heard that word, than he drew his sabre, and charged; his men did the same, and followed the mistaken enemy. Who should they be but a party of Lazguis. Seeing a handful of men galloping furiously towards them, they suspected it to be prince Heraclius's advanced picket, and fell into such confusion, that, instead of running away, they began to whip their horses against the steep rocks, tumbling and rolling down like barrels of water, crying, "Aman allah! Heraclius! Heraclius!" Emin,

finding them to be his comrades, could not keep himself from laughing; and was amazed to find, how much these barbarous savages dreaded the prince's name; like the children in France, who, when they cried in their cradles, were quieted by their mothers telling them that Marlborough was coming. Let the candid reader therefore judge, and approve Emin's speaking the truth like an European gentleman, in recording the meritorious character of his enemy, prince Heraclius, who, with the late patriarch, Simon of Armenia, were the cause of all his adversities.

The Lazguis then begged Emin to keep them company, and not to advance so great a way before them. To this he consented: the road being then separated, his men went to the right and he, with the savages, proceeded to the left. When they came nearer to the confines of Kissekh, the first district to Kakhet Georgia, Husein, the captain of the Lazguis, told Emin to take care of himself, and keep near him, for the men had a bad design on his life; that they wanted to kill him, thinking that he had money, and was a Caffer. He smiled with great composure, and said, "What then will become of you, if Heraclius, at the head of 10,000 Georgians, should meet you in this open place, where no mountain or shelter is to be found? Come, then;—who are the men that dare attack me? I know your Mahometans to be ungrateful, and a disgrace to the name of Dagistan, by transgressing the hospitable law of that nation. Those men are not true Lazguis, but degenerated and corrupted by a mixture of Georgian blood. Thence it is, that they conspire against him, who has made each of them master of six tumans, who never before saw a single rupee in his life." After this reprimanding speech, thirteen of the savages dismounted, laying hold of his stirrups, begging his pardon, and intreating that he would think no more about it. Here Emin very justly thought he could be even with them all, and bade them be more expeditious on the march, for fear of the prince's coming out. On hearing this fatal advice, they began to gallop, whip, and kick-

their horses, as if they really were pursued by a conquering army. The consequence of such a hurly-burly was, that three hundred of their horses were tired, and left behind upon the road. The Lazguis in general are not good horsemen, nor do they know the nature of them, otherwise they would not be so stupid as to lose many excellent horses by beating them.

This happened within thirty miles of Belican, a village belonging to the Gaugal Lazguis, where Emin found two Nakhiguan merchants; having reached it after great fatigue for two days, without any rest, from the mountains of Shamshadin of Ganja, a march of almost one hundred and twenty miles, of which the caravan commonly makes a journey of six days. Emin staid in that place, with his Armenians, for a fortnight pretty comfortably; when Hajy Mustapha his friend came down from the mountains with his family, and with his flocks and herds, took him to his village of Catickh, nine miles from Belican, where his relation Mussess, who had fallen sick and was left behind at Dalubar five miles from Ganja, came to him, and very prudently persuaded him not to remain any longer among the Lazguis, who being Mahometans, and thirsty for the blood of Christians, could not very well agree with Emin's disposition and principles, since he would always rather chuse to die than see a Christian enslaved.

Here it is to be considered, that the excursion he made with those Lazguis, enslaving the Cürd clan of Colan, was of happy consequence to the Armenians, and fatal to the khan of Ganja, whose army deserted and left him alone, exclaiming against him, and saying, that he was an enemy to the Shiah Musulmans, and had brought the Lazgui Sunies to enslave the Curds. This faction afforded the two Armenian chiefs, Hatham and Yusup, an opportunity to move with their troops from Shameor to the frontiers of their native country Trashatzy* and Charrabert;†

* Thalish.

† Chrapiert'h.

Melck Hatham halting at Trinabad, and Yusup at Gedashen. The reason of their stopping in those two villages, (though Armenians, under the government of Ganja,) was on account of the corn left behind at Shameor. They were in hopes of getting it, yet weak enough not to foresee that Shahverdy Khan would recover from his distress; therefore, without being diligent enough in three weeks time to carry off the corn, while he was in confusion, they set themselves down contented, feasting and drinking wine. Yusup was less to be blamed on that head; for Hatham amused him by fair words all the time; since he, being devoted to the khan's interest, was kept on the khan's side by the force of bribes. These two chiefs exactly resembled two stiff-necked oxen, one of them pulling to the right and the other to the left.

XIX.

1766—1767.

[Emin at Catickh, where resides Yusup of the Beglarians, Melik of Gulistan—Danger from Shaverdy Khan—Yusup hawking and drinking, heeds nothing—His 500 fighting men go to their villages—Mahomedans attack—Yusup wants to run away—Emin persuades the few men left to stand firm and resist—Persians flee—Rallied by Ballah Mahomed—His provocation to Yusup—Aga Beg, in intervals of snuff-taking, shoots Ballah dead—His men fly—How the clever Armenian women concealed from Yusup all arms thrown away by the Persians, confiding in Emin alone—Disgust of Armenians with cowardly Yusup—Treacherous Aivaz—Hatham's attempt to make Yusup submit to Shaverdy—Emin's imaginary wealth turns the scale!—Yusup's son Apov as hostage to Shaverdy—Returns with message warning Yusup that his "English guest" alone has saved him this time—Yusup goes to his citadel of Gulistan—Ibrahim Khan, the governor of Karabagh, provides corn for nine months—Wonderful fertility of this land, where inhabitants have everything but prudent management.]

TRINABAD, where Hatham resided, was nearer by six or seven miles to Ganja than Gedashen, where Yusup was. Here Emin, in his way to Curdistan, arrived, from the woods of Dagis-

tan, at the village of Catickh, after having made that inroad which saved many thousands of Armenians from lasting captivity. Yusup receiving him with open arms, persuaded him to stay with him; and he, finding the chief very earnest in his desire, consented, and thought himself very happy, advising the chief not to stay longer at Gedashen, nor expect a single grain of wheat from Shameor, almost at the distance of twenty-five miles. "The city of Ganja," said he, "is between you and that place, and the Khan Shaverdy growing more and more powerful every day, and having already collected twelve thousand men, will not easily let you have your provision from Shameor." He said, "No, Sir; Hatham, a favourite of the khan's, has promised that we shall have it all." Emin then said, "Since you will not hear my advice, to set out directly from this town to the fortress of Gulistan, you must expect a visit from Shaverdy, with a formidable body of fighting men." The chief smiled, saying, "Never mind; let us enjoy the wholesome wine of this place for some time, then we shall consider your advice." In short, he could not be dissuaded from his way of thinking, and from the good opinion he had of Hatham's interest with the khan. He went on amusing himself, hawking every day, and drinking every night, till three in the morning, with his officers and the elders of the tribe. On the contrary, Emin passed his time in rising early in the morning before the sun, taking with him his breakfast, and walking up and down the high mountains, so as to come to his quarters just half an hour after sun-set. As it was the latter end of autumn and beginning of winter, he enjoyed his health by breathing a fine air in the highest perfection; yet it made the people wonder what could be the reason of his going so many miles a-day, without any business or benefit.

Thus, for forty days, he reconnoitered in his walks every part of those mountains, observing the strong or weak passes in them; but the village Gedashen, where he and Yusup had quarters, was much exposed by its situation on the brow of a

hill. Just on the top of it there was a breast-work thrown up in former days by some Persian general, deep enough to cover men, and to direct their pieces down; and behind that entrenchment there was the Armenian burying-ground, with a field round it, large enough to hold an army of forty thousand men, surrounded with high mountains, having only a high pass to the north, almost inaccessible; but as there were no men posted to guard it, and it was almost four miles distant from the village, it was of no use. Towards the south, over the river, there was a thick wood, which, in case of a surprize by an enemy, would have been an excellent retreat for the villagers; but the river being so rapid between it and the village, precluded all hope of passing over, though it was not so deep as six feet. Emin gave intelligence of all this, and described the bad situation of the place; but Yusup did not mind it, and said, "Let the enemy come, we will fight them at our own doors." The generous wine had made him quite easy; till one Sunday, being the carnival of St. James's holiday for the following fast week, when intoxicated with wine, he stupidly granted permission to his five hundred fighting men to go to their respective villages and enjoy themselves in celebrating that saint's day, by eating and drinking. Emin was very much against it, and said to him, "That imprudent proceeding of yours, depend upon it, will be productive of evil consequences. If the enemy should pay you a visit, and their distance is but a day and a half's journey, what will become of us then?" The answer the chief made to him was, again, "Never mind it;" and ordered his servants to prepare a drinking supper for that night. Emin hated the very name of it, went to his own quarters and slept after his supper. Unknown to him, about one in the morning, the chief fortunately happened to receive intelligence from an Armenian of Ganja, who was coming to Gedashen for some business of his own, with another Armenian; and falling unawares among the troops of Ganja, commanded by Mahommed Hassan Khan, his comrade

was taken; but he being more active, made his escape, and brought the dreadful news to the chief, saying, "Yesterday there was report in the city of Ganja, that a body of Lazgui inroaders had crossed the river Cur, which is to the east of the town, about six miles distance. In the afternoon Mahommed Hassan Khan marched with his troops to meet them and give them battle. The people never suspected that his march out of the place was a kind of stratagem, in order to make us Christians easy in mind, and rest satisfied without giving information. Last night, about ten o'clock, I and another Armenian set out from Ganja, and having come half of the way, discovered to the eastward a great body of horse. They seeing us, galloped towards us, and took my companion, but I made my escape by flight. As it was very dark, they could neither see nor find me out, since the horse are obliged to keep with the foot. I ran all the way to let you know, before their coming up, that you may be able to put yourself upon your guard."

The chief had no more than forty men, with Aga Beg, commander of his body guards; and being greatly distressed, without knowing how to act, was ashamed of himself for not hearing Emir's advice; and out of politeness did not send any person to wake him. Having divided the men into four unequal parts, he posted five of them, with himself and his son Beglar, behind a large rock, in the middle of the brow of that hill under which stood Gedashen. The second division consisted of twelve men, and the third of thirteen; and he placed them severally in the mouth of two vallies to the right and left of the village, reaching like two arms down to the river, so as to form almost a semi-circle, in order to annoy the enemy who should come down that way. In this manner he made a disposition with his few men, and stood waiting to receive the enemy. Mohammed Hassan Khan, who, two hours before sun-rise, at the head of 2000 Kizelbashs, 2000 Mahometan foot, and 500 Ganja Armenians, arrived and took possession of the breast-work on the top of the vil-

lage, mentioned before; finding those two easy passages guarded, he ordered the men to fire by volleys down to the village, in hope of frightening the inhabitants into consternation, having intelligence before of the foolish plan of Yusup, whose men were to go out holiday making; and not in the least doubting of success, took for granted that he should easily be in possession of the tribe, since the Armenians of Gedashen on the other hand, with its treacherous burghmaster Aratun, were his subjects, and would help within the place to promote his base designs. But Aratun, who, jealous of Yusup's power, had encouraged the khan to undertake that expedition, happened to be secured that very night. He knew not indeed the diabolical intention of his master, who came not only to enslave Yusup's clan, but to sell him also, and his twelve other villages, to the Tartars and Lazguis; so that the captives would amount to 18,000 souls.

In that dreadful instant, the report of so many thousand fire-arms, the great noise of the Mahometans, crying "Allah! Allah!" the lamentable cries of the Christians, with their helpless families and innocent children, starting out of their beds, awakened Emin out of his sleep, not a little surprized at the disturbance. No sooner had he come out of the house, than he found the condition of those poor creatures, and saw the sad situation of the chief, who shrunk behind the rock with his son, and five men, preparing to run away. Emin cried out to him, saying, "Chief, I find you want to act rashly; let your horse go, this is not a time to mount, for the place is too steep for galloping up, or rushing on the enemy sword in hand." He understood the meaning of Emin's words, let go the horse's reins, and asked him, in great confusion, what they should do? Emin said, "Mind your business; persevere with patience; and when (by the help of God) you have finished the day's work, you shall drink wine again." In the mean time, he saw the twelve mountaineers marching down, and they honestly told him, that they were going to run away. They added, in anger,

"We wish the devil had our chief, who did not follow your advice, and has got himself into this scrape! what can so few hands do against so many thousands, pouring like a deluge, ready to drown us all?" He said, "It is a shame for you to fly. Can you bear the thought of having your wives defiled by the Mahomedans? Can you live with a good conscience, after hearing that your harmless children have been made captives, and sold like cattle to the infidels? I, who have neither of those heart-destroying objects in view, am ready to die with a good will, and to lose my life like a man, and a true Christian." They said, "You must have been inspired by some miracle; let us know it; then we will stand by you." He had the presence of mind to say, "Yes; half an hour ago I invoked St. John the Baptist, who appeared to me in his glory, and said, Rise from thy bed; go, tell the Armenians, that victory is on their side, if two or three of them will but stand: I am St. John the Baptist, and will fight for them."

No sooner had they heard this, than they turned their faces towards the enemy, who were all the while firing, and making a noise, saying, "Glory to Mahomed! Sword and fire to the Caffers!" It was highly pleasing to observe the exertion of those brave fellows; how they climbed up the hill; rushed on, like angry lions, into the thickest of the enemy's fire, and put them almost in confusion; for about seven minutes they seemed as if they were lost among the multitude. From the left and right came those that were posted; and the chief, with his son and five men, followed the example with equal courage. They opened the first Persian they had killed; after cutting his head off, and taking out his heart, they dipt it in the river; a superstition in great credit among them; for they believe that by so doing, they cause a panic throughout the enemy's forces. And so it happened; for they began to take to their heels. In the heat of the action, the brave Armenians cut off three heads, and killed 100 horses. They brought the heads, and threw them

down before Emin ; asking, if the English (whom he had been praising) could fight as well as they ? The Persians were really so much panic-struck, that the Armenians grew wildly courageous ; and two of them, without making use either of fire-arms or swords, ran towards the enemy, caught by the neck two Persians, and brought them to the chief.

When the enemy lost the ground where they were before posted, Ballah Mahomed, the second in command, mounted on a very fine horse, with sword in hand, rallied a great part of the broken army, seeing the small number of the Armenians ; encouraging some, and abusing others, in language becoming all Mahomedan nations. Then, having put himself at the head of them, he returned very slowly back, till within sixty yards of the Armenians ; when he began to insult Yusup the chief, and to threaten furiously, saying, that within half an hour he should be in possession of the clan ; that he would slay all the fighting men with the sword of Mortza Aly ; violate his women before his eyes, and sell the captives to the Lazguis. He added, that he dreamed the preceding night, that he was amusing himself with the Armenian young married women ; and that the virgins were sent, by Mahomed the great prophet, to his seraglio. .

That speech was sufficient to provoke God and man ! It made the chief look round quite exasperated ; and, in a hurry, he ordered Aga Beg, his uspashy or centurion, to fire at him. The gallant Armenian, instead of pointing his gun, took a large leather bag of snuff out of his pocket, with a string about a yard and a half long, and, opening it with the utmost composure, presented it to his chief, saying, "Sir, do not be out of patience ; take a pinch ; the abominable words of Ballah Mahomed will break his neck, and those of his cowardly Persians." Then offering the snuff to Emin, he said, "I hope, Sir, you are not afraid, like my master, who will not take a pinch of snuff, though very fond of it." Emin took it, and said, "My brave countryman, my mother would not have given me milk when I was born, if

she had thought I should ever be afraid." He replied, "Thou art the man whom we wanted;" and levelled his piece at the Persian. At the snapping of the lock, Ballah Mahomed turned his horse quickly, leaning his body over its left side; but the ball took him behind, and overthrew him headlong upon the ground. The valiant troops, seeing the fate of their commander, took to their heels, dropping their arms, and flew like a broken herd; when his own servants, with much difficulty, carried off the dead corpse of their master; which completed the victory. On the enemy's side were forty heads cut off, fifty fine horses killed, 500 men wounded, of whom 300 died a few days after in their own houses. The loss on the Armenian side was but four men.

After pursuing the enemy very close about two miles, Emin thought it proper to call the Armenians back; and retreated to Gedashen, with an expectation, in their way, of picking up the enemy's arms, or part of their baggage. But there was not a single thing left; for the Armenian women, availing themselves of the opportunity, had carried all away, and concealed them so as none could be discovered; nor would they confess the truth to their covetous chief, who did his utmost to exact at least a few of them, but to no purpose. Emin was surprized to find them so firm and resolute, as not to be tempted by the flattering promises of the chief, who examined them one by one, and assured each, that he would not take away her own booty, provided she would betray the others. The answer they made was no more than this: "Sir, we know nothing of it, nor do we betray any one." But when Emin sent for them to his quarters, they had so great confidence in him, that they confessed the truth, and gave a very good reason for their conduct; saying, "When our children are grown up to manhood, the chief (who is no better than a heathen) will require arms, which they will be obliged to buy with their own money; if they can afford it, very well; if not, he will beat them almost to death: there-

fore we are under a necessity to deny the truth, in order to save our young ones from the oppression and tyranny of the chief, whom we saw at the beginning of the battle almost terrified, and going to mount his horse to run away, and leave us a prey to the Mahomedans. God knows what would have become of us poor wretches, if you had not been here! But Providence sent you to save us from that everlasting destruction, both of body and soul." Then they cried bitterly; saying, "May God in heaven prosper and protect you! Take no notice of what we have said to you." Then they went away to their habitations. This circumstance Emin never disclosed to any till this moment.

When the battle was supposed to be decided, all the fighting Armenians ran and kissed Emin's hand; thanking him for his behaviour, and boldly using several sarcastical words, in regard to Yusup's pusillanimous conduct; and this before his face. In the afternoon of that very day, the enemy, headed again by Mahomed Hussan Khan, with fresh troops, which were sent to join him by Shaverdy Khan his father, together with some field-pieces, battering cannons, and swivels on the backs of camels, marched in good order toward Gedashen; and posted upon a hill, about a small gun-shot's distance to the eastward of the burying-ground; where the 500 Armenians who had been absent, had the day before arrived from their villages, and had raised a breast-work of huge stones, so as to shelter them in case of a surprize by night. The enemy began a few random shots, and at the same time made a great noise, with an intention to frighten; but to no effect. The brave Armenians, instead of returning the fire, laughed at them. The night coming on, about twelve o'clock Emin proposed to Yusup, the chief, a scheme to surprize the enemy's camp; and as the men were ready to undertake the expedition, it would have been very easy, if Yusup had consented. But he made some frivolous excuses; thanking Emin for his readiness and resolution, and saying, "In case Melech Hatham, the chief of Charrabert, should happen to be

with Mahomed Hussan Khan, ten to one he will meet with some accident from our men; so that the friendship which now subsists between us, will become an everlasting enmity; nor will our enemies be sorry for it. Although Hatham is caressed and bribed by Shaverdy, father to Mahomed Hussan Khan, yet in his heart he is our friend and brother." Emin said, "Had he been with the khan, he would have come over to see you; for the distance between you and the enemy is but very small," so that both armies could hear each other over the small valley, if they spoke loud. However, no expostulation could persuade Yusup to acquiesce; the little courage which, by the strength of good wine, he had in the morning, was then gone out of his head.

The backwardness of his behaviour excited wonder and contempt in his men; who said, "Our chief was the bravest man in this country, having killed no fewer than 400 Mahomedans with his own hand in different actions; but he is totally changed; nor is he the same man whom we have before seen!" Emin comforted them, saying, "Never mind it, my brave countrymen, he will recover his spirit; courage is like appetite; sometimes it will be present, and at other times absent. I have seen in my travels several instances of the kind, even in Frankistan, among the officers and soldiers: at one time the men would face lions, when their courage was present; at another time, they were frightened at a dog's barking. Persons of sense and experience will not be so inconsiderate as wholly to condemn him, but will still retain their respect for him. I beg you will not be too hasty in your opinion of your noble chief, who has for twenty years protected your families, and defended the tribe." They answered, "God in heaven bless you! your reasons are good; but we cannot help blaming that courage, which at this critical time has abandoned our chief, who is not even willing to let you manage the business."

During the whole night, Emin continued expostulating with,

and comforting them. But one Eyvaz, a native of Iravan, in the chief's service, a very dastardly fellow, was within a hair's breadth of spoiling everything, and defeating the inexpressible pains which Emin took to keep the men from deserting, through the unfortunate conduct of Yusup. This man fetched a very deep sigh, as if it had been from the bottom of his wicked heart, and groaning heavily, with a dismal voice, he said, "Great Sir, and my dear brethren; thirteen long years have passed since we have carried arms, and never rested in quiet; always in war and troubles, without relief!" His cowardly speech had such an effect on the minds of the men, that they began to whisper, and, in about five minutes, were going to march off. Emin, observing the condition they were in, made a terrible noise, insulted Eyvaz with fury, and reprimanded him, saying, "Nature never bestowed the two blessings at once on any man living, to enjoy the pleasures of voluptuousness, and to have his fame celebrated. Thou art a dirty spot among these brave fellows Corogly, the Turk, used to say, in his heroic songs to his men before they engaged, *Laka ogurmasen meidana jundan basdan guichan gunyder*;"* that is, Let no black spot (or coward) appear in this field of action, but him that has forgotten his life and head. This verse Emin repeated to them singing very loud; and they, instead of running away, began to twirl their whiskers, and, grumbling like tigers, were very near putting an end to poor Eyvaz's life, had not Emin prevented them. They all said to him, "You are the man to save us." Yusup also complimented him, saying, "God has sent you to take care of us; what would have become of us, if you had not been here!"

In this manner they passed the whole night. Early in the morning, they saw Melech Hatham, with half-a-dozen horsemen, arrive at Mahomed Hussan Khan's camp, and dismount near his tent, and enter it. Presently after, he, with Johannes the Catho-

* *Lêké ogleürmassen meidana jundan bachdan kitchdan gunyder.*

licus of Ganja, accompanied by two of Hussan's officers, came ever to Yusup's camp, with a proposal of treating for peace, on condition that he would return to Shameor, to the north-west of Ganja, and become subject, as before, to Shaverdy Khan, his father. Yusup laughed, and said, "Yesterday we were but forty in all, yet did not yield; to-day we are 500 strong. Mahomed Hussan Khan is mistaken, nor will his threatening artillery have the smallest effect: on the contrary, by God's assistance, in two hours time it shall be our property. You, Hatham, through avarice, and the bribes of that false Mahomedan, are persuading me to go over to him, and submit to his diabolical government; but his wicked design is to make an end of me first, and then to fall upon you like a wolf. The presents given by him are deposited in your coffers; but, one day or other, you will be very glad to return them to him, and yourself will fall a victim to his treachery. As for your fidelity to him, it is mere infatuation, with good intentions in your own heart! I wish we had known that you were not with him last night, we might have followed Emin's advice, which would have saved us from the trouble of hearing his haughty message. I beg therefore you will be kind enough to withdraw yourself from that fellow, that we may a second time hazard our fortune with him." Hatham said, "That cannot be done; I am not a Mahomedan; I have taken my oath on the Holy Scripture, either to make a good understanding between you and Mahomed Hussan, or to return to him upon amicable terms. As far as I can understand, Mahomed Hussan is already frightened out of his senses by yesterday's affair, and had no rest all the night; sending me three troopers after one another, requesting me to go to him. [The distance between the khan and Hatham was twelve English miles; Hatham was at a place called Sernabad, an Armenian village, subject to Shaverdy Khan.] I delayed, pretending sickness, and hoping that our noble prince Emin would surprize the enemy's camp, and take the khan alive. As soon as I arrived,

the commanders and the troops declared openly, that they were ready to march off, and leave the khan with his domestics in the lurch. But you have said, with your own lips, that you would not suffer Emin to decide the business at once. Now you are talking big, and pleading excuses! But I see you have lost your courage, and are not the same Yusup that we knew before. Grant that I had been with the khan, and had met the same fate with him; yet my son is alive; you would have had the glory; and he would have succeeded me."

While Hatham and the Mahomedan officers were partly treating, and partly threatening, that they might persuade Yusup to march back or submit to the khan, one of his men shot a large bird of prey flying over the dead bodies; and thinking it a good omen (for the enemy's side were firing up at the same time, but none of them could kill any), he brought it, and threw it down before Yusup. He was a Turk, the only one of the Mahomedan party, named Babba; and he thus expressed himself: "Dushmannin bryla olsen buegem;" that is to say, My prince, may your enemy become like this. He hoped to be rewarded by Yusup, who ordered Mirza Voscan, his Armenian secretary, to give him three rupees only, with a few empty words; for the chief's avarice words cannot express! But poor Emin, having at that time in his pocket a few Venetian half-zeckins, gave the man, one of them. He tossed it up three times in the air, and caught it; and then made seven very low bows to him, saying, "Dovlatan ziad olsen!" that is to say, May your prosperity increase! When this was seen by the Persians, and Hatham, who was sitting by Yusup, they were much surprized; and Hatham whispering in Yusup's ear, asked, if Emin had any more of those gold pieces brought from England? He answered, yes; and said, that when he first came thither, he made him a present of 500 whole zeckins, his lady of 400, his eldest son 300, his youngest son 200, and his daughter 100; and that very morning had made an harangue to the fighting men, and promised, on their beha-

ving gallantly, to give five to each of them, for every Mahomedan's head, or every prisoner, that they brought from the field of battle. Hatham, in great amazement, communicated the information to the Persians, who looked as pale as death; then casting his eyes towards a Khurchin double portmanteau, made of fine Persian carpet, within twenty yards distance from them, guarded by twelve stout armed mountaineers, he asked Yusup, what that was? He (having had previous instructions from Emin) told him, that it was full of Venetian zeckins, which he had shewn the men, and ordered them to guard it; promising, that it should be opened as soon as the enemy's messengers were gone away. "I wish," added Yusup, "you would not stay five minutes with your beloved khan, after having returned his insolent message, and told him to prepare for battle; since we are resolved to fight, and rather to die than submit to his will; and (by God's assistance) we shall see his whole army lying dead among the stones of these mountains. Hatham, depart! for ten to one the men will mutiny if you stay any longer." This haughty language made them believe, that the bag really contained money; they not knowing that Emin had filled it to the brim with hard stones the night before, in the presence of Yusup and his men.

When Hatham went away to the khan, ten minutes had not passed, before he came back again alone on horseback, with most humble compliments from the khan, and begged for peace. Yusup referred it to Emin, whose expectation being answered, he granted peace with seeming backwardness, and said, "Sir, it is for your sake that we consent; otherwise the khan, with his numerous army, would not have existed in this world to see the next day." Hatham also begged, as a favour, that Yusup's youngest son Abar,* about seven years of age, might go with him to Ganja, for the safety of the khan and his army, lest

* Apov, who succeeded his brother Beglar, and died in 1808.

they should be annoyed by the mountaineers in the passes of Karajagdy, Emin having, the night before, sent forty men to secure it. (The word Karajagdy, in the Turkish language, signifies the first fall of snow.) It is very difficult for an army to pass those mountains. Abar was allowed to go with the enemy back to Ganja, and he returned in thirty-six hours with a khalat from Shaverdy Khan, who had charged him expressly to say to his father, in the khan's name, "That English guest of your's saved you and your people from destruction. Go, pray to God first; then entertain him with due respect and honour: he alone deserves the praise of victory over my son:—neither you, nor your men, must pretend to have the least share in it. But I am assured, that you, giddy-headed and ungrateful Yusup! will, through the envy and jealousy of your bad heart, soon send him away from your station, and then we shall again try how you will conduct yourself a second time. While he remains there, you may drink wine, and sleep in peace: but woe be to you when he shall depart!" Yusup, hearing all this from his son, was convinced, that Shaverdy Khan would not easily forgive him, nor spare a grain of corn in Shameor; so that he stood a chance of losing his life by halting at Gedashen. Necessity therefore obliged him to follow Emin's just counsel; and he tarried at Gedashen no longer than twenty-four hours after that menacing or prophesying message from the khan: he then issued a proclamation, in the afternoon, for the tribe to move from that place; and in a day and a half they arrived safe over the snow, at their own habitation, called the country of Kreshetzy,* with a citadel named Gulstan, on a high mountain. They only lost a poor old woman by the severity of the cold. Ibrahim Khan, the sovereign of Carabagh, or head of the five Armenian chiefs, provided them with all sorts of provision for nine months, till the new crop of the tribe was ripe. They had been very dili-

* Thalish.

gent in the autumn, and came thirty leagues from Shameor to sow every inch of their land; and they calculated, that when the corn should be gathered in, it would suffice for five years without tilling the ground. No country in all Armenia, Georgia, or Persia, is so fertile as that of Carabagh, where one pound of seed produces 110 of grain. A stute load of wheat was sold for five abasis, or English shillings. It is the properest country to carry on war in, and to maintain liberty with ease. They have another valuable advantage over others, that the corn continues good for ten years, and remains as fresh as the new grain; whereas others, particularly in Georgia, hardly continues sound for the space of eighteen months, growing both bitter and full of insects. As for all sorts of fruits, they are in abundance; and silk, cotton, and wool, in great plenty. In other places, the fuel is chiefly the dung of cows, sheep, or horses; but in Carabagh, it is wood, for there is no village without a forest near it. In other parts, ewes have lambs once in the year; at Carabagh, twice—in the spring, and at the beginning of January. In short, they have all things in the world but one, which is the queen of all—prudent management; which seems to have bidden farewell to the inhabitants of Carabagh; and one may with good assurance say, to all Asia.

NOTE.

The southwest portion of Karabagh is undulating and thickly wooded, full of gardens and vineyards. The eastern portion between the rivers Kur or Kura, and the Ierask or Araxes, is flat. This part was the old province of Uthi. The western portion, which is Karabagh proper, is half of the province of Artsakh, towards Uthi, and the other half Siunek, towards the province of Haik. Lynch, in his *Travels through Armenia*, says, "Karabagh may be regarded as a separate geographical unit, combining in miniature many of the characteristics of the Armenian highlands, an inner plateau flanked by peripheral ranges. The immemorial home of Armenian inhabitants, the seat of Tartar immigrants, and the happy hunting-ground of nomad Kurds, it constitutes a solid outer buttress to

Armenia on the side of the Caspian. The true boundary must be taken southward from the Ginal Dag, over 11,000 ft. to the Kety Dag, where it forms a loop towards the west, and after almost encircling an upland sheet of water called the Ala Gol, is protracted through the heights of Sirersgrchaly 11,298 ft. and Salvarty 10,422 ft. to the valley of the Araxes at Migry, just east of Ordubad. The Karadagh Mountains on the southern bank of the river continue the ridges of Karabagh, and the natural frontier is pushed westwards up the course of the Araxes as far as the village of Julfa..... The plains through which the Arpa chai (grain river) eats its way to the Araxes constituted one of the granaries of Armenia in historical times. Extraordinary fertility is induced by the intermixture of the lavas with alluvial or lacustrine deposits. The black earth of the plain about Akhal kalaki is famous, and the soil in the neighbourhood of Alexandropol derives its richness from the incidence of a peculiar kind of lava side by side with the sediment of a former lake. The southerly extension of these vanished waters is marked by the belt of high ground extending from Alagoz across the plains to the Arpa chai. The river has forced its way through this elevation between Ani and Magapat."

XX.

1767.

[Yusup's ingratitude to Emin for saving him and 18,000 Christians from destruction or slavery—Emin sets out for Gantsasar the seat of the Catholicos Johannes—An Armenian speaking Kurd and his people—Their regard for Emin—Johannes gives Emin a letter to Ibrahim Khan—Emin goes to Shushi—In the house of Mirzakhan—His wife relates the history of Panah and Shah-nazar of Varranda—Emin goes to Ibrahim's durbar—The Khan's churlish behaviour—Emin's request of a horse—Ibrahim's behaviour next day—Horse returned to him by Emin with a rebuke—Ibrahim taken aback—Emin's bold speech endangering his own life, gains more credit for him in the eyes of the brave mountaineers than all his fighting in skirmishes—Ibrahim now more civil, but his present is refused—Return to Gantsasar monastery—Amazement of Catholicos Johannes—Relates to Emin the doings of Catholicos Simon, were it not for whose jealousy the Meliks and the people of Armenia would have put themselves under him—Emin's life in danger from Ibrahim Khan]

WHILE Yusup was subsisting on Ibrahim Khan's provision, Emin was treated like his hereditary prince ; but no sooner

had he brought his own grain home, than he was totally changed: and one day, at the end of ten months, he sent his cousin, Papa Beg, to say, that his fame was too great for his country; that he was apprehensive of the Mahomedan princes in the environs; and that himself was a subject to Ibrahim Khan, who was a Persian. He therefore begged that Emin would consider his situation, and leave the place as soon as he could. This return of gratitude, Emin received from Yusup;—this was his reward, for saving him and 18,000 Christians from destruction or slavery,—and that only with a little European management, half a Venetian zeckin, and a bag full of stones. Here Emin was again left destitute, devoting his heart and mind to the will of God, who is our Father, and the best of all friends.

He set out with a single servant towards Gantzasar, a day and a half's journey, where the Catholicus Johannes of Carabagh resides with half a dozen monks. Johannes received him with all the politeness imaginable; but was unhappy to hear the ungrateful usage of Yusup, lamenting the fatal situation of Emin, who, through mere necessity, had come to the country of his inveterate enemy, who was really thirsty for his blood, meaning Ibrahim Khan of Shosha, the king of the five Armenian chiefs, and advised him in a friendly manner, judging it most prudent to go to the khan himself, before he could demand him as a prisoner; "for," he said, "the khan's spies are every where upon the mountains:—who knows but he may take a bad resolution into his Mahomedan head, and order his horsemen to kill you; and, through you, to murder me also,* with my monks, and thus overturn the monastery." In that very juncture, came in one of the Curds of the Colany clan, who happened to be one of those whom Emin, at the head of 2000 Lazguis, enslaved the preceding year, by the side of the fresh lake of Gegham. The Kurd understood the Armenian language, and laughed at Johannes

* Ibrahim Khan killed the Catholicus Johaunes in 1785. This was because the Catholicos, with other Armenians, had been appealing to Russia for help to overcome Ibrahim.

the Catholicus, saying, "Sir, you need not be in the least apprehensive for that noble stranger's life, although, in his expedition, he carried our tribe into captivity: he could not do otherwise, having a number of barbarians under his guidance to provide for: and again, through motives of humanity and compassion, he saved us all from slavery; nor, when it was in his power, could he be tempted to admit the most beautiful of our women into his company. We have given an account of his virtuous behaviour to Ibrahim Khan, our lord and master, who is not ignorant of his gallant conduct at the battle of Gedashen, against Shaverdy Khan's son, Mahomed Hussan, which delivered the ungrateful Yusup, and his people, and other Armenians, to the amount of 18,000. If Yusup had had sense, he would never have parted with Emin, nor have given you so much unnecessary reason to be frightened. It is my belief, that no one in the world, not even our khan, dare to molest him; but if they should, God in heaven will destroy them, and root out their families from the face of the earth. To be short with you, Khalifa, (or great monk,) if you are really afraid to let him lodge or rest this night in your monastery, I will take him to my own tent; he shall stay there as long as he pleases, and may go with me to the khan when he chuses, without compulsion." He added, "You may very well suppose, Sir, he could escape death this very instant, since he came through the very midst of our clan, whose tents are pitched at the bottom of this hill, and extend a mile along it. Our men, women, girls, and boys, know him perfectly, and were not a little startled at the first sight of him for they imagined he was again leading on the Lazguis army. Upon my honour, and by my sword! they were more glad to see him again, than you are afraid for him. As he came on without taking notice of us, he gave us time to invite him to our entertainments." Catholicus, hearing all the man said, thanked him, and suffered Emin to stay in the monastery and sleep there, where Johannes and his monks did as much to

comfort and pray for him, as they cursed and abominated Yusup's unmanly cruel usage, saying, that he was the worst of brutes, not to know the value of Emin, who had been his only deliverer.

The next day, very early in the morning, Johannes gave Emin a letter to Ibrahim Khan; the purport of which was as follows: "May it please your Highness, the bearer of this my humble address is Emin, the son of Joseph, of the tribe of Emin, a native of Hamadan, in the kingdom of Erakistan, in Persia, whose character is well known to your Highness, since he had been often talked of, being chiefly educated in the wars of Frankistan. He, by the dint of his courage, has been honoured with the notice and protection of the greatest Christian princes of that famous quarter of the world, particularly by the celebrated English nation, and through whom he was, by the mighty Russians, recommended strongly to Heraclius, the valli of Gurgistan, as his only English officer. After serving under him above a year, in lieu of reward for his meritorious conduct in several actions against the Dagistan Lazguis, he was driven out of Tifflis, and obliged again to cross over the mountains of Caucasus. One must suppose this to have happened through an unreasonable jealousy, which is natural to that unthinking nation. Finding, therefore, no place to have recourse to, he betook himself to Dagistan, and lived there above two years and a half. As your Highness well knows, he marched at the head of 2000 Lazguis, up to Ganja, and confounded the plan of Shaverdy Khan the tyrant, your inveterate enemy, by enslaving the tribe of the Colan Curds. His most Christian behaviour towards the female captives, and his compassion to the men, during their captivity of six days, are remarkable; and, at the same time, he became the only author of their delivery. They are now under your Highness's protection, and will vouch for him without my giving unnecessary trouble. Afterwards, coming back last year to Gedashen, he defeated Mahomed Hussan Khan, the son of

Shaverdy, having saved Melech Yusup and his family, with the whole clan, and other adjacent Christian villages. This was the means of their happy return back to their native mountains, under subjection to your Highness, on whom God bestow a long life of 120 years, with success and happiness to defend us Christians. Lastly, he is coming into your presence of his own accord, without compulsion:—do as you think best with him:—but as far as I can find, he is not in the least afraid, nor in the want of friends, nor of being received by your Highness with kind attention, as he has been by the princes of Frankistan, and even, most singularly, by the savage Lazguis of Dagistan, who are enemies to all the nations of the universe. So, may peace be unto you, and may humanity so possess your heart, that the law of hospitality, ordained by the patriarch Ibrahim, may guide your mind to receive your noble guest. I am your Johannes, the servant of Christ, and Catholicus of Gantzasar.”

Emin, with this short historical letter, set out, accompanied by his old servant Isaac, who just at that very instant had come thither to see him. Isaac's house was at Shoshu, where, when they arrived, they found that the khan was gone out for a few days, to settle some affairs by the side of the river Cur. The writing was delivered to Agasy Beg, the khan's vakeel (or agent), who immediately ordered Isaac to conduct Emin to Melik Mirzakhan's house, to be entertained there till the khan's return. As Mirzakhan was absent, his old lady, agreeably to orders, took very great care of Emin, and treated him very hospitably; but she could not help expressing a great sorrow for his precarious situation; saying to him, “Sir, you have done very wrong in coming on your own feet to the place of execution: you will hardly escape the fury of Ibrahim, of whom you are a rival: he has heard of you before, and would have been glad to have found a man, for any sum of money, to undertake assassinating you. How could you be so imprudent? Why did not you go among the brave Lazguis again? Curse on

Melik Yusup, for not letting you stay with him, whom you delivered from destruction! I am assured it is his wicked design to send you hither to fall a sacrifice, that he may shew his fidelity to Ibrahim. I wish God would take away our five chiefs, who by their own discord made us subject to those infidels. May it please you to hear; I will give you an account of the whole history of them. When Nadir Shah was murdered by his rebellious nations, Panah the father of this Ibrahim, who was a Jarchee, and formerly our subject in the service of Nadir, came hither from the country of Khorasan, with no more than eighteen families. Our stupid unthinking chiefs entitled him Khan, and elected him sovereign of this inaccessible place, the circumference of which is seven long miles, fortified, as you see, with strong walls and towers, built with stone at their own expence.* The neighbouring defenceless Mahomedans, and other nations from Khorasan, hearing of this came daily, monthly, and yearly; and within three years Panah was made so formidable, as to become one of the first pretenders for the empire of Persia, Armenia, and Georgia. While he was on good terms with the chiefs, he succeeded in every undertaking and expedition; but when he grew intoxicated with pride, and gained continual advantage by the disunion of the chiefs, he presumed to lay violent hands on them, and killed Alahvirdy Sultan, the first of the four chiefs; Melik Hatham, his nephew, narrowly

* Shushi, now called Shusha, was indeed impregnable. In 1795 Aga Mahomed Shah, founder of the Kajar dynasty of Persia, after summoning Heraclius of Georgia to do him homage, advanced from Ardebil with an army of 60,000 men, marching in three divisions. The first moved by the plain of Moghan to levy arrears of tribute, the second marched on Erivan, which was garrisoned by 15,000 Georgians, and the third, under the Shah himself, undertook the reduction of Shushi. He failed in his attack against this hill-fortress, left a force to carry on the siege, and joined the division before Erivan. This place also was too strongly fortified for him to take it, and he again left some of his troops to continue the siege and marched to Ganja, or Gandsak (Elisabetpol), joining the column which had passed through Moghan unopposed. Heraclius, strange to say, opposed the invaders although they outnumbered his forces in the proportion of four to one, the Georgians were overpowered and defeated, and Tiflis was taken without offering any resistance. Erivan surrendered after the fall of Tiflis, but Shushi continued to resist

escaped. The mothers of the two chiefs, and their wives, were tortured to death with hot irons. Melik Tumuraz, Yusup's uncle, was in concert with Panah Khan, so were Melik Shoknagar and Melik Isay. My husband at that time was only burgomaster of Khutzorastan, which you saw in your way hither. Hatham, when he went to Charrabert, his country, was immediately acknowledged as hereditary chief; and Melik Tumuraz of Threshetzy was sent to him by Panah Khan, to make use of his rhetoric to bring him, if possible, over to the khan; but it was of no effect: the poor old man was strangled by Hatham's people, and thrown into a ditch like a dog. It was suspected that Yusup, his nephew, had a hand in the murder, which gave a turn in favour of his interest. He also was elected chief of the tribe of Threshetzy. Melik Shoknagar, of the country of Varanda, the cause of all this mischief and discord, was a true friend of Panah, a learned man in the Persian language, and the establisher of the Mahomedans in our mountains: he was a son of Belzabub, nor worthy of the name of a Christian; and was husband to two wives, who are daughters of one father and mother, and have been kept here in this fort for security to this day; and Melik Isay, of the country of Dizok, with his family, and my poor husband Melik Mirzakhan of Khatzen, were obliged for several years past to unite with Panah,* who, with his whole force, joined us against Melik Hatham and Melik Yusup our countrymen and fellow Christians, who were almost exhausted during the war. These two last chiefs, having four thousand families their subjects, neglected agriculture through continual war, being almost every day in action, some of them were killed in battle, and some fled to Shurvan for a livelihood; but their reduction was greatly owing to the valli of Gurgistan: when they went to him, in hopes either to settle in his dominions, or obtain a reinforcement, he being too cunning to wish

* Mirzakhan's wife tells the tale of her husband's defection from her own point of view. Raffi's version is very different See p. 343.

that the Armenians should thrive, entertained them by false promises for five years; but at their own expence. When Fataly Khan, the ovshar of Romia near Tabriz, the great pretender to the kindgdom of Persia, (who came at last, and was killed by Carim Khan the present king,) was marching at the head of forty thousand Persians; then those two chiefs, Hatham of Charrabert, and Yusup of Threshetzy, came from Georgia, joined Fataly, and forced Panah Khan into his fortified town of Shoshu. After a siege of above a year, the place surrendered; and Panah sent his son, the present Ibrahim Khan, as an hostage. Fataly was going to enter the place, but three days after, fortunately for the inhabitants, he marched to the relief of his native city, Romia, against Carim Khan; but he was totally defeated and driven into the town, in company with Ibrahim Carim. After a regular siege of eighteen months, almost starving them, Fataly, nearly exhausted, being obliged to come out, with a scymitar flung over his neck, laid himself at the feet of Carim Khan; whose brother Zaky having revolted in Ispahan, he, through necessity, went back with his whole army, which saved us the pain of seeing them; nay, even the valli of Gurgistan might have fallen a victim, like the competitors. Panah went over to Carim, immediately after hearing of his victory over Fataly, and of the long siege which his son Ibrahim stood in the town, whom he relieved; and went himself with Carim to Shiraz; where he made his last will, pretending that he was dying; in which he begged of Carim Khan, that his supposed dead corpse might be carried in a coffin and buried in the mountains of Armanstan: but good Carim's ministers were too cunning to let their master be imposed on by Panah; and petitioned his Highness that he might have the honour of a funeral procession, and be buried near Carim's beloved brother Scander Khan at Cumisha, four or five days journey from Shiraz, towards Ispahan. While Panah was with Carim those two chiefs, Hatham and Yusup, for fear he should lead the king of Persia and his army

to Carabagh, the consequence of which would have been the means of their total ruin, thought it necessary to return a second time to Tiffliz to crave again the empty protection of Heraclius; but in their way, Shaverdy tempted them with fair words, and they settled at Shameor. In that very year you came to Tiffliz. The Nakhychuan Meleks in Shoshu imagining that Heraclius, by the interest and recommendation of the Russian empire, would assist you with his force, began to correspond with you by letters, and the whole contents of your answers were laid by that wicked Armenian secular priest Johannes before Ibrahim; who, after having read them to the Meleks, swore by all the saints above, that he would keep the secret. What do you think of yourself now? Will Ibrahim let you escape his vengeance? I am assured that he will kill you when he sees you." Here she began to shed tears, with her daughter, a child about seven years old. Emin could not help being sensible of her just concern, but was not in the least solicitous for himself; and did not open his lips all the time she was speaking, nor for half an hour after her finishing it. She then spoke again, asking, what would be his fate? Emin said, "Madam, do you know that there is a greater prince, who is my protector, and who has a hundred thousand times more power than Ibrahim?" She interrupted him, seemingly in anger, saying, "Yes, Sir; I know that the king of England, and all the Christian princes in Frankistan are your friends; but they are too far off to deliver you from the hands of this wild beast." Emin said, "Madam, give me permission to explain the matter to you. I can assure you that my friend is nearer to me than Ibrahim the Mahomedan." A second time she interrupted him, saying, "Yes, to be sure, I am nearer still, and my motherly heart breaks for you. You are not much longer for this world. I wish I never had seen you." She then wept again bitterly. Emin said, a little louder, "My dear mother, lady Mirzакhan, God is my friend; never fear." At that word,

she all at once refrained from weeping; her affliction was no more; and she said, "Since you have such faith, I am confident, no one in this world will be able to molest you." Her little daughter, seeing her mother so quickly grow cheerful, flew to the servants and ordered dinner; her innocent heart was in as much concern as that of her good mother; who that very evening advised him to see Melik Isay of Dizah, and learn what he could do for him in regard to Ibrahim.

When Emin went to Isay's house, he was quite terrified, cursed Yusup as much as the lady, ordered a handsome supper, and told Emin that he could by no means venture to interpose in his behalf. When he returned to his quarters, he said nothing to the good lady, but slept there quietly; and the next morning, hearing that Ibrahim was returned, called God to his assistance, went without any body to introduce him to the durbar, or levee, of Ibrahim, which he held before the door in an open place. Before he came near enough to make his salam or bow, in a great crowd, Ibrahim's officers met him cheerfully, with all the politeness imaginable, and made him breakfast with them upon bread and cheese, and a very fine musk melon, brought for the khan from Nakhychevan. In that place it is a great rarity. Afterwards they presented him to the khan, and the elders of the Colan Curds proceeded verbally to prefer their petition as follows: "May it please you, our mighty Khan! this noble stranger, who is well known to all the world, and was brought up in Frankistan in the art of war, is come over with resolute intention to rescue his countrymen, the Armenians, from their subjection to us and all the musulmans, who, of course, are his inexorable enemies: but what of that? when the shield of the Almighty is held over his heart by his temperance and sobriety, which are so great, that if any of the Aulias (or saints) had been in his stead, when he had both power and opportunity, they could not have withstood the temptations which the fortune of war offered him. In a word, he is God's

servant; nor have we him here by the means of our arms, but by the law of hospitality, ordained by our father Ibrahim. He is come on his own feet to be the guest of Ibrahim Khan our lord and master; who, we hope, will treat him as such. Though he was the leader of the Lazguis, yet Shaverdy was the cause of our being enslaved, and this very man delivered us. Now, great Khan, act as you judge the best with him!"

After this speech, the khan paused above half an hour, which brought a profound silence over all. Then he said to Emin, "You are welcome, my guest; what is your desire?" Emin answered, "I have an old horse given me by Melik Yusup your subject; I am come to beg one of you for my servant, who is not able to travel on foot nor has his master any money to buy or hire another." Upon this, immediately, in the presence of thousands of Mahomedans and Armenians, his servants by his order brought several horses, which the khan himself did not like, saying, they were not worth his guest's acceptance. Emin was then desired to come another day, and the khan sent one of his servants with him to his quarters, with fresh orders to the lady Mirza Khan to take better care of his guest; which message made her almost easy.

The next day Emin went a second time to hear the khan's pleasure, and found him sitting on the step of his gate, with a single officer standing close by him. Ibrahim no sooner saw him, than, after receiving his salam, he began to whisper with the man above two hours, now and then casting his eyes with marks of fear upon him, and gnashing his teeth. Emin could hear very plainly, that the man was expostulating with the khan, and begging that he would not act rashly, urging that he was his guest, and that the law of God and man would not suffer him to be molested. In that manner he pacified him, till he ordered another horse; and when it was come, he said to Emin, "Well, my guest, do you like that?" Emin answered, he could not tell; but he would ride home, (almost a mile,) to

try it, and then would tell his mind. When he had rode home, he returned the horse, and would by no means accept it; for it was very old and lame. He sent the horse back, with this message: "O fortunate Khan! it does not become your fame, as a prince of the northern mountaineers of Armenia, to make a present of one of your servant's old and useless beasts to your only guest; and, in lieu of it, to give a good one to them." (This custom is much in vogue among the Mahomedan khans.) "What will the freebooters of Dagistan say? they are but three days journey from Carabagh, and are all your guests and truest friends. Emin will come to-morrow morning and take his leave, without accepting a horse." This he spoke, when his hostess the lady Mirza Khan was standing at her door perfectly astonished.

On the next morning he put on his sword, slung his gun over his shoulder, mounted his old beast, and went to the khan, who was sitting in his eyvan, or varanda, in the middle of four dastardly Armenian chiefs, two on each side of him; namely Yusup of Threshetzy, and Hatham of Carrabert,* on the right; Shahnazar of Varranda, and Isay of Dizah,† on the left; with all their fighting men standing in a row, with ordered arms. There Emin, for good manners, dismounted at a little distance, made a salam, without bending his body, and spoke, very loud, these words: "O Khan! by your permission, your guest is going away; he, whom you did not think worthy of a horse out of your own stables. Have you any command to Shamakhly in Servan? I am ready to execute it." The khan, with all his Christian and Mahomedan warriors, were struck with Emin's daring behaviour, which may appear imprudent to his readers; but when they maturely consider his desperate situation at that time, when he had nothing but a paltry life to lose, they will agree that he was in the right and his conduct gained him more in the good

* Yusup of the Beglarians, Meliks of Gulistan, and Atham of the Israelians, Meliks of Chrapiert'h. Threshetzy is a form of Thalish.

† Iesai of the Avanians, Meliks of Thizak.

opinion of every brave mountaineer, which spread like lightning through all Persia, Georgia, and Turkey, than the several skirmishes in which he had been engaged. His poor countrymen, seeing his boldness, began to fetch deep sighs and groan like so many chained lions, speaking so loud that the khan as well as the four low-hearted chiefs, could hear them saying, "O! if he could but have two thousand of us, he might command all the Mahomedans." At that critical time, had the chiefs but moved to second the unique Emin, they might have been free from subjection to this day: for the men were already murmuring at their worthless lords, whose eyes were blind, their ears deaf, and their hearts in their bellies. Ibrahim's indignation of yesterday was no more: his mouth was opened, his ruddy face looked like chalk, and his eyes were sunk in his head. He immediately ordered a fine colt of four years old to be brought from his own stable, and with smooth speech begged Emin to accept it; but he, before his face, made a present of it to one of the Colan Curds, thanked him, and went away with the utmost coolness; resembling a schoolmaster who had been reprimanding one of his school-boys for not minding his book. Attempts of this kind Emin often made, (and he hopes he may mention them without boasting,) nor ever failed to endanger his single life, at several times and in several ways, in hopes of delivering his country while he was in Armenia. But, alas! it was to no purpose, as the rich men hugged their bags of money to their breasts as close as possible to their miserable hearts; and on the other hand, the demi-gods of the church undermined the foundation of it.

When he returned to Gantzasar monastery, Johannes Catholicus was surprized to see him; and began to rub his eyes, talking to himself, and saying, "Good God! methinks I am in a dream!" while the other monks were standing by and laughing. When he had recovered himself from his reverie, he lifted up his hands and eyes, glorifying God for his infinite mercy, in

preserving Emin from the jaws of tygers. He then said to him, "The Lord in heaven is with you, my beloved friend, my noble prince. O! I wish his Holiness Simon, the head Catholicus of all Armenia, had as much esteem for you as I have, together with my own monks and nine gallant brothers; then we could easily bring about things to a good purpose, and extirpate the enemies of our Christian faith. But, alas! Simon is not your friend, nor a well-wisher to his nation. He is not to be blamed for being of a very low extraction;* to this day, his brother gets his living as a patamar, or letter-carrier from one city to another on foot. Beware of his malignant heart. Do not condemn our chiefs, nor the people of Armenia, who, if it had not been for him, would have joined you with all their substance, and put themselves under your management. Can you recollect, a fortnight ago, when my messenger brought a letter directed for Melik Yusup, while you were with him at Gulistan?" Emin said, "Yes, Sir, the messenger's name is Musis." "Well," said he, "that was Simon's own letter, sent to me by his own patamar or carrier, with a separate letter for me. Besides desiring me to direct it with my own hand and send it by my carrier, in order to keep it secret from you, and to command Yusup to turn you out of his nation, he dispatched also four letters to the other four chiefs, advising them to be cautious and not to enter into your measures, lest Ivan Turan should be displeased with them: and on the other hand, his Holiness's revengeful curse of excommunication should be ready to crush them, and condemn their Christian souls to everlasting fire. Consider, my dear friend, with such a powerful enemy against

* The Catholicos Johannes himself belonged to a very old nobility, that of the Hassan-Djalalian line, the only family of the five Meliks which was indigenous to Karabagh. Karabagh was formerly part of the old Aghvan kingdom, and the patriarchates dated from the time of Gregorius, the grandson of Gregory the Illuminator, up to 1828, that is to say, they existed for a period of fifteen centuries. The seat of the last Aghvan patriarchate was the Vank of Gandtsasar, in the province of Khachin. In the province of Khachin temporal and spiritual power were alike vested in the Hassan-Djalalian line.

your noble motives, and the Vali Heraclius to give the second blow, how can it be possible for you to succeed in them? His reasons for opposing them and you would have been good, if it had been in the reign of the late Sultan Murad, at the head of the Othman Turks, and Shah Abbas commanding the Persian and Nadir, the great hero, who took away the sarpush (or cover), and rent the veil of all the eastern quarter of the globe, and left the country paved, and the door of liberty open before each nation, who have since been groaning under the chains of tyranny, and panting to become independent; witness Georgia, which is not equal to a fifth part of Armenia, yet has been free ever since the death of Nadir. Why should not the Armenians follow the example; get rid of a few mob ringleaders, or insignificant petty tyrants, and form an alliance with their northern neighbours (I mean the mighty Russians), so as to enjoy liberty, as well as their fellow Christians in the kingdoms of blessed Frankistan, whose glorious actions nature has placed among the twelve celestial signs of the heavens. Nothing can hinder us but the ecclesiastics, with Simon now at their head; they are the only obstacles in your way, and will always disconcert every laudable design of yours. I would have you be contented and patient while he exists. After he has bidden farewell to this sublunary world, where he has been unhappy all his life time, and is gone to enjoy the heavenly one in the next, we may then hope for our liberty, by praying God to send us a good chief and a true lover of country to succeed him, and restore the light of the sublime chair of Gregor Lusavoritch (that is Gregor the Giver of Light), the first converter of the Armenian nation to Christianity." Emin said with a smile, "Suppose he should prove as great a coward as his predecessor?" Catholicus Johannes said, "Then Lord have mercy upon us!" The conversation being ended, they went to dinner. Emin stayed there three days with great satisfaction, enjoying the company of his Grace, who was really much of a gentleman, and understood

Persian. Though a priest, he was too much of a politician; he was well qualified in the knowledge of that country, and could give a very good account of it. So that Emin with great reluctance took leave of him, who would have rejoiced with all his heart, if Emin could have lived with him the rest of his life; but the jealousy of Ibrahim Khan prevented it; for although Emin had behaved so haughtily without danger, yet, if he had stayed there, it is ten to one he might have been assassinated by some treacherous stratagem. The khan did not put his furious designs in execution, fearing an offence to the Russians or Lazguis, which was hinted to him, while they cared not a pin, at so great a distance, for Emin's life. And the khan's ignorance of his power made him fear to make an end of an empty noisy Armenian, who, by virtue of a little European conduct, had saved himself more than a hundred times, for twenty years, in those barbarous distracted countries, where the mighty Russians have been expected for seventy years last past.

XXI.

1767.

[Journeys on, meeting with silkwinders, gipsy Armenians and others—Monk Sukias again—A letter from secular priest Gabriel offering him support of 18,000 mountaineers needing no pay—Sukias with 600 tumans for Emin, gives him thirty rupees, accompanied by threats—Adventure with Mahmed Melick Beg—Emin by his ready wit saves the life of a poor Persian—Ali's cat who always fell on four legs—The Beg tries to get the better of Emin, who outwits him—"What art thou, angel or devil?"—Wanders on to an Armenian mountain village where he is kindly received.]

AFTER leaving Gantzasar, and travelling two days, he reached the bank of the river Cur, and passed it with his two servants in a ferry-boat, to the district of Shaky, under the government of Husein Khan, son of the late Hajy Cheleli, who for-

merly defeated Nadir Shah. No sooner had he mounted his horse, than he saw at a little distance from the river, on his left, a thatched place, where about a dozen soldier-like men were employed in winding new silk on a large reel. They immediately came up and laid hold of the horse's rein, inquiring who he was? He answered, "An Armenian of Tiffliz, going to Shamakhy, with a letter from the Vali to the Sircar of that place (a title given to its khan, since the death of Nadir)." "By no means," said they, "shall you be suffered to go to the Sircar; we will conduct you to our Khan Husein, and know your business; you look neither like a Georgian, nor a merchant." Emin said, "Brave fellows, you judge very right. I will submit to your pleasure; take me where you think proper. According to the old Turkish phrase, it is the same to a blind man to be here or at Bagdad. But consider that I have nothing to do at Shaky, nor will your khan be either glad or sorry to see me." One of them, a good-natured well-looking man, stood by Emin, defending him; saying, in these very words: "O, my good companions! suppose one of us had been in this stranger's case, going to Khorasan, and were to be compelled to go to Constantinople, would it not be cruel to annoy him in so barbarous a manner? Surely we must have some feeling for our fellow-creatures, whether they be Musulmans or Caffers." They all agreed, and let Emin go, wishing him a good journey; but advising him to be expeditious, in order to overtake a caravan that had passed by about an hour before. He did so; and with immense difficulty, after travelling five days arrived safe at a place called Gadalar, where an Armenian church stood, two miles from the town of Shamakhy. Here lived a dozen Gypsy Armenians, to take care of it for those merchants in the city who came with a priest twice a week, on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, to pray, and to hear mass. But those nimble-handed Gypsies no sooner saw Emin and his servants lie down to sleep after the fatigue of their journey, than they stole his horse's felt-

cloth, which exposed the poor beast for a month after to the cold weather; and even distressed Emin, who used to spread it on the ground to set or lay himself down on it. This trifling loss was very provoking and made him recall to mind all his past misfortunes. However, he bore it with patience, and said nothing to them. They did not know him personally; but were sagacious enough, like dogs, to suspect something by his halting in that low place, and not proceeding to Shamakhy, where he might have lodged at an inn, if he had been apprehensive of the governor, who watched till he went to sleep, and took advantage of his rest to rob him.

The next day, he sent Moossess his relation to the town, to inquire among the Armenian merchants, if there was a caravan ready for going to Baku, or Derband. The poor fellow in the afternoon returned with remarkable cheerfulness in his countenance; wished him joy, and said, "Suczaz Vardapit (or monk) is coming. It is he whom we saw at Boragan, near Kizlar, when he had an order from Jonas the archbishop, the superior of St. John the Baptist, to pay you all the money collected from the Armenians, amounting to 600 tumans." He added, "Sir, though you would not accept any when you had a small sum of your own, yet, I hope you will now take at least one fourth of it." No sooner had he ended with groundless joy, than in came Suczaz himself, without any sort of concern, as if he did not know him, on purpose that the Gypsies might suspect nothing. He spoke to Emin as if he had been a stranger; but when they retired, he asked the reason of his coming thither? Emin said, that he could not do otherwise, and was almost exhausted for want of mere subsistence; that he was going to Dirband, and thence to Astrakhan. Suczaz laughed heartily, and gave him a sealed letter directed to himself; desiring him to read it first, and promising then to tell him what he should do. When he opened it, he found it written in the following terms:

“By the grace of God, the only hope of all Armenians.

“Be it known to your Highness, two years and a half ago, when you were at Tiffliz, and on good terms with his majesty our blessed King Heraclius of Georgia, (whom Christ preserve to protect us Christians against barbarous infidels!) he and you, unanimously agreed to give me letters of credit, with a commission to go to Etzmiatzin, or the three churches, there to obtain a patent from his Holiness the Catholicus, to enter Armenia, under pretence of begging alms, and collecting money toward repairing or rebuilding the ruined church of Kains, out of the fortification of Tiffliz; and, by that pretence, to blind the Mahomedan rulers of our countrymen in different towns, provinces, and villages. Thereupon having executed every part of my commission, by learning the minds and inclination of all, one by one, particularly the people of Mush, where stands the church of St. John, whose archbishop Jonas, with a warm heart, was very willing to receive you, on condition that prince Heraclius would give you a little assistance; of which, when I returned to Tiffliz, he was informed, but disconcerted the whole project. In my way, before I went to Tiffliz, I made it my business to visit the Nestorian Christians, in the country of Khuy Sulmas; and found in the same nation a monk turned Roman Catholic, in a village called Khosrove, who had converted of his own countrymen above 800 families; and who assured me, that if you would go to his who had influence with the Nestorian mountaineers, he would place you at the head of 18,000 of them. And he said likewise, those people who inhabit high mountains almost inaccessible, and pay no tribute to any Mahomedan power, knowing you well by hearsay, will be very glad to receive you, provided you exert yourself to manage and lead them on properly. I told him you wanted money. He said, they require no money, and know well he has none. Their arms will procure every thing that is necessary, as soon as he shall come thither to be that brave people's commander.

Now, Sir, do as you think best. In case you should not succeed with them, you may easily return to Heraclius, who is very sorry that he used you so ill; and has sworn by the life of his children, that he will receive you with open arms for Christian conduct, when, at the head of so many thousand Lazguis, instead of revenging yourself for his ill treatment, you bravely marched and ruined Shaverdy Khan, his restless and inveterate enemy, whose artful pen composing jealous letters would have been instrumental in bringing Carim Khan, with an army of 100,000 Persians, from Shiraz to Tiffliz. In my way by land to Astrakhan, and passing this town, I have written these lines, and left them with Suciāz, your friend Jonas's minister, to deliver or send them to you, as he has orders from his superiors. He can supply you with a sufficient sum of money, and I hope you will accept it of him, though you refused before, when he offered it to you at Boragan, within a day's journey of Kizlar.

I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

The Secular Priest Gabriel."

Shamakhy,
20th October 1767.

Emin, on reading this letter, was elated with joy, and said to Suciāz, "Well, reverend father, I obey your commands; I will not proceed to Russia, but return back to Armenia, and try once more to renew the same attempt, at the risque of my life." Suciāz said, "I will give you no more than thirty rupees, Armenian money, out of six hundred tumans; but if you think it not sufficient to bear your few expences on the journey, and will not consent to go on with it, and throw yourself among those brave men, depend on it, I shall become your enemy, and, informing against you, will deliver you to the khan of Shamakhy, who will put you to death immediately. You are to save the Armenians by the assistance of God, who has preserved you to this day without money: he alone is your friend, your all,

and none else. When you have made a little footing there, you will have money from the nations, who, without compulsion, will bring it, and lay it down at your feet." Emin bore this with patience, and said not a word to the disciple of Belzebub for his infernal menacing rhetoric. He accepted the thirty rupees as the price of his blood; but he flattered himself with hopes of success, when he thought of the letter of the secular priest Gabriel, though he could easily foresee, that, without money, the event of it would prove nothing but dangerous fatigue and trouble.

At every stage in his way to the village of Khorasan, in the province of Salmas, Emin took another route, for caution's sake, not to see those silk-winders on the pass of the river Cur before mentioned. After three days travelling, he overtook one Mahmed Melick Beg, mounted on horseback, with a single servant, walking slowly on his own territory; and his house happened to be close to the Cur, where they were to pass. In less than three hours they could reach that place. Emin was singing some Turkish and Persian songs before they came up to the Beg, who happened to hear them at some distance, and requested him to begin again: he made no difficulty, went on singing as well as he could, and pleased the party very much. Melick asked Emin what his name was? He answered, Yusup; upon which the Beg began to suspect him, and said, he had an Armenian slave, named Sarkiss, now made free by turning Mahomedan, who had a brother at Kizlar, named Joseph, who understood Turkish and Persian, and was made a slave by the Lazguis, then turned Musulman, but ran away to the country of the Caffers, professing himself a Christian again. "I suspect," said he, "that you are the very man." Emin said, "Sir, are you assured that he turned Musulman?" He said, "Yes; some of the Lazguis told me, that Sarkiss's brother was circumcised in Dagistan." Then Emin said, with a smile, "Sir, I am glad you have such authority for it; and hope you will not be

displeased, if I take the liberty allowed by Mahomed, to satisfy you that I am not the man." The Beg said, "Not in the least, since you quote the blessed name of the prophet." Emin said, he was ready to prove that he was not circumcised; and this offer removed all doubt from the Beg's mind, who desired him to sing Persian again.

Emin had not begun two minutes when he saw, at a great distance, a Kezelbash Persian, mounted on a black horse, and riding hard towards them. When he came near, he was almost out of breath, and seemed very much in distress. The Beg's servant stopped him directly, laying hold of his horse's rein, and ordering him to dismount, saying, that he was a thief. Emin, seeing the man in that distressed situation, from a motive of humanity, was prompted, at the danger of his own life, to interpose. He told the Beg, he had an arzi (a petition) to make: the Beg said, "Go on, Joseph." Emin begged him to order his man not to handle the stranger roughly: his request was granted directly, all of them standing still on the road. Then Emin proceeded thus: "May it please you, most merciful Beg, some years ago I was coming from Bagdad to Bosrah, in an Arab vessel, on the river Tigris. After eight days running with the current, and sailing, about twelve o'clock a large fine fish, weighing full two maunds, leaped out of the water, and fell into the vessel: the Arab sailors eagerly ran from all sides to catch and cut it in pieces for their provision; but the master, or captain, cried out, For God's sake, do not hurt it! and, holding it with his two hands, threw it again into the water, telling the sailors, that poor fish did not jump in to be made a prey, but in hopes of being protected by them from some enemy in the water who pursued it. Consider the meaning of my story, and have compassion on this man, who has fled from his country for protection. If he is an honest man, or even but a stranger in great distress, it is against the law of God that he should be treated with violence, especially as

you see he has been already robbed of his arms out of your territory, and has nothing left but that horse, which he must sell in order to live, when he comes to Shamakhy." Melick Mahomed was astonished at Emin's interceding in behalf of that Shiah Musulman; and said to the monk Aratun, his fellow-traveller, "What an extraordinary man is that Armenian Joseph! he endeavours with all his might to save that Caffer Kezelbash, an enemy to his countrymen, and to the true faith of Islam." Then turning to the Persian, he said, "Thou art free:—get thee gone:—pray for this Armenian as long as you exist; for he has saved not only thy horse, but thy life also." The poor man wept for joy, made a low bow, spurred his horse, and went away unmolested.

But though Emin's expostulation prevailed on Mahomed to save the Persian, still his avaricious disposition would not suffer him to continue quiet in his momentary sense of humanity, but, like a wild beast, who though brought up ever so tame, yet when nature comes will soon shew what he is made of, the Beg then said, "Well, Joseph, you have saved the Kezelbash's life with your's, by the history of the Arab and the fish, which highly pleased me. I am now thinking how to cultivate friendship with you, who must have seen a great deal of the world, and have great experience. I see your horse is a stallion; and I shall be very glad if you will exchange it for a gelding of mine, which is at home?" Emin said, "I would with all my heart; but, I am sorry to say, the beast is not my own; it was intrusted to me by an Armenian gentleman, to have the free use of it only, and to deliver it to Melick Shaknazar the Armenian at Carabagh, who, I understand, is your intimate friend; and I am in great hopes he will give me a couple of milch cows, for my trouble in taking so much care of it, as you observe it is in so good order: and if I carry your's instead of this under me, if he did not murder me, he would never forgive me." The Beg said, "You are exactly like Ali's cat, who could not be

thrown upon his back, but always came down upon four legs." The story of the Persian is, that Ali was so strong as to handle a lion like his cat; and when he played with it, threw it up in the air a thousand cubits high, to see if it would fall on its back, but it constantly fell on all fours. This expression of Mahomed Beg signified, that he was as powerful as Ali, and could play with Emin as with a cat. He insisted on taking his horse from him, and said, he would write to Shahnazar about it, to indemnify Emin. At that very time, reaching his thatched house, he dismounted, and, turning his back, went in to undress himself, with half of the speech yet in his mouth; and little imagining that Emin was looking out sharp for the means of escaping, who immediately took off the horse's saddle, stepped into a small light fishing-boat that lay on the bank, led the horse by the rein in his left hand into the water, and striking with his right hand as an oar, while his horse swam, presently crossed to the opposite side of the Cur, which was narrow at that part, but very deep, saddled the horse again, and mounted, just before Melick Mahomed was apprized of it. The Beg, looking out of the window of his house, by the side of the river, stared as if he had been in a dreadful dream, and called out to Emin, "Art thou gone at last, Joseph? Who rowed thee over? What art thou, an angel or a devil?" He answered, "Neither the one nor the other; but I crossed as some other Armenians had crossed over; men who had nothing to fear, if they had staid there ever so long, as being subjects to Ibrahim Khan, and on very good terms with the Shirvan Beks." Then Emin said aloud, "Mahomed Beg, why are you so anxious to know who I am? Have not I told you I am an Armenian?" The Beg again said, "I charge you by the law of the Messiah, for whose sake you will part with your life, to tell me truly, who you are?" Then said Emin, "Sir, my name is Emin, at your service." At this, Melick Mahomed expressed great satisfaction, saying, "If you had not told me the truth, I should have vexed

myself to death. I well know you will not come back again to be my guest for some days, if I should invite you. You are the very man we have heard of; and we shall hear more, if the thick-headed Armenians will have the good sense to follow you. Go your way: I pray God to be with you, and prosper you in every undertaking; for I shall never forget your great humanity in saving the Kezelbash, and your spirited conversation, and intrepid courage in passing the river with a surprising celerity." Emin said, "Any man may do this, and more, provided he walk in the right path of God's commandments:" then bidding him adieu, he marched off with his few comrades, towards the Carabagh Armenians; subject to Ibrahim Khan, his indifferent friend. About six in the afternoon he halted at Sambaran, a great village subject to that khan. The next day he travelled from four in the morning till six in the afternoon, when he reached the foot of the mountains; and, having ascended them an hour and a half more, came to an Armenian village, (the name of which he has forgotten), where he was entertained unknown for two hours; but when the monk Aratun mentioned who he was the villagers shewed him an hundred times more politeness than at first, and behaved with great kindness.

END OF PART II.

NOTE ON THE FIVE MELIKS OF KARABAGH.

Translated and adapted from Raffi's "Five Meliks." (Vienna, 1906.)

After the disappearance of actual royalty there still existed in Armenia a group of independent princes, descendants of old royal houses, who were called governors, governors of marches, heads of provinces, and so on. In time these also disappeared in their turn, and in the 16th and 17th centuries there came into prominence certain men of noble descent, some of whom already possessed, and others, who were new-comers, who acquired territorial rights over large tracts of land on the Karabagh plateau, eventually becoming the rulers or chiefs of five small adjacent provinces. They received formal recognition at the hands of Shah Abbas, who sanctioned and established the independent rule of each in his own territories, reviving and bestowing on them the old title of Mielik,* or Melik, in acknowledgment of the great services rendered by them to him in his wars against the Osmanlis.

Their provinces in geographical order were as follows.

GULISTAN,† or Thalish, extending from the river Kiurak (Kiurakchai) to the river Tharthar (now Ter-ter).

CHRAPIERT,‡ or Charapiert'h, from the Tharthar to the river Khachin.

KHACHIN, from the river of the same name to the river Ballu.

VARRANDA, from the river Ballu to the Thizaphaithi mountain belt.

THIZAK, from the Thizaphaithi hills to the river Ierask (Araxes).

The succession to the Melikdoms was generally hereditary, the eldest son succeeding under the title of Melik. The younger sons were called Beg. The ancestors of all the Meliks had possessed the title of Uzbashy (centurion), a title granted to men who owned estates and lands, and who had the right of keeping armed retainers. The rule of the Meliks was autocratic and absolute, each governing his province and his people according to the laws and customs of his forefathers, with unlimited

* Mielik or Melik = landowner, ruler, or chief. Mulk is a variant of Melik.

† Gulistan = Persian for a land of roses. Karabagh was celebrated for its exquisite roses.

‡ Chrapiert'h = a fort surrounded by water.

authority over the persons of his subjects or dependents, even to the infliction of capital punishment.

The Meliks re-constructed and fortified the ancient strongholds of Aghvan kings and princes. (Their provinces had formerly formed part of the Aghvan kingdom). The Melik of Gulistan possessed two fortresses, one near the village of the same name, at the summit of an inaccessible height, and another at the small town of Thalish, opposite the Vank of Horiek. The fortress of the Melik of Chrapiert'h was situated opposite the Ieritsmankants* Vank,† by the river Tharthar, on the top of a terrifically precipitous rocky peninsula formed by the waters of the rivers Tharthar and Thurghin furiously rushing on either side. The Khachin Melik's fort was near the Khachin river, opposite the celebrated Vank of Gandtsasar, on the summit of a lofty thickly-wooded mountain peak, and had been originally constructed by the Hassan-Djalalian princes against Tartar invasions. Another fortress in the same province, on a pinnacle high up amongst the clouds, was called the Magpies' Fort, supposed to be accessible only to those birds. The Varranda Melik's fort was at Chanakhch, a "Gospel"‡ village opposite a nunnery, and the Melik of Thizak occupied a fort at the small town of Thugh, high up near the heavens.

THE BEGLARIANS, MELIKS OF GULISTAN.

The Black Centurion, or "Sev" (Black) Apov, the first of the Beglarian clan to settle in Karabagh, came there in an impoverished condition, with a few dependents and followers, one autumn in the end of the sixteenth, or beginning of the seventeenth century, and lived with his people in tents pitched on the left bank of the river Tharthar, near what is now called the village of Thalish. Apparently some calamity had driven him from his native country of Nij in the province of Uthi, and had compelled him to seek an asylum elsewhere.

Shortly after his coming to Karabagh, a raid of robbers having taken place on the neighbouring lands of the Khan of Barda, "Sev" Apov

* Ieritsmankants = the Three Children (Book of Daniel).

† Vank = monastery, including the church, and all other buildings appertaining thereto.

‡ A "Gospel" village, *Avietharanuots* (Avietharan = Gospel), means a village in which there is a church possessing a notable manuscript of the Gospels—celebrated for its workmanship in illuminations, or binding, or possibly for its miraculous properties, such as healing the sick, and so on.

went out with some of his young men in pursuit of the invaders, returning soon after with the stolen property and cattle, and the thieves as well, having caught and taken them prisoners. Some of the retainers of the Khan appeared next day, saying they had orders to arrest the thieves, whom they took away and brought before their master without saying to whom the credit of the capture was due, in order to claim a reward. But this wounded the self-esteem and roused the indignation of the captives, who had surrendered to a worthier foe. "Punish us as thou wilt," said they to the khan, "for we have laid waste thy lands, but dishonour us not by remunerating the unachieved prowess of these miserable men, as if they had been our victors!" Whereupon the khan, discovering the real hero of the adventure to be the Black Centurion, wanted to reward him, but, like a brave man, he refused any recompense, saying, "Grant me only a place to settle in." The Khan gave him the village of Thalish, or Thalij, near the Vank of Horiek.

On his tombstone is inscribed one line only, from which it appears that he died in the year 1081 of the Armenian era,* A.D. 1632. He left several sons and was succeeded by the eldest, Melik Beglar, who resembled his father in wisdom and courage. He founded and consolidated the Melikdom of the Beglar family, extending his rule over much of the neighbouring country, including the fortress of Gulistan, which he repaired and resided in. He left two sons, Apov and Thamraz. The former, who succeeded him, was known as *Kagh*, or *Lame*, Apov, on account of an injury to one of his legs. His life of pillage and plunder enabled him to gain and keep power. He took everything by force, including his wife! One day, having gone out on a marauding expedition with some of his men, he chanced on the *obaner*† of Mamlath Khan in the mountains above the village of Gedashen. While attacking him he caught sight of his daughter, and was so attracted by her beauty that he entirely forgot his plan of plundering the Khan of his rich flocks and herds of cattle, carrying off his daughter instead, to his fortress of Gulistan, where he had her converted and baptised, and then married her. This abduction brought about a long and sanguinary feud between Apov and the Khan, ending in the defeat of the latter, and for many years

* To find the date according to the Armenian Little Era subtract 551 from the year of Our Lord,—1918 = 1367.

† *Obaner* = a tent, or encampment of tents without sides, having only a roof. These nomad tribes move with the sun, so that it is always summer with them, and they need no other shelter.

the Khan's anger against his daughter and her self-invited bridegroom was unappeased. Old age brought reconciliation, and, having no successor, he left his daughter all his villages, so that Apov, through his wife, became the owner of a large tract of land. He died in 1728,* and his son Yusup being under age, the government of the country was given to his brother Thamraz, and Yusup was placed in his guardianship. But Thamraz carried on his government from his palace near the Vank of Horiek not as regent, but as ruler, treating Yusup with cruelty and meditating his destruction. Yusup lived in the fortress of Gulistan with his mother, the beautiful Ghamar-soltana, in an unenviable condition.

When the vizir Mirza Thahir, tax and tribute-collector to Shah Sultan Hussein, visited Karabagh, Melik Thamraz, wishing to ingratiate himself with the Persian government, received him in his house, imposed fresh and unjust taxes on his people, and hinted to the vizir that his brother's gun, in the possession of young Yusup, was a rare fire-arm, worthy of the Shah's treasury. Yusup was told to bring the weapon, and the vizir, on seeing it, took it away, saying "This fire-piece is more suitable for the treasury of the Shah than for you." Yusup returned to his mother with tears in his eyes and without the only relic she possessed of her husband's brave deeds. "Unworthy son of a brave father," cried she, "rather would I that thy dead body had been brought to me, for then men would have said that thou hadst lost thy life sooner than lose this relic of thy father." Stung by her reproaches—"I will recover it," exclaimed the boy, and asked for money to buy arms. His mother gave him the few gold ornaments she wore on her head.

The vizir, having collected all that he could, set out with his servants and mules laden with tribute. Yusup, with a band of his young comrades, lay in wait for him and fell upon the cavalcade at the narrow pass of the river Tharthar, where Yusup with his own hand cut off the vizir's head and recovered his father's gun.† They killed some of the followers and some escaped, while Yusup and his brave boys carried off all the gold to his fortress. This deed went unpunished, for about that time the Shah was deposed and the Afghans came and took possession of Ispahan.

Yusup's power having increased, he began to think of revenging

* Apov was probably the grandson, not the son, of Beglar.

† This fire-arm was sold for 1000 roubles, says Raffi in a footnote, by the descendants of the Melik Beglarians to General Yermolov, who sent it to Moscow to the palace of "Arujenaya."

himself on his uncle and of regaining his rightful inheritance. He formed an alliance with Atham of Chrapiert'h, whose relations with Thamraz were not very friendly, and the two together besieged Thamraz in his fortress, which they took after some severe fighting, and Thamraz was hanged on an elm-tree, which Raffi says was still standing in 1881, on the boundary between Gulistan and Chrapiert'h, and was known as the "Bloody Chepar".

Yusup's mother, Ghamar-soltana, who by her wise counsels had greatly helped her son to rise to his rightful position, died in the year 1753, and was buried in the family burial ground of the Melik Beglarians, opposite the Vank of Horiek.

THE ISRAELIANS, MELIKS OF CHRAPIERT'H.

In 1687 Melik Iesaï, of the Israelian family, with a number of followers and dependents, came to Karabagh with the intention of killing the principal Khan of Siunik, who had had immoral relations with his (Melik Iesaï's) sister. The Khan's men attacked him, but he defeated them in the valley of the Arav Mountain,* putting them to flight and killing seven of the Khan's sons. He took possession of the mountain, the hill tribes and nomads who dwelt thereon gradually coming under his rule, and then he occupied neighbouring territory as far as the village of Thiuthakan, now known as Kathughkasar. He was succeeded by his brothers, during whose suzerainty many other places were added to their Melikdom, including Chrapiert'h, the name of this fortress giving them their territorial designation of Meliks of Chrapiert'h.

THE HASSAN-DJALALIANS, MELIKS OF KHACHIN.

Of the five Meliks of Karabagh the Meliks of Khachin were the only clan originally belonging to Karabagh.

Their family, that of the Hassan-Djalalian princes, was a very ancient one, the members of which in course of time increased so greatly in numbers that the whole of the small province of Khachin was split

* Now Murov Dagh.

up and divided amongst them, the resultant weakening of their authority leading to the final extinction of their rule in Karabagh.

[To this family belonged the Catholicos Johannes of Gandtsasar, who showed hospitality to Emin at his monastery. He fell a victim to Ibrahim Khan in the end, and his brother Bishop Sarkies became Catholicos of Gandtsasar, dying in 1828.]

THE SHAHNAZARIANS, MELIKS OF VARRANDA.

The historian Arakiel relates that when Shah Abbas the Great journeyed from Tiflis to Kiegham, he took up his abode in the small town or village of Mazra, in the house of Melik Shahnazar, an Armenian, and a powerful noble, who showed the Shah hospitality and became his intimate and honoured friend. The Shah gave him the title of Melik and bestowed several villages and tracts of land on him and on his brothers. In 1682 Shahnazar's son Hussein, and his brother's son Melik Baghi, went to Karabagh and settled at Chanakhch in the province of Varranda, built churches and monasteries and fortified the place. In 1721, when Caucasian mountaineers overran the country, Baghi resisted them and saved his lands from their inroads, after which more territory came under his rule.

In 1733, when, under the leadership of Melik Avankhan of Thizak, the Armenians rose against the Osmanlis and cleared them out of Karabagh, the heroic wife of Melik Hussein of Varranda, Anna-khatoon, sister of Melik Avan, led the attack at the "Gospel" village of Chanakhch. Suleiman-beg, commanding the Osmanlis in that neighbourhood, had cast his eyes on Gaianè, the beautiful daughter of the Melik, but, not daring to carry her off, had proposed to marry her, and the parents had, with various excuses, put him off till the day planned for the rising. When fighting broke out Suleiman-beg tried to save himself by taking refuge in the house of the Melik, who had gone to another part of his province, the command of the "Gospel" village being in the hands of his wife. Gaianè, standing armed at the door of the house, seeing her hated bridegroom rush in, drew her scimitar and thrust it into his heart, killing him. After this shedding of blood she gave up her life to religion, entering the nunnery at Chanakhch, where, in 1881, Raffi was shown a beautiful manuscript of the Gospels which had been written by Gaianè.

Melik Hussein died in 1736 and was succeeded by Melik Mirza-beg,

his brother's son, who was beheaded, having greatly offended the Shah, and Melik Hussein's eldest son Hovsep became Melik by command of the Shah. His step-brother Shahnazar was a most immoral man, adopting in his private life the polygamous customs of the Persians, whereby he greatly shocked and revolted the religious feelings of the people, and incurred the hatred of all the other Meliks. He also committed a terrible crime. Although his brother had become Melik by command of the Shah, he could not endure the thought of his possessing the suzerainty, and one evening he went to Hovsep's house, killed him with his own hands, and had his whole family put to death. One child only, Sahi Beg, was saved by his nurse escaping with him to the house of his uncle, Melik Allah-verdi* of the Hassan-Djalalians, in Khachin. This crime had very far-reaching consequences, for Shahnazar now became the ruler of the province of Varranda, and eventually, by reason of his alliance with Papah-khan, the cause of the downfall of Armenian rule in Karabagh. He was half Turkman, his mother having been the daughter of the Khan of Nakhichevan, and captured by Melik Hussein, who, later, married her.

THE AVANIANS, MELIKS OF THIZAK.

Melik Avan belonged to the family of the Loris Meliks, who, in the 16th century, were very powerful in the province of Lori. On account of a dispute with his relative Elizbar, who had seized his paternal inheritance, Avan quitted Lori and came to Karabagh, settling at the village of Thugh in the province of Thizak. Avan fortified the place and built a fine church there. Later, when some of his descendants came under the dominion of Ibrahim Khan, they turned Mohamedan, but Avan's memory is still cherished amongst them with great pride, his grave is regularly blessed, and the Easter-Day services in the church are performed at their expense.

About the end of the second decade of the 18th century the greater part of Persia was overrun by the Afghans, another portion was in the hands of the Russians, while Persian Armenia and Georgia were occupied by the Osmanlis (Turks), who by the year 1723 had penetrated to Tiflis and Gandtsak (Ganja, now Elisavetpol), and had reached Karabagh. The Armenian Meliks, too few in numbers to resist the invasion alone,

* Allah-verdi means Gift of God.

had appealed to Russia for help, which was not granted to them. However, the conquests of Nadir Shah, who cleared out the Afghans, invaded India, and then turned his sword against the Osmanlis, inspired the Meliks with courage to rise against the invaders, whose commander, Sari Moustafa, had established himself at Gandtsak, quartering his troops all over Karabagh, in the very houses of the Armenians. Under the leadership of Avan of Thizak, the chief, and the most powerful of the five Meliks, a rising was planned for the night of St. Bartholomew, 1733. At the given signal all the Armenians rose as one man against their unwelcome guests and slew them, cleansing Karabagh in one night of their hated presence, Sari Moustafa barely escaping with his life to Erivan.

At the time of his coronation Nadir Shah assembled all the great nobles of his kingdom, and bestowed various honours and titles upon them, and also upon the Armenian Meliks, in return for the assistance they had rendered him against the Osmanlis. By a special firman he re-affirmed and re-established their authority in their dominions, particularly favouring Melik Avan, and bestowing on him the title of Khan. To Allah-ghouli of the Israelians he gave the title of Soltan, or Sultan, which in Persia was a title given to generals, and in the reign of Nadir was a distinction bestowed on the heads of provinces.

Melik Avan once during a whole year provided at his own expense all the food required by the Shah's soldiers, and Nadir was very friendly with him, visiting him in his house and frequently dining there. The Melik was noted for keeping a sumptuous table, at which every procurable luxury was to be found. One day the Shah, somewhat abashed* at the lavish hospitality offered him, asked that a dish of fresh† mushrooms should be served to him. The Melik promised that his wish should be gratified, but whether it happened to be during the winter, or whether mushrooms were not to be found in the fields of Karabagh at that season, when the moment arrived for the desired dainty to be set before the king, the Melik's retainers placed before the royal guest a dish heaped up with gold! "But I asked for fresh mushrooms," protested the bewildered Shah. "We can satisfy our hunger without mushrooms," was his host's cool reply—"But your warriors are in need of gold in order to defeat your enemies." And the Shah, pleased at the answer, accepted the gold instead of the mushrooms!

* This is the word in the original. But the spectacle of a Shah abashed—

† Not pickled.

[Melik Avan's visits to Petersburg and the honours bestowed on him by Russian royalties, referred to by Emin, are lengthily related by Raffi.]

Avan died in 1744, and was buried in the porch of his church at Thugh. His eldest son succeeded him, but reigned for one year only, and was succeeded by his younger brother Melik Iesai, treacherously killed by Ibrahim-khan in 1781. Most of Avan's descendants perished by treachery, and on account of this his wife Gohar-Khanum* quitted Thizak and went to live at Astrakhan and then at Uzlar.

Melik Iesai's whole life was passed in warfare. He was the first of the Meliks to train and arm his men, forming them into bodies of regular troops for the defence of his territory, for his province, bordering on Persia, was exposed to continual attack and invasion.

THE RISE OF PANAH-KHAN.

During the reign of Nadir Shah a number of nomad Turkman robber tribes called Jevanshir, whose occupations were sheep-tending and brigandage, were inhabiting the regions on the right bank of the river Kur. For the sake of the preservation of peace in the interior of Persia the Shah commanded these turbulent half-savage peoples to settle at Sarkhas, in Khorassan. A man belonging to one of their tribes, named Panah, having somehow contrived to find favour with the Shah, was appointed to an insignificant post in the Shah's dominions—the only necessary qualification for which was the possession of a stentorian voice, in order to go up and down the country loudly proclaiming the Shah's commands. “Sharji” (town-crier) Panah performed this duty for a considerable period of time, but for some misdemeanour or another he was condemned to lose his head, whereupon he fled to his native regions, roaming about in Karabagh, a fugitive vagabond, till Allah-ghouli-soltan, Melik of Chrapiert'h, took pity on him and made him his tax-collector. From time to time stringent orders came from Persia that Panah should be seized and sent back to suffer his sentence, but under Allah-ghouli-soltan's powerful protection he was safe.

In 1747, after Nadir Shah was assassinated in his sleep one night in Khorassan by the bodyguardsman on duty at the door of his tent, ter-

* Grandmother of the young lady who jilted my ancestor, and was forsaken by him in turn. Uzlar must be Kizlar, where Emin encountered Stupition.

rible rebellions broke out in Persia, Shah succeeding Shah. The Jevan-shirs took the opportunity of returning to their native desert regions on the banks of the Kur, while "Sharji" Panah no longer went in fear of losing his head. He resigned his post as tax-collector and rejoined his tribesmen as an ordinary shepherd, and later on, after having acquired some influence over them, incited them to rebel against their employer, when he himself became their employer. Thus in a short time he had contrived to get them into his power. At that time the Persians were selling political posts, honours, and titles. "Sharji" Panah, through the influence of Amir Aslam Khan, who was sent to the districts near Karabagh as governor by Atil Shah, purchased the title of Khan and became Panah Khan. But the ambition of this low-born tribesman, this far-sighted son of the desert, soared much higher than the acquisition of a title. What he aspired to was the absolute rule of an *Ishkhan*, or prince, and for him—a shepherd—it was not easy to attain to that height. His tribesmen were herdsmen, cave-dwellers in winter, and in summer needing pasturage and water for their flocks. The entire plateau of Karabagh belonged to the Meliks, to whom they had to pay tithes as grazing fees. Panah wanted to secure a central place for himself on the plateau. He first went to Bayat and tried to construct a fort there. But there came Yusup of the Begliarians, Melik of Gulistan, and Allah-ghouli-soltan of the Israelians, Melik of Chrapiert'h, and with them came Hadji Chelepy, governor of Shirwan, and pulled it all down. Then he went to Tikranakiert'h and fortified a place there. But again came the two Meliks, and also Allah-verdi of the Hassan-Djalalians, for it was on his boundaries, and they razed it to the ground. Panah, seeing that their league was too strong for him, desisted for a time.

Irritated at the impositions of the Persian authorities after Nadir Shah's death, Melik Iesaï of Thizak ceased to pay tribute to the Persian government. Panah betrayed him to Atil Shah, who sent Kasim Khan, governor of Karadagh, with his troops to punish Melik Iesaï. Panah joined him with a few thousand men, and they besieged the Melik in his fortress of Thugh, but it was too strongly fortified for them to succeed in taking it. Finding themselves between two fires—part of the Melik's troops being ambushed on the thickly wooded mountain slopes and part being in the fort—they retreated, came back the following year, and were again obliged to retire. Thereafter, for seven long years, Panah fought with Melik Iesaï. Then, seeing that he could not defeat him, the cunning fellow made peace, and adopted other tactics.

After Melik Shahnazar had committed the terrible crime of fratricide, the four other Meliks, who had unanimously vowed vengeance upon him, invaded Varranda with their troops, and Shahnazar retreated to his "Avietharanuots" fort of Chanakhch. The siege lasted many days, winter overtook them, and, after sacking and destroying the greater part of the village of Varranda, the Meliks went away, intending to return in the spring. Now came Panah's opportunity. Shahnazar needed an ally, and he found one ready to his hand in the Jevanshir. Panah advised him to build another fort for greater security, choosing the site on Shahnazar's private property, and the two constructed a fort on the banks of the river Karkar as quickly as they could in the intervals of fighting the four Meliks. Shahnazar laid the foundation stone, and the fortress was completed in 1752, the people of the village of Shoshi were brought to live there, and it was named Shoshi or Shushi fortress. Panah had now succeeded in establishing himself in the heart of Karabagh, to carry out his infamous plots for breaking up the league of the Meliks, with the aid of his ally, the traitor and villain, Shahnazar of Varranda.

Sahi Beg, the rightful heir, son of Shahnazar's murdered elder brother, had now grown up, and with the help of his uncle, Melik Allah-verdi of Khachin, desired to avenge the death of his father and regain his inheritance. Shahnazar now planned to kill the boy as well as his uncle, while Panah, on the other hand, wanted to place someone in Khachin as his tool, to impose his will on the whole of the province. Melik Allah-verdi lived in his own fortress, called the Ulu-papi fort, near the river Khachin at the village of Karamech, or Orakhach, called by the Turkmans the Ballu-Kaya fort. Panah and Shahnazar besieged him there with their Armenian and Turkman troops, but they received such a terrible battering from the Melik, who was renowned as an invincible warrior, that they fled for their lives, and shut themselves up in their fortress at Shushi.

Panah and Shahnazar then plotted secretly with Mirza-khan,* Melik Allah-verdi's overseer at the village of Khanziristan, promising to make him Melik of Khachin if he would betray his master into their hands. Mirza-khan went to Allah-verdi and told him that Panah and Shahnazar were preparing to attack him with overwhelming forces, which the Melik would not be strong enough to withstand in his own fortress, advising him to retreat to the impregnable Magpies' Fort and provision it against

* The wife of Mirza-khan was Emin's hostess at Shushi.

a siege, he, Mirza-khan, as his faithful servant, rendering him all possible help in making the necessary preparations, to carry out which he invited Allah-verdi to his own house, whence they could visit the fort, which was not far from the village of Khanziristan. The unsuspecting Melik accepted the invitation. But at supper-time, Mirza-khan, Judas-like, left the room. He locked the door behind him, and Panah's and Shahnazar's men, who were lying concealed in the house, rushed in and overpowered the Melik. By Panah's orders he was beheaded and all his family killed, while Shahnazar killed young Sahi Beg. The fratricide's hands were steeped in the blood of his brother's son.

Panah kept his promise. Mirza-khan became Melik of Khachin (1755), he and his successors faithfully served the Khan of Shushi, and the Hassan-djalalians almost disappeared from Khachin. Infinite harm was thus wrought to Armenian rule in Karabagh. The Meliks still opposing Panah did not lose heart, but with their whole united strength fought against Panah and his Armenian allies, for years carrying on a terrible bloody warfare which did great injury to their country. Then Panah, seeing no other way of ending it, proposed a truce and a conference, either at Shushi or the Vank of Amarassa. To this latter place the Meliks sent Allah-ghouli-soltan, Melik of Chrapiert'h, as their representative. Thither went Panah with his faithful Shahnazar, and thither also, in order to visit Panah, went a khan from Nakhichevan, who, seeing a gigantic magnificently dressed man (Allah-ghouli) seated near Panah, mistook him for the latter, saluting him with great humility and respect. Later, on discovering his mistake, the khan reminded Panah of the saying of the celebrated Persian poet Sa'ati,—“Ten dervishes can lie on a torn rug, but two kings cannot agree in one country.” This made Panah think that his rule could never be firmly established while Karabagh held so splendid a chief. Breaking the truce, he treacherously entrapped Allah-ghouli,* and took him to Shushi, where he imprisoned, and shortly after, beheaded him. Thus did the low-born shepherd of the Jevanshirs show his gratitude to his former master, the man to whose powerful protection he owed his life when fleeing from the hands of Nadir Shah's executioner.

To this day (1881) there may be heard from the country folk the song that the captive giant sang in his prison, calling on his brave brother Atham, and on his invincible spearman Thali Mahrassa, to come to his aid,

* The name Allah-ghouli means Servant of God.

to surround Shushi and reduce it to dust and blood-soaked ashes, and set him free. His call for help reached the ears of the favourite beauty in Panah's harem. Smitten with pity, she sent him at supper-time, concealed in a dish of pilaf, the keys both of the fetters on his feet and of the doors of his prison, that he might unlock them and escape. To her came back the proud reply,

"Armenia's noble fleeth not! But, had that been my desire, I have no need of keys!" And with his powerful hands he crushed and broke his fetters, and filling up the dish with the pieces, sent it back to her, saying, "Treachery will meet with its reward. My blood will not be unavenged."

After despoiling Chrapiert'h of its sovereign lord, Panah, thinking that the resistance of the league of Meliks was broken down, sent an insolent letter to Yusup of the Beglarians, Melik of Gulistan, commanding him to come and do him homage. But Yusup's son would not allow his father to reply, saying he would answer Panah himself—which he did after his own fashion. Holding his naked sword over the head of Panah's messenger, he compelled him to swallow down the whole of the letter, and when the wretched man, in fear and trembling, had accomplished this to the last morsel—"Now go," said he. "What thou hast swallowed here, *that* is the answer to Panah-Khan."

Panah was infuriated at this, and the fighting between him and his allies and the three Meliks grew fiercer and fiercer, but he could not prevail against the latter, who kept him in a state of continual siege inside his fort of Shushi.

[Yusup evidently had another son besides Beglar (who was shot by his wife Amarnani, the daughter of Shahnazar of Varranda), and Apov, who are mentioned by my ancestor. In "The Astronomer of Karabagh," a historical tale written by the Russian author Platon Zupov, published at Moscow in 1834, the Armenian translation of which by Raffi was printed at Vienna in 1906, the incident of Panah's letter to Yusup is described, and the son's name is given as Hussein, and there is also related a violent scene which took place between Panah and Hussein. The scene ends by Panah arrogantly boasting to Hussein that he knew how to bring Hussein and all the people of Thalish into subjection to him. "What?" cried Hussein in a fury—"Repeat those words!" "And doth that seem so marvellous a thing to thee?" sneered Panah. Like lightning Hussein drew his scimitar and attacked Panah, crying, "Die, evildoer!" But the cunning Khan had foreseen the thrust and evaded

it, then called on his bodyguardsman to seize the young Melik. Hussein, not caring to survive and witness with his own eyes the downfall of his rule and the subjection of his people, plunged his weapon into his own breast and fell to the ground. Panah stood amazed at the act.

"Now all is thine, Panah Khan," gasped his victim. "And may God grant—that the people of Karabagh—may not suffer." With these words he breathed his last.]

ALLAH-GHOULI-SOLTAN'S INVINCIBLE SPEARMAN, THALI-MAHRASSA.

Thali-Mahrassa in the Turkman language signifies "Mad Friar." This was the nickname given by the country people to the Monk (Varthapiet) Avak of the monastery of Elisha the apostle in Chrapiert'h.* The tall watch-tower on which the "Mad" one dwelt in solitude may still be seen by visitors to this Vank. When this militant monk charged on the field of battle, mounted on his famous ash-coloured charger, his awful voice of thunder was alone sufficient to terrify his enemies. Ecclesiastical fanaticism eventually punished him for the shedding of blood, and he was taken to Etchmiatsin and imprisoned in the ice-house to do penance. One day, on inquiring the cause of a disturbance in the Vank, he was told that the Kurds of Jalal had carried off all the cattle belonging to the holy fathers. "Can you give me a horse, and a few weapons?" said the (im)penitent. When his request was granted he mounted and followed the Kurds, returning a few hours afterwards with all the plundered booty. For this service to the monastery he received his freedom on condition that he would not again take life, but this promise was not kept, for he considered it no sin to kill the enemies of the fatherland, and he continued to join in all the warfare waged by the Meliks. One day, while fighting the Lezgus near Gandtsak, night overtook him, and as

* Raffi relates that in 1881, when he journeyed through Karabagh, he visited this monastery, built on the summit of a lofty mountain, which he describes as not one, but a group of monasteries, where there are eight churches, so close to one another that it was difficult to pass between them. There he saw the watch-tower in which the Mad Friar had dwelt, on the top of which a tall hazel tree had grown.

Elisha the apostle, *Ieghishā Arakial*, was one of the many followers of the twelve apostles, who came and preached the Gospel in Armenia. All are called apostles, not only the twelve. Apostle, *arakial*, in Armenian, as in other tongues, means one sent, and is derived from the word *arakiem*, to send.

he sat resting on a tombstone surrounded by the bodies of those he had slain, one of the wounded Lezguis raised his pistol and shot him dead. He was buried in the porch of the cathedral of Gandtsak.

“THIULI” ARZUMAN.

“Thiuli” is the Turkman for robber—highway or countryside daylight robber. Arzuman was the son of a shepherd in Chrapiert’h, later becoming one of Melik Atham’s most intrepid warriors. Panah Khan was so harassed by him that he craftily seized his father Sarkies, and carried him to Shushi as a hostage. One day he said to the old man, “Reprimand thy son Arzuman, that he should cease from his evil-doings, he is devastating the country.” “I have no son of the name of Arzuman,” returned the old man, icily. “What sayest thou?” demanded Panah, waxing furious. “How is it possible that that blood-thirsty Arzuman, who lays waste my lands, who sets fire to the houses of my peasantry, who gives me no peace for a single day—how sayest thou that he is not thy son?”

“Yes, I say, he is not my son,” answered the old man. “Had he been My son, thou wouldst not have been alive this day, and the ruins of thy fort would have become thy tomb!” There and then Panah gave orders that the proud old man’s head should be cut off.

In 1761, Fataly Khan, favourite general of Nadir, the late Shah, came towards Karabagh, and Yusup of Gulistan and Atham of Chrapiert’h, allying themselves with him, laid siege to Panah at Shushi. Panah and Shahnazar fought bravely for a time, then abandoned the fort. The two Meliks had made an agreement with Fataly that he should take all that was in the fort, and that Panah should be handed over to them. But Panah escaped by bribing Fataly with a thousand tumans, and giving him as a hostage his son Ibrahim, whom Fataly took with him to Persia.

Panah’s defeat rankled in his heart, and fighting soon broke out afresh.

Yusup and Atham then applied to Thamraz of Georgia (father of Heraclius), promising him, in return for his aid in subduing Panah, to assist him whenever he needed help. Thamraz agreeing, the Meliks and Thamraz, with his troops, fought Panah and his allies at Askaran, on the banks of the Karkar. Panah’s men were all killed, and he tried to escape

by running away to Persia, but the two redoubtable men, Thali Mahrassa and Thiuli Arzuman, went in pursuit of him and brought him back. Shahnazar and Mirza-khan having fled to their "Gospel" fort in the village of Chanakhch, the Armenians and Georgians surrounded the place, took them prisoners, and destroyed the fort. Now Yusup and Atham had made exactly the same agreement with Thamraz as with Fataly—namely, that he should take the contents of the fort and that Panah and Shahnazar should be delivered up to them. And Thamraz played them false in the same way as Fataly had done. With various excuses he put off doing anything till he reached the boundaries of Karabagh, when, the Meliks becoming aware of his treachery, they cut off all communications with him and called upon their old ally, Hadji Chelepy of Shirwan (the first to help them against Panah at Bayat), to come to their assistance. It took time, however, for Chelepy to reach Karabagh, and meanwhile Thamraz's men, passing near Gandtsak, were looting and destroying all that came in their way, and Shahverdi Khan, ruler of the district, came out to protect the people. In the fight that followed Shahverdi was taken prisoner. But now the Meliks and Hadji Chelepy, coming up with their men, attacked Thamraz and defeated him, rescuing Shahverdi. They could not, however, succeed in their main object, that of securing Panah and the two traitors Shahnazar and Mirza-khan, for Panah again slipped through their grasp by bribing Thamraz, who allowed the three to escape.

The friendship between Shahverdi and the Meliks was of old standing. When Shahverdi's father died, his brother Mamlath Khan tried to kill him in order to possess himself of the khanate. Shahverdi fled for his life to Atham of Chrapiert'h, who with his troops attacked Mamlath Khan and killed him, upon which Shahverdi succeeded to his inheritance, and never forgot the service Atham had rendered him. Yusup was connected with Shahverdi through his mother, wife of "*Kagh*" Apov and daughter of Mamlath Khan, converted to Christianity. Shahverdi was a Persian, and was favourably inclined towards Christians, unlike the savage Mongolian Turkmans. He was greatly respected amongst the surrounding khanates, where he was known as Beg-lar-beg (chief of chiefs).

With the help of Shahverdi the Meliks now opened negotiations with Panah. Thirteen years of incessant warfare had exhausted both sides and had ruined their lands, and the people, weary of fighting, needed peace. A treaty was made binding down Panah to cease from interfering with the Meliks' people, and forbidding his encroaching on their territories,

while leaving him lord of Shushi. If any quarrel arose, it was to be settled by arbitration.

Panah observed the terms of the treaty while he lived, but the end of his career of cunning and treachery was approaching.

After Fataly-Khan's return to Persia he battled with and killed Askarkhan, whose brother Kherim then went from Shiraz and laid siege to Fataly in his fort at Urmi in 1762, and took him prisoner to Shiraz, together with his hostage Ibrahim, son of Panah, who, hearing of this, journeyed to Shiraz with presents for Kherim, to induce him to release his son. Panah stayed two years in Shiraz without succeeding in freeing his son or in getting away himself, for Kherim, who at that time was looked upon as the ruler of Persia, did not desire Panah's return to Karabagh, for the sake of preserving the peace of that district. So Panah, once too often, had recourse to the innate cunning treachery that had served him so well hitherto. Feigning death, he placed himself in a coffin, and his men approached Kherim with the request that they should be allowed to fulfil the last wish of the departed by carrying his body away to be interred in his native country.

But this time Panah had met his match. Kherim's suspicions were aroused. "I must give him a grand funeral escort," said he. "The body may decompose on the journey. *He must be embalmed!*"

Kherim ordered his executioners to cut open the (living) corpse, and to take out the intestines in order to embalm the body. This was done. He then delivered the corpse to Panah's men, saying that they could now take it away, which they accordingly did.

Such was the gruesome end of Panah Khan in the year 1763.

IBRAHIM KHAN.

Kherim, thinking the son might serve him better than the father, gave Ibrahim the title of Khan, and sent him to Karabagh as governor. At first Ibrahim observed the treaty made between his father and the Meliks, but as soon as, with the support of Shahnazar, he had firmly established himself in Karabagh, he began to tyrannise over them. Shahnazar, the traitor to his country, who had given his fortress of Shushi to Panah, who by his alliance with the lowborn Jevanshir herdsman had so exalted him as to bring about through him the downfall of Armenian rule in Karabagh—this same Shahnazar, after the death of Panah, to

maintain with the son the friendship he had formerly with the father, committed a most shameful act. He gave his daughter, the beautiful Hurizad, to Ibrahim as his wife. This deeply offended the Meliks, more especially Iesaï of Thizak, for Hurizad's mother was his own daughter, and Shahnazar's lawful wife. There resulted severe fighting between Iesaï and Shahnazar, who, with Mirza-khan, besieged Iesaï in his fortress of Thugh in the year 1775. Mirza-khan was taken prisoner with his men, and Melik Iesaï, holding his naked sword over the traitor's head, delivered himself of the following—"Thou, Mirza-khan, dost greatly resemble another traitor named Mierhujan. He renounced our faith, he became a tool of the Persians, and he brought desolation to our fatherland. To him, as the reward for his wicked achievements, was promised the crown of Armenia. And with his troops, like unto thee, did he fall into the hands of Armenians. For him an iron spit was made redhot in flames and bent into the shape of a diadem, by the command of the Armenian general, Amrath Bagrathun, who, setting it on the head of the traitor, said, "It was thy desire to become king of Armenia. Behold me now, knight and king-maker,* *thus* do I crown thee!"—But thou, Mirza-khan, canst not contain the measure of glory that was meted out to Mierhujan! Thou art nought but a vile base traitor, who, for the sake of a miserable passing advantage, didst serve the Turkman Khan and Melik Shahnazar in all the evil that they wrought! Thou shalt be dealt with even as one dealeth with a rabid dog, which is slain lest it spread its poison amongst other creatures." And with the last words down came his sword!

Ibrahim appointed Mirza-khan's son Allah-verdi, Melik of Khachin, and the son was as faithful to the Turkman Khan as his father had been. As Hurizad, Ibrahim's wife and Melik Iesaï's granddaughter, had been the original cause of the feud between Iesaï and Shahnazar, Ibrahim himself now joined the enemies of Iesaï, and the latter had to fight the three alone, for both Apov (son of Yusuf) of Gulistan, and Mechlum of Chrapiert'h (son of Atham, who had died in 1780), were unable to help him, being occupied with the affairs of their provinces, and the provinces of Khachin and Varranda lay between them and him.

In 1781 Ibrahim and his allies, Shahnazar and Allah-verdi, besieged Iesaï at Thugh, where he defended himself bravely for a long while.

* Thakathir = King-crowner. The family of the Bagratids possessed the hereditary right of crowning the kings of Armenia.

Then the Khan and Shahnazar craftily sent two men, one of them a priest, swearing on Cross and Gospel that they had come to treat with Iesaï, thus to inveigle him out of his fort. He believed them and came out, but he was betrayed! Treachery again triumphed over valour. Ibrahim had him seized, imprisoned, and put to death.

Iesaï was succeeded by his nephew, Bakhtham.

Yusup died in 1775 and was succeeded by his eldest son Beglar, a warlike young man who had been of great assistance to his father in fighting. But his reign was short.

One day, when he was starting on an expedition against the tribe of Lezguis, who had invaded his lands, his mother came to him in tears, beseeching him to keep himself aloof from bloodshed on that day at least, for she had had a bad dream, and her heart was full of sad forebodings. Her cruel son repulsed her so roughly as to throw her down, and mounted his horse to ride away.

To this day* the traveller in Gulistan, after leaving the village of Kharkhaput, is shown on the right hand an old deserted garden, overgrown with trees and shrubs, known as the garden of Melik Beglar. There, amidst the thick under-growth, may be seen the ruins of what was once a beautiful summer residence, built by the Melik for his mistress Bala.

But his wife, Amarnani, was the daughter of Shahnazar of Varranda! No scruples would deter *her* from avenging herself on her rival!

On the night before the expedition against the Lazguis, when her husband was busy with his preparations for the fight, she bribed one of her servants to go to Bala's house and kill her. No weapon was needed, for the lovely woman's hair was so long that her murderers wound her tresses round her slender throat and strangled her, throwing the poor body into a well. At the very moment that Beglar roughly pushed his mother aside and mounted his horse, the tidings of Bala's death were brought to him. "When I return from the battle," said he, "I know what I shall do to the murderers," and rode away—to follow his love to another world, for his mother's forebodings were fulfilled.

Amarnani, knowing well what awaited her from a man of her husband's merciless character, disguised herself as one of his bodyguard,† followed him to the fight, and in the thick of the conflict shot him dead

* 1881.

† Thiknuapah = literally, one who protects the back.

from behind some bushes, escaping detection, for in the confusion who could know whether the bullet that killed the Melik was aimed by the Lezgus, or by one of his own men.

Beglar's son Freytoun, or Feridone, being under age, the government of the province was carried on by Beglar's brother Apov.

Panah, in comparison with Ibrahim, was in certain things preferable to his son, for he had preserved something of his tribal simplicity, and was free from the fanatic mollahism that Ibrahim had imbibed during his residence in Persia. Ibrahim not only persecuted Christians, but forced a large number to embrace the Mahomedan faith. In revenge for this, Thiuli Arzuman, the brave captain of the province of Chrapiert'h, turned missionary after his own fashion, and forced all the Mahomedans who fell into his hands to confess the truth of Christianity and the falseness of their own religion. One day he met a Mollah of high degree, who was on his way to Shushi with his train of servants. Laying hold of him, Arzuman insisted, with the edge of his sword to the Mollah's neck,

"Confess that Christ is God, else I slay thee!"

The Mollah confessed! After making him repeat the confession three times Arzuman let him go. Ibrahim, hearing of this, sent for the Mollah, demanding of him angrily,

"Is it possible that thou hast confessed that Christ is God?"

"Yes, I did confess," asserted the Mollah, adding, with withering conviction, "But if thou, most exalted Khan, wert to fall into the hands of Arzuman, thou wouldest say, not only that Christ is God, but that thou, Arzuman, art the god of gods!"

After some years in Gandsak, Melik Apov went with his followers to Bolnis and settled there, but in 1795 he returned to his territory in Gulistan, having come to some understanding with Ibrahim. About 1797 he again left Karabagh for Georgia.

In 1791 died Shahnazar of Varranda, leaving four sons, the eldest of whom, Jamshed, should rightfully have succeeded him. But Ibrahim, influenced by Hurizad, appointed his brother Hussein Melik instead of Jamshed. After the death of Shahnazar Ibrahim's power declined, for Jamshed was not of the same way of thinking as his father, and desired to renew the old alliance with the Armenian Meliks.

In the three provinces of Gulistan, Chrapiert'h, and Thizak, the rulers were now all hot-blooded young men, the older experienced ones having passed away. Of these Ibrahim was most in fear of Mechlum of Chrapiert'h, who was as deadly and implacable an enemy of the Turkman

khan as his father had been. Ibrahim laid a plot to assassinate him, but failed. Then, about 1785-'86, he invited the three in a friendly way to come to Shushi and discuss matters relating to their different territories, but once there, he imprisoned Apov and Mechlum, and sent Bakhtham away to Persia, where he was confined in the fortress of Artavil, and his territory of Thizak fell into Persian hands.

Ibrahim then sent horsemen to plunder and pillage the wealthy monastery of Gandtsasar, seized the Catholicos Johannes and five of his seven brothers, and imprisoned them at Shushi, inflicting various tortures on them. The Catholicos was poisoned in prison (1786), Bishop Sarkies, who afterwards became Catholicos of Gandtsasar, was put in the stocks for several hours. After nine months in prison he and his brothers were liberated, Ibrahim first imposing a heavy fine on the monastery.

Mechlum and Apov were soon at liberty again, for Mechlum's brave captain Arzuman went at night, broke open the doors of the prison, and set them free.

In 1787 Russian troops under General Purnashov, with Heraclius of Georgia, were approaching Gandsak, and Mechlum and Apov joined them, hoping for their aid, which was promised them, against Ibrahim, but simultaneously war broke out for the second time between the Russians and the Osmanlis, and, the troops returning to Russia, the two Meliks went to Tiflis with them. Ibrahim immediately imprisoned their relatives at Shushi as hostages, and gave their lands to others. Some time after this Mechlum and Apov reminded Heraclius of his promise to help them, but he asked for delay. Ibrahim now wrote to Heraclius to seize and send them to him in return for some 3000 Turkmans, formerly Georgian subjects, who had settled in Karabagh. Heraclius treacherously agreed, but the Meliks, slipping out of his hands, escaped to Gandsak, where Zavath Khan, son of Shaverdi Khan, gladly received and protected them, in spite of Ibrahim continually sending him messages to deliver them up to him. Zavath Khan was possessed of a greater soul than the treacherous Georgian prince, and took no notice. The story told of their escape from Tiflis was, that Heraclius had invited them to a feast in a garden, intending to make them drink, and then overpower them at his table. The Meliks, coming to know of his treacherous intention, mounted their horses, saying they were going hunting to provide something for the feast, and did not return. Meeting some carters on the way, Mechlum sent word to Heraclius, telling them to go and inform their prince that Melik Mechlum would never forget his hospitality.

But neither did Heraclius and Ibrahim forget that Mechlum had got the better of them. Several years later, in 1796, they besieged Zavathkhan and Melik Mechlum at Gandsak, and the Melik met his death in quelling a mutiny in the fort caused by an old man who treacherously incited the garrison to open the gates to the enemy.

After the death of Catherine II., when the Emperor Paul I. succeeded, Russian policy towards the Christians of Caucasia changed. Peter the Great's intentions with respect to the Christians were forgotten, and Georgia, after the death of Heraclius in 1798, became a Russian province. Jamshed of Varranda, son of Shahnazar, with Freytoun, son of Beglar and nephew of Apov of Gulistan, wanted to establish themselves permanently in Georgia, where the Armenians had first of all been well received, but then forced to become serfs and to sell their children. Therefore, to keep their freedom, these two Meliks went to Petersburg to represent their condition to the Czar, who passed an edict giving them a district where they could settle with the same rights over their people as they possessed in Karabagh. They were decorated and given regular pensions, and the Russian minister in Georgia, Kovalensky, was informed by letter. "The Armenian Meliks Jamshed and Feridone at present here in Petersburg, and others of their nationality in Georgia and in Persia, have applied to the Imperial Majesty and have received a most gracious permission to reside in Georgia on condition that the King, George XII., should give them lands for their own and their subjects' sustenance, and also for such inhabitants of Persia as may desire to leave Persia. The King-Emperor desiring that such Christian communities should thrive in Georgia for the good of the country, you, Kovalensky, must bring about that Georgia should make concessions of lands that may be most advantageous to these Meliks. And, since such a community cannot permanently settle and prosper unless their customs and government, which from olden times have been peculiar to them, are safeguarded, for that reason it is desirable that the Armenian community should be quite independent of Georgia, except in respect of paying a small tribute to the King, and sharing all that is necessary for the defence of the country as regards expenses or men." The Georgian King was then in difficulties and he agreed to these conditions. Feridone, or Freytoun, took part of the district of Vorchalov and Aghjagala, and his uncle Apov took Bolniss and its surroundings. Feridone received a pension of 1000 roubles, Jamshed 1200, and his son 600.

In 1804 Russian troops under Prince Tsitsianoff, marching on Erivan,

halted near Etchmiatsin, while numerous Persian troops, commanded by Abbas Mirza, the Persian heir-apparent, hastening to the relief of Erivan, took the Russians by surprise, surrounding them and cutting off their communications. Tsitsianoff, who had been intending to lay siege to Erivan, found himself in a state of siege instead. Rustom Beg, son of Apov of Gulistan, at the head of 500 Russians, with great gallantry passed through the Persian forces twice, and brought Tsitsianoff ammunition and supplies. On the third occasion he encountered 800 Persians in the valley of P'hambak, and a Georgian prince, Alexander, joined the Persians with 3000 men, but in spite of their overwhelming numbers, the enemy stood stationary, facing Rustom's little force, for three hours before attacking. When at last fighting began, Rustom hurled his Russians forward with great valour, but he was fighting against tremendous odds, his horse was shot under him, and at his third wound he fell to the ground and was taken prisoner. The Russians were annihilated, Rustom was taken to Abbas Mirza's camp by the orders of Alexander, who, resenting the former refusal of Apov, father of Rustom, to join him against the Russians, thus revenged himself upon the son, who, while leading Russian troops, had fallen into his hands. Abbas Mirza imprisoned him at Tabriz, where he was later on beheaded, when Abbas Mirza retreated to Tabriz after being defeated by the Russians. The Armenians of Tabriz buried him in the porch of their grave-yard, and taught their children the song composed by the hero in his captivity, for he was poet as well as soldier. (Raffi here quotes the touching words of this song.)

In 1805 Melik Jamshed of Varranda (son of Shahnazar), with great difficulty, contrived to make Ibrahim recognise the Russian government. But in 1806, Prince Tsitsianoff, the Russian commander, was assassinated at Baku, the Mohamedan population of Transcaucasia was thrown into a ferment of excitement, insurrections broke out everywhere, and Ibrahim, notwithstanding the fact of his having sworn allegiance to the Russian government, secretly sent his son Mamath Hussein Aga to Abbas Mirza (who, in command of Persian troops, was at that time occupying a district on the right bank of the Ierask, or Araxes), disclosing to him the whereabouts of Russian troops, inviting him to cross the Ierask, and promising him his (Ibrahim's) assistance in guiding him to where the Russians were encamped in order to annihilate them.

Abbas Mirza, with an overwhelming number of Persian troops, crossed the Ierask, and approached Shushi. Inside the fort were quartered a few hundred Russian soldiery under Colonel Lisanievitch. Jamshed was

also quartered in the fort at that time with some cavalry. Abbas Mirza encamped near the village of Shushi on a high hill whence he could bombard the fort, and Ibrahim, with his family, stole out quietly at night with the intention of going to the camp of Abbas Mirza. But Jamshed instantly informing the Russian colonel, the two, with a few horsemen, followed Ibrahim and came up with him on the road. They spared the women and some others, but Ibrahim and his relatives were cut to pieces.

The enemy of Karabagh was slain! Jamshed had avenged not only his own wrongs, but the wrongs of all the other Meliks. While his father, Shahnazar, in exalting this savage wild beast, had earned the curses and opprobrium of the whole of Karabagh, now the exemplary son had atoned for the evil the vile father had wrought, but it was too late! The death of Ibrahim could not heal the wounds inflicted by the Khans of Shushi on the Meliks of Karabagh.

Apov, Melik of Gulistan, son of Yusup, died in 1808. He was not on good terms with the Georgian princes; the story goes that he was invited to Tiflis and that he was poisoned there, for soon after he fell ill and died, as well as his secretary, who had accompanied him. His surviving sons were minors, and he was succeeded by his nephew Feridone, the son of Beglar the second, who had been chosen in 1799 to represent the Meliks of Karabagh when a deputation had been sent to the Czar Paul I. Feridone's reign was very short. He had excited the jealousy of his younger brother Sham, who was a very savage ferocious man, hated in his family. In an access of rage he rushed at Feridone and wounded him so severely with his scimitar that he died there and then. Feridone was succeeded by Apov's son Minas Beg. Feridone had six sons, Hovsep, Shamir Khan, David (who went to India), Thalish, Themuraz, and Beglar the third. After the deaths of Apov and Feridone their descendants and followers left Georgia and returned to Karabagh. Their lands, villages, and property had fallen into the hands of Ibrahim Khan, but after their return they regained all their possessions.

At the end of his book Raffi gives a list of the authorities—histories and chronicles by monks, Varthapiets, and others, from whose writings he gathered materials for his history of the Five Meliks, and relates how he spent two months in 1881 visiting the five provinces and collecting all the information he could locally from the old inhabitants. From Gand-sak he went to Gulistan, where he spent a week with the descendants of

the Beglarians, Sergei and Alexander Begs, visited their family burial-ground, deciphering the almost illegible inscriptions, and saw their half-ruined fortress of Gulistan, and the village churches with their wall-inscriptions. Thence to Chrapiert'h, where he saw in the church at Gedashen (where Yusup and Emin fought their famous battle against the son of Shaverdi Khan, when Yusup wanted to run away and Emin shamed him into standing fast, p. 296) a beautiful MS. of the Gospels, at the end of which Melik Atham had written records of his family; and visited Atham's half-ruined palace on the right bank of the river Tharthar, with historical inscriptions over the doors. At the village of Marthakiert'h he found an old man, over a hundred years of age, who knew Armenian, Persian, Arabic, and Turkman, and who had been interpreter to the last khans of Shushi, Ibrahim and Methi-khan (and later, in the same village, was a short time in the service of a German missionary). Raffi passed two whole days in taking down from his lips all that he could relate about the Khans of Shushi. In the province of Khachin he visited the splendid Vank of Gandtsasar, where, on the walls, he found a long inscription about the Melik-Beglarians. In the same province he saw the Magpies' Fort, and visited Mirza-khan's village of Khanziristan, where, he says, he was so shockingly badly received that he only stayed there one hour! At Shushi, to his disappointment, he found that important documents from which he could have gained much information had been stolen by different persons. At Varranda he visited Shahnazar's "Gospel" village of Chanakhch; from Varranda he went to Thizak, where he saw the burial ground of the Avanian Meliks, and found their old palace occupied by a Mahomedan Beg, for one branch of the descendants of Avan had embraced the faith of Islam.

Of the five Meliks the Beglarians are the only line who up to the present time managed to preserve some portion of their territories, owning 18 villages, all inhabited by Armenians, extending over large tracts of land.

In July, 1813, there arrived in Calcutta Archbishop Phillippos, envoy from the Catholicos of Etchmiatsin, which place he had quitted in 1812, accompanied by a servant and a young deacon, eighteen years of age, who was gifted with a very beautiful voice, and who acted as chorister to the archbishop. (Bishops generally travel with a chorister in attendance, to ensure the rendering to their own satisfaction of certain rather elaborate hymns included in the liturgy when a bishop is celebrant.)

The archbishop's stay in Calcutta was tragically short. Within the space of two months his servant died, and was buried in the southern portion of the churchyard of the Armenian Church, under a stone inscribed,

This is the tomb of Nierses (the servant of His Grace Archbishop Phillippos, Envoy of Holy Etchmiatsin), who died on the 16th Nadar (September), 1813, in Calcutta.

A few weeks later the archbishop himself succumbed, and was buried in the place of honour under the porch. On his stone is inscribed,

This is the tomb of Archbishop Phillippos, who departed this life in Calcutta on the 18th Thira (October), 1813.

But the third member of the little party was evidently of tougher stuff, for he survived his companions for no less than seventy-one years. He was David, the son of Melik Feridone of the Beglarians, and grandson of Beglar the second and Amarnani, daughter of Shahnazar of Varranda, the ally of Panah Khan. He had taken semi-monastic orders as a deacon, but these were set aside a few years later.

At that period it was the custom of the authorities at the Armenian church in Calcutta to issue an annual publication recording all the events, domestic or otherwise, concerning the community which had occurred during the previous twelve months, together with an ecclesiastical calendar of the current year. These publications formed a very valuable record, and it is to be regretted that they only appeared for a few years, and were then discontinued. In one of them there is the following entry,

1822. On February 26 David M.* Fredonian married Mrs. Nazloom Carapiet Sarkisian.

This was a lady of some means who had been fascinated by the young deacon's beautiful voice, and at her death some years later left him money, which he afterwards lost in litigation. He lived on in India at Dacca, and then at Chinsurah in Bengal, in spite of all the efforts made by his relatives in Armenia to induce him to return to his native land. They even went to the length of writing to the Governor-General† of the time, requesting that David Beglar should be sent back, but it was of no avail. He could not be prevailed upon to go. His descendants by another, and non-Armenian, union are still living near Chinsurah, where he died in 1884, at the age of 89. On his tombstone in the portico of

* Melik.

† Lord Dalhousie, through David's elder brother Shamir, who was Russian envoy to Persia.

the Armenian Church at Chinsurah there is the following inscription, first in Armenian, then in English.

In loving memory of our beloved father David son of the late Free-done Melik Beglaroff, last independent Prince of Karabagh in the Province of Tiflis, Caucasus. Born on the 1st May 1795 And died in Chinsurah on 22nd September 1884.

I am the resurrection and the life.

This inscription, with others from the graves of David Beglar's descendants, was published in *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. x., p. 121, in an article by the Rev. Father Hosten, S.J., entitled "The Princely Beglaroffs."

The addition of "off" to the name of Beglar is an error, caused by the son of David considering himself a Russian subject. It is not an Armenian termination, and his correct designation was David (Melik)-Freytoun Beglarian (the termination *ian* signifying "of the family of"). But David was not an eldest son, and it was only the ruling chief and his eldest son who had the right to call themselves Melik, the younger sons were called Beg. As to his right to be called the "last independent Prince of Karabagh," that is a title applicable to his father Freytoun, or Feridone, but scarcely to David himself. Karabagh was undoubtedly the last home of Armenian independence—that independence for which Emin fruitlessly struggled and suffered for so long. Had it not been for the sundering of the Meliks' league of unity by the treachery of Shahnazar of Varranda, Emin might perhaps have succeeded in his endeavours in some measure, at any rate for a time.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.*

IN NARRATIVE AND IN NOTE ON
KARABAGH.

IN MAP.

Arav Mt.

Charrabert.

Cur, Cura, Kiurak.

Dizah, Dizok.

Gandja, Ganja, Gandsak.

Ierask.

Maghry.

Orduvar.

Shameor.

Shashec, Shuşhec, Shushi.

Trashatzy, Threshetzy.

Thar-thar.

Thugh.

Murov Dagh.

Chrapierth.

Kura-chai (river).

Thizak.

Elisavetopol.

Aras Su, Araxes (river).

Migry.

Ordubad.

Shamkor ?

Shusha.

Thalish, Thalich.

Ter-ter.

Tug.

* Very few of the former names can now be traced.

PART III.

XXII.

[Concerning a young Armenian—Emin continues his wanderings in his own land at night, like a cutpurse or a murderer in danger from Ibrahim Khan—Kurds run away to lie in ambush to attack him treacherously—An Armenian tells them who he is, they immediately become his friends—Ibrahim Khan's officer Hatham Beg, and his cup-bearer, or Saki—In great danger of his life from Hatham—Emin sets out with his relative Movses, the cup-bearer as guide—His dishonesty—A story of soldiers in hospital in Flanders and the sweetness of plunder—Inhospitable inhabitants of the village of Maghry, where women may look at men but no man dare look at women—Unusual kindness of a custom-house officer—Arrival at Orduar.]

IN that village, an affair happened which may be a little entertaining; but, although trifling in its kind, it will appear as ostentation:—Just at the dusk of the evening, five minutes after he arrived, there came up a young Nakhchuan Armenian on horse-back, who, when he had alighted, led his horse, and tied it where Emin's horse stood: Emin hallooed to him, as he was at some distance, to take the horse away, and make it stand farther off, for fear of a quarrel between them. The young Nakhchunian flew into a passion, clapped his hand to his sword, and said, "Who are you, to call out in that domineering manner? I suppose you would initiate our Emin, who alone is fit to command us Armenians?" Emin pacified him with gentle words, and said, "Brother, do not be out of humour, we are both

guests and strangers in this place at this good man's house; he does not deserve to be made uneasy by us;—sit by me, and permit me to ask you, in a friendly manner, a few civil questions." The young hero consented, and sat himself down. The author said, "What has been the merit of Emin, that you regard him so much behind his back; for, as far as we can understand, he has done nothing of any consequence: on the contrary, wherever he went, he was driven away as if he had been a wolf." The young man said, "He is not what you represent him, nor does he deserve such a name:—he is as brave as a lion—as wise as Solomon—and as just as Plato. The wolves are our churchmen in sheeps clothing, and they only obstruct his great undertakings; for he could easily have saved us from subjection to the Mahomedans, if those dark angels would but have let him go." Then he fetched a very deep sigh. Emin said, "I presume, Sir, you have never seen him:" the Nakhchuanian said "No: but those who have seen him with their own eyes, and been witnesses of his brave actions in many places, have sounded his fame in our ears, and made it shine as bright as the sun in the hearts and mind of all true Armenians: even the Mahomedans admired him, though they are the great enemies of us Christians; and more particularly, when he was among the Lazguis." Aratun the monk, with the landlord and several others, some sitting, some standing, heard all this, but had not patience enough to let the young gentleman go on expressing his sentiments. They said, "You are speaking to the very man, for whom you and all of us have great respect." The young man started up, and could not contain himself, but burst into tears of joy. Those who were present sympathized with him, and he continued several minutes bewailing the calamities and distracted condition of the Armenians, with no less concern for the precarious situation of Emin, who endeavoured to comfort him by encouraging words, and said, they need not be in the least uneasy about him, who was resolved to die for them, by exerting himself and going

through every danger to the utmost of his poor abilities. He added, "Be easy in your minds, and try to make yourselves as happy as you can:—pray to God, and wait with Christian patience:—if he is willing to save us, he will, and if not, it is our duty to make ourselves contented, and be cheerful."

After supper, about nine o'clock, Emin, with his relation Mussess, and a hired Armenian with a pack-horse, set out; and after travelling seven hours, and ascending and descending high rough mountains, about four in the morning passed an Armenian village belonging to Kezkhalan, sister to Ibrahim Khan, the lord of five Armenian chiefs; namely, Yusup, Hatham, Mirza-khan, Shaknazar, and Isay. Who knows but in time the Armenians may understand English enough to translate these memoirs into their own language, and be spurred by them to some exertion for sweet liberty, which precious gem alone was Emin's object in sacrificing all the comfort of his life, with the mortification of being forced to wander about at night in his own country as a cutpurse or a murderer, that he might avoid the fortification of Shashec,* lest he should be apprehended by Ibrahim Khan, who had not obtained his power over the chiefs by the dint of his sword. Whoever is possessed of humanity, and reads this account, must be deeply sensible of Emin's anxiety in that painful situation.

He travelled nine hours during the night, having advanced ten miles from the village where he had stopped, and fifteen beyond Shashec, not suspecting that the Khan had been acquainted by some spies with his return to Carabagh. In the dark, his apprehension was not so great: but when the light appeared, he did not fail to look out sharp, and calling upon God, marched on, as if he had been at the head of some thousands. He had thirty cartridges of his own making, with a strong Turkish firelock, that could hit a mark at 300 yards

* This must be a local name for Shushi.

distance. He reconnoitred all the way he past, that in case of his being attacked, he might get behind one of those rocks thrown out by nature as breast work, and put himself in a posture of defence, fighting while his little ammunition should last, and rather dying like a man, than suffering to be taken like a coward. Neither his relation nor the other Armenians had so much as a penknife. About twelve o'clock, he went out of the road upon an eminence covered with fine grass to feed the horses, as well as to look round about. He had hardly been there fifteen minutes, when he discovered four horsemen coming in the same road. Before they reached the bottom of the hill, they dismounted on the wrong side of their horses with their guns in their hands, and marched slowly along, the horses so placed as to cover their bodies from Emin, who called out to them, to come and feed their horses with him; but they made no answer, creeping along like snakes, then turned to the left, and disappeared. As they did not speak, Emin little thought they were robbers; but they were Kurds of the tribe of Mughans, who seeing Emin's dress not like that of other Armenians, were weak enough to take him for a Lazgui mountaineer, and hurried away to be in ambuscade on the left side of the hill, in a place covered with wood, intending, as he should come by, to fire at him at once, instead of attacking him openly: but Providence had ordained, that Emin should by some means be saved. The villains fortunately happened to meet in the very spot an Armenian, named Mussess of Nakhchuan, and of the village of Kazanchu, with his pack-horse, who, seeing them very busy in a great flutter, asked what they were about? They told him, they expected a Lazgui there every minute, and were putting themselves in the easiest way to shoot him, and to make a prize of his horse. The honest Armenian guessing, from the description given, that it was the author of these memoirs, laughed at them heartily, saying, "He is Emin of Armenia:—he is not so ignorant as you imagine, to pass by you slowly: in the first

place, he will gallop his horse like lightning; and if you miss your aim, no doubt he will turn and kill every one of you. Besides, I am credibly informed, that he has a charm about him, so that neither fire-arms nor sword can have any effect on him. Had he not been so happily endowed with those blessings, how could he have escaped in so many battles fought in Frankistan, Georgia, and Dagistan, where the savage Lazguis found they could not kill him, and were made to take an oath of fidelity upon the Alcoran, and to elect him their sovereign." Upon this, one of the Curds with an enormous beard and bald head said, "Yes; now I remember him:—he that headed 2,000 Lazguis, made captives by the Colan Curds, and afterwards saved them. I can tell you more of him:—Some time ago he was in the kalaoh (or fort) of Shoshu, speaking to our Khan Ibrahim as a master speaks to his servant; but as I passed by at a distance I could not hear what he said. I am very glad you set us right—God knows what would have become of us!—I hope you will be so kind as to take no notice to him of our design, lest he should be displeased with us."

Emin expecting them at the bottom of the hill, set his horse galloping violently, and turned about at a proper distance upon a flat ground, whence he saw those assassins looking as pale as death; he levelled his piece to fire at them, when the Armenian cried out, "Sir, Sir, they are friends!" and afterwards recounted the whole circumstance, as before related. Then all the four came, laid hold of Emin's stirrup, and kissed his hand; thanking Mussess the good Armenian, in the Curdish language, for his friendly advice. They travelled with him like brothers about two miles, when the road being divided, they took leave of him in a very polite manner, and went to the west; while Emin, with his honest countrymen, and two servants, journeyed to the south. This address of his countryman probably saved Emin's life; nor can he help reflecting, that if it had not been for an Armenian also in London, whose name is mentioned

before, who had been sent with a horse from Aleppo, and through whom, by mere chance, he was taken notice of by the late duke of Northumberland, he might have remained, if alive, in total oblivion to this very day; or in the obscurity of ignorance, like the rest of the Armenians. He takes this opportunity to express his gratitude, as having been twice helped by them; and is comforted in having no room to alter his natural attachment to them, being persuaded that there are good and bad in all nations; but that more virtue may be found among civilized free men, than among those who only eat, drink, and sleep, in profound ignorance.

In the afternoon he arrived at Shankevan, an Armenian village in the province of Ghapan, situated at the bottom of a high mountain, full of vineyards, with plenty of every thing. He was just going to a-light at the door of an Armenian, when he saw a trooper who dismounted at the fourth door beyond it. The Armenians told him that he was Ibrahim Khan's man, and that the house was the quarters of Hatham Beg the darugha, one of the khan's officers, appointed his deputy to keep the village in good order. In about ten minutes he came to see Emin, with false complaisance, and ordered the villager to take very great care of him. At sun-set he sent the one-handed Sarkiss, with a large earthen gurglet of wine, and with compliments to Emin, desiring him to drink and be cheerful. Emin in return sent two white linen towels, with half a dozen of Russian wooden spoons, which were made a present to him by Suciaz the monk at Shamakhy. His man Sarkiss sat down at the table, holding the vessel under his arm, without a hand, as a saki (or cup-bearer,) and the cup in his hand, which he filled and presented to Emin, who said he never could drink wine in his life; nor would he drink, though the roguish cup-bearer, for a quarter of an hour, was begging and persuading him to it. Finding he could not prevail, he endeavoured to make his relation Mussess drink; but he, like Emin, had never tasted wine in his lifetime.

The other Nakhchuanian Mussess unluckily did not alight at the same house with them. On their first entering the village, he disappeared and could not be found. The nimble one-handed tiger Sarkiss finding neither Emin nor his poor relation would come near the liquor, laid down the wine and the cup, and went out, perhaps to give notice to his master Hatham Beg. In five minutes he came back like lightning, sat down again, took the wine and gave it to Ohan the hired man, who had the pack-horse, and who drank with him like a fish till about eight in the evening, when another Armenian came, with an order from Hatham to his nimble servant Sarkiss, to bring with him the pack-horse man. Emin suspected there was some mischief going on, and Ohan returned half an hour after, bruised all over his face, with his shirt-collar torn off, and his neck scratched and bloody. He told Emin that Hatham Beg had done all that. After inquiring whether Emin had any money, on being told that Emin was poor, he beat him in that cruel manner, and even drew his dagger and clapped the point to his throat, threatening to murder him if he did not tell where the money was. The poor man being in this sad plight, Hatham and Sarkiss came in, and said to Emin, all in a flutter, "You saw the trooper, mounted on a black horse, who came immediately after you and alighted at my door; he is the Khan's man, with an express order from him, acquainting us, that two men of the vali of Gurgistan are run away to Carabagh: they are to be secured and sent to Tiffliz; and by the description, you and your relation are the men." Emin said, "If we are the suspected men, what is the reason of your using the khan's own subject in this barbarous manner, whom we have hired at Gantzasar in Carabagh. Let me tell you, Hatham Beg, those false pretences of yourself or your khan, I value not a straw; nor have we run away with three hundred tumans of the vali, as you said a little while ago. Had we that sum, depend upon it, we should not have been so stupid as to come hither with two persons

only, when we could have raised as many thousands, as has already been done with one hundred and twenty-seven tumans, for almost seven years, in Georgia, Dagistan, and Armenia. Your khan knows who I am, and here is his order to be entertained in every part of his country. He imagining I have got a sum of money at Shamakhy, and hearing of my return from that place, has been excited by avarice to send you an order to try if you can get it from me, or procure payment for the young colt he made me a present of." Hatham Beg said, "Sir, every thing you observe of the khan's letters is true; but as for ill-treating Ohan the Armenian, he knows nothing of it; perhaps he has been quarrelling, being drunk himself, and not distinguishing any more than a beast." Ohan said, "You are mistaken; I know myself as well as you, who believe in your prophet Mahomed. You Persians, who have neither shame nor honour, denying the truth, when you cannot act as you please; and watching like adders for an opportunity to do mischief. What is become of your domineering like a tyrant? A little while ago you threatened to kill Emin, his servant, and me. Why don't you act this now? Because the mountaineers will make you not only pay for it with your life, but the lives of your family. O the churchmen, the churchmen!" Emin said, "Hold thy tongue: let us have no more of it." He then told Hatham Beg to set down a while, and afterwards do his duty in executing his master's order: and rummaging about to find the money, he said, "Sir, from the language you use, and your manner of speaking, no man of breeding dares come near you; and when you please to depart hence, I will give you a guide to the next stage. I see you are fatigued, take rest, and be easy." Then bidding good night, he went away; but turned back twice before he was out of the varanda, and looked at his firelock.

Emin, after a journey of twenty hours, ascending and descending high mountains, cannot say that he slept all the night any more than his poor relation Mussess, but watched the whole

time with that single muskate, and passed it as disagreeably as if he had been a dozen years in prison; the least noise in the dark startled them, expecting every minute to be attacked; but the only thing with which he supported his distracted heart, was the true soldier's resolution—let the worst come to the worst, to fall like a man, and to kill or be killed. In this dismal situation, till the dawn of day, his mind suffered what no one of the smallest humanity could hear without being sensible of; and he wishes that his bitterest enemy may never feel the same anxiety. At sun-rise he was just going to set out on his journey, when the one-handed Sarkiss came, with compliments and a message from Hatham, saying, that he should be glad to have Emin's coat made of lamb's skin, to dispose of it as a token of friendship. Emin said, "Let me see Hatham himself;" and going out of the house, saw the fellow standing at an open place; to whom he said, "Hatham Beg, let me have your felt great-coat; as we are advancing towards the cold weather, it is necessary I should have some covering, and you shall have my lamb's skin coat in lieu of it; then we shall be brothers and friends." Hatham consented, thinking he had made a good bargain; the coats were exchanged, and cessation of hostilities took place between the two potentates. Sarkiss was allowed to be his guide, and Ohan the pack-horse man was discharged, and ordered to go back to his family.

Emin, with his relation, set out for Fative, about fifteen miles off; but after four miles march, as they were passing through the village of Hallytzar, Sarkiss stopped, and would not stir an inch further, unless he could eat some grapes; and in the mean time he began sharpening his eyes upon Emin's gun as a wolf does his ears when he finds an opportunity to seize his prey. Emin finding his intention was bad, and that he was not ordered to be a guide, but a robber, really felt himself greatly distressed for want of knowing the right road to Fative; nor could he persuade himself to put an end to Sarkiss's life,

though his insolence and villany grew insupportable, when he found Emin expostulating like a brother. In that disagreeable situation appeared the Carancha Mussess his deliverer, going on below the village, to the same stage, with his pack-horse before him. Emin called out to him; and he, turning his head round, immediately went up to him, and seeing the unmanly behaviour of Sarkiss, abused him heartily, and obliged him to go on. Emin said to Mussess, "There is no occasion for Sarkiss, since you know the way." The devilish Sarkiss said, "It is my master's especial order to go with Emin as far as the place of destination, and procure a receipt from Minas Vardapit, or the monk of the monastery there; then only I can return to Hatham Beg." Mussess could make no objection to that artful speech, and said no more to him.

They were hardly gone three miles out of Hallytzar, when Sarkiss, like a running footman, kept up before Emin's horse; and now and then would get out of the road, jumping from one stone to the top of another, like a wild goat, perhaps to the distance of two full yards; then he climbed up the rocks like a monkey, with his one hand and a stump; then he let go his hand, from perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high, and come down upon his legs without being hurt: it was enough to pain one's eyes to look at him. Then, again coming into the road to take his post, he told Emin, that he could have a great many like himself in those mountains to fight under him, and to drive out the Mahomedans in ten days time, provided he would give each a gun, with bread and salt. In this manner he so pleased Emin, as to get the better of him; and having told him it did not become him to have the piece slung over his shoulder, while Sarkiss the faithful slave was running before him like a dog, at last he got the gun, and slung it over his own shoulder. Soon after, the young sharper, as happy as could be, began to gain ground jumping again from rock to rock, and saying to himself, "Here I will have the enemy, there I will stop the whole gang

of them;" till he got about sixty yards off. Poor Mussess seeing the fraud, was almost distracted, and could not help reprimanding Emin in a mild manner, saying, "What have you done? In a place like this, if you set your old horse galloping after him, you will not catch the villain." But a lucky presence of mind assisted Emin, after the grievous complaint of his relation, who cried like a child; and Emin made so loud a noise, that the mountain echoed, calling out at the same time, "Sarkiss, Sarkiss!" as if the world was going to be at an end, "come hither, come hither!" He being terrified, run back; and Emin said, "My good man, let me have the gun, for you do not see the thing, which is really a monster." No sooner had he got it than he cocked it, and in an instant clapped it to Sarkiss's breast, who begged for mercy; but Emin in a fury said, "Pull off your cap, and run directly to that tree before you, and hang it there." He being frightened out of his senses, obeyed without hesitating, and flew to it instantly; but before he took off his hand, Emin fired, and the shot went through the cap. He loaded the piece again, and then said to Sarkiss, "Thou villain! who art neither a Christian nor Mahomedan, hast thou now seen what Emin can do? how dost thou deceive me with your cunning words, and run away with my gun? how art thou now? dost thou see death with open eyes or not?" Sarkiss said, "Great Sir, not only death, but also hell itself. I beg ten thousand pardons; have mercy upon your countryman and fellow Christian; and grant life to him who had heard of you often, but has now seen your power with open eyes. The devil take our darugha, whom I served five years for nothing; he was always promising he would give me a gun, and wanting to make good his word, ordered me to become your guide, to steal your fire-lock, and try to murder you, by Ibrahim Khan's order; in order to prove to the Russians, Lazguis, or others, who are your protectors, that you are killed by your own fellow Christians the Armenians, not by his order, nor by Mahomedans. I would

have you to take care of yourself." Emin said, "Walk on, you fool, and hold your tongue." At this circumstance, both Mussess his relation, and the other man, were as happy as the nimble Sarkiss was distressed at missing his aim, and letting the bird fly out of his hand, by a feigned surprize of Emin's composing. But his relation could not contain himself, and began rebuking Sarkiss all the way to Fative.

An hour before sun-set they arrived at the monastery; and Emin said to his relation, "Take care, lest Sarkiss steal away something." Soon after, they went to see Minas, the head monk of the monastery; and on coming back to their room, where the things lay, they found that Sarkiss had disappeared, with a small bundle of six cartridges, which they had put on the shelf. He paid himself in that fashion with more content, after so many miles travelling on foot, that if he had received a few rupees from Emin; who could not help laughing in his mind, recollecting David's psalm, which says, "I am glad of thy word, as one that findeth great spoils." So was Sarkiss more glad to make a booty of a few shot and a handful of powder, than to receive honestly a reward from Emin's own hand, and go away contented! When Emin was in England, a gentleman in the course of conversation, going from one thing to another, related, that when the late duke of Cumberland commanded the English army in Flanders, at the hospital in one of the towns were lying 1200 sick soldiers, not able to stir. Some mischievous men reported, that the people of the place were in agitation, and ready to revolt. This false report was so well received by those half-dying men, that they ran out all at once, without arms, to plunder the innocent inhabitants, and there was great difficulty to keep them quiet. After they returned to their quarters, and to bed again, the very gentleman who told the story, with some others, began to banter them a little, saying to them, "My lads, what was all that alertness for? How came you to be so well, going to do wonders, when before you could hardly crawl

out of your beds?" The answer was: "May it please your honours, if you knew the sweetness of plunder as we soldiers know it, and were you dead, you would rise from your graves and run headlong after it." Therefore neither Emin, nor any other, should blame Sarkiss the Armenian mountaineer, who preferred stealing to receiving a present; or wonder that David admired the word of God, as others rejoice in finding spoils.

Emin made shifts to lodge in the monastery that night, and slept as well as he could, after forty-eight hours travelling. The next morning, by chance, an Armenian traveller was going to his home at Maghry, the last frontier town of Capan, a sort of republic, and a place of some trade, which produced an immense quantity of silk, cotton, and fine strong wine, situate on the bank of the river Araskh, belonging to the Armenians, and containing 3000 families, three days journey from Tabriz. There at sun-set Emin arrived, after travelling thirty-six hours. But he cannot pass it by without making an observation on the inhabitants, who are entirely void of hospitality. As it was not quite dark, a few of them came and stood looking at him, but went away; and as Emin was not a merchant to buy their commodities, did not think it worth while to invite him to their wine-cellars, or give him even a cup-full of vinegar to soak his bread in as a sauce. That is all they give on fast-days, unless the stranger is come there to purchase silk; then they give him some wine. The males are as jealous of their females as the Spaniards or Portuguese; they being, without exception, very brave, but not so blood-thirsty. The women are not hid, and go without veils, but are very industrious, so as to manage the silk and cotton and make wine. They have the liberty to stand and stare at strangers, but if a stranger should chance to look at them, the men taking notice of it, instantly run in a body, and beat him unmercifully. The reason they give for this, which is kept as a law among them, is, that when God created Adam, he opened his eyes and saw that he was made of dust; then

Eve was taken out of his side, and she lifting up her eyes, saw Adam: therefore it is allowed that women should look up to the men; but men must hang down their heads and look at the ground, either passing by them, or sitting down, when they are coming or going by. Emin, in calling them brave, is not without reason; because they have made themselves independent since the death of Nadir, and maintained their liberty most valiantly, having overcome many times different armies of competitors; till of late, to his sorrow, he has been told they have submitted to Ibrahim Khan of Carabagh. He did not chuse to make himself known to them, since he was determined to see the event of the letter from Gabriel, priest of Tiffliz, given to him by the monk Suciash at Shamakhy, as already mentioned. The very young man that conducted him before from Fative monastery to that place, told him, that he would call on him at one o'clock the next morning; and in the night he with his relation made a shift to lie down by the horse, in an open place which is called Madan. The man, true to his word, came, and led them out of the town by a road so rough or round about that if it had not been for him, even by day-light they could not have found their way out. The man said to Emin, "You see that high mountain on your right hand, standing exactly like a wall; that will be your guide, with the river Araskh on your left, all along to the town of Orduar; you will want no other, nor wish to meet any one to ask the way to it. And when you are arrived there, you may be sure of meeting caravans to go from any part of the country to Tabriz, Romia, Bayazid, &c.

Emin thanked the Armenian, and moved on with Mussess. About three o'clock, he heard a challenge all of a sudden on the right of the rock, and being somewhat alarmed, he instantly presented his piece, threatening the challenger to fire, suspecting him to be a highwayman. The man spoke in a very humble tone of voice, saying, "Pray, stranger, do not be hasty; I am a turn-

pike-man, belonging to the custom-house of Carabagh, posted here by Mustapha Khan, to receive a small custom from merchants passing by, if they have any silk of Meghrey ; but I can see you have nothing. My asking a civil question made you think I was a bad man ; you thought proper to be upon your guard ; you are in the right of it, and your daring is commendable in such a narrow pass. Go your journey, and God be with you, I have nothing more to say to you ; you are not like other Armenians, who, in passing by this place, must pay very dear for it." Emin said, " You are very much in the right ; if they had been like me, they would not have suffered you to sit in that strong hold, nor me to ramble from place to place, for no benefit to myself." Again the man said, " Good Sir, you seem to be desperate ; I wish you a good journey, success, and prosperity !" Emin, when he heard the kahdar, or turnpike-man, pronounce those words in so feeling a manner, not only desisted from acting rashly, but comforted himself in the dark, after so many dangers, in so many years in those miserable districts, where he never heard from any body the like kind expressions ; he cannot help thinking of them now and then, and they give him great satisfaction. Whether the man was afraid of being fired at, or from a motive of humanity, he spoke as kindly as if he had really known the desperate condition of Emin's life ; who thanked him, moved forward on his journey, and exactly at sun-rise saw the Armenian caravan, which had set out before him from the same place, pitched by the side of a brook, about half a mile from Orduar, in the province of Nakhchuan. The people knew Emin directly at some distance, and came to meet him, begging him to alight awhile, and eat some breakfast. They behaved very civilly, and in half an hour's time packed up for Orduar, which is inhabited by Persians. He thanked them, and went to take a room in a caravanserai, while they advanced to Akulis, a mile farther, a place inhabited by Armenian merchants, and formerly a very flourishing town, but much ruined by Azad

Khan the Afghan, who reigned some years in Persia after Nadir Shah, but was at last conquered and taken by Carim Khan. He lived eighteen years after, and died at Shiraz, eighteen months after Carim.

XXIII.

[Journeying on to Khuy, beyond Tabriz, first to Khosrove—Johannes the Vardapiet or Archimandrite, with tears and lamentations, cursing Heraclius on account of his and Catholicos Simon's behaviour to "our prince Emin"—Emin makes himself known—Immediate terror of the monk—Fervent anxiety to get rid of Emin as soon as possible—All because Emin has no money—In great anxiety and perplexity not knowing where to turn—Johannes, recovering from his fright, advises return to Heraclius—Emin agrees, since "necessity has no law"—Continues on the road to Khuy—Danger on the way—An Armenian, Mehrab, custom-house officer—Wants to report Emin to his master Ahmed Khan—Ahmed Khan turns Mehrab out with much abuse as an ungrateful Armenian trying to betray one who runs through fire and sword to save his countrymen from slavery—Emin at Tiflis—Heraclius welcomes him—Accounts for his own bad treatment of him by blaming the Catholicos Simon and others.]

EMIN remained very quietly at Orduar exactly a fortnight, before a caravan happened to go to Khuy, two days journey beyond Tabriz. He hired a pack-horse for his man Mussess, of a Mahomedan named Alahverdy, a very good-natured fellow, who had only that one horse to let, and agreed with him, on condition that he would not enter any of the towns in his way, lest the other Armenians should know of his going to the village of Khosrove, and should inform the man there, that Emin was coming to demand of him the forty tumans lent some years before when in Tiffliz. He intended by that method to keep the people in the dark, as well as his new-hired Mahomedan, that they might not suspect who Emin was, and on what business he was wandering from one place to another. A stranger in those countries, without being a merchant travelling in a caravan, is looked upon as a madman or a rogue; and for those

reasons Emin made the pretence, that such a person owed him that sum of money, the only capital he had in this world to depend upon.

Emin having had intelligence when he was at Shoshu, that the debtor, was gone to Shamakhy, and thence to the village of Khosrove, the men of the caravan hearing his case, expressed great concern, and wished with all their hearts that he might find the man there; commending him for not disclosing the debtor's name, making him welcome to their tables all the way for several days, till the road divided in two, one going to Khuy, the other to Khosrove; where he with Mussess his relation, and Alahverdy his hired man, arrived just before sun-set; and after a little inquiry, found Johannes the Assyrian vardapit, or monk, to whom the monk Suciash had directed him at Shamakhy, sixteen or seventeen days long journey off. According to the instructions in the priest Gabriel's letter, Emin did not make himself known to him for two days. He began with asking him in an ambiguous manner, if he, or those Mahomedans who are independent, would wish to receive Emin to be their leader, as they had given their words to Gabriel the priest, above three years ago. Johannes said, yes; and began to curse poor Heraclius most warmly; shedding tears bitterly, and invoking God to crush him. Emin said, "Holy father, what is your reason for such grievous exclamations against that prince, who has been defending some part of Christianity so many years against the Turks, Lazguis, Afghans, and Persians?" Johannes said, "You do not know, noble stranger, that he, and Simon the Catholicus, have been the cause of fastening more strongly the chains of slavery on the Armenians and Assyrians, when prince Emin was going to break them asunder, and set those two miserable nations free. May Heaven's curse fall on those who would not let him destroy the power of the unbelievers!" Emin said again, "What could your prince do, whom all the world knows to be as poor as myself?" He said, "Prince Heraclius's name is as

great now as Nadir Shah's; if he would but have assisted our prince Emin with an hundred Georgians, an hundred thousand Curdistan Armenians would have joined him, besides as many Assyrians and Nestorians, who could easily have found money." Emin expressed a wish to know where he (Emin) was at that time. He said, "The gentleman has been reported to have been among the Lazguis, and to have saved many thousand Armenian Christians, at the battle of Gedashen, against Shaverdy Khan of Ganja; but they, finding him to be in a way of becoming powerful, in the malignity of their hearts, sent to Melik Yusup of Thusatzy* to turn him out of that country, and thence he is gone to the fortified town of Shoshu; but, ten to one, Ibrahim Khan has by this time destroyed him. A thousand pities! He was the very man to have saved us; and none else, like him, will ever go to Frankistan to improve himself; and leaving behind him that blessed country of England, come to Russia to obtain a favourable recommendation from the empress; and then advance with such zeal and heroic resolution, to die for his country's cause." Emin told Johannes, that he had the honour to be one of his faithful servants, from St. Petersburg to Tiffliz; but having no money to maintain himself, he was obliged to take leave of him; that as for the safety of Emin's person, he might be assured of his being alive; nor would it be long before he would make him a visit. Upon this the monk got up to embrace Emin for joy, who then revealed himself; saying, "Here is the very man you have been wishing for, and for these three long days constantly speaking of; what can you do now with him, who is ready to follow your advice?" It may be supposed, that after the monk's earnest professions of interesting himself in Emin's favour, he would have been very glad to do all in his power, and be as good as his word. But the poor man, on the reverse, instead of rejoicing to find him present, drew back, sat down with amazing concern, seeming so

* Thalish.

much terrified as to be thrown into an ague-fit, fetching deep sighs, groaning most heavily, and trembling like a willow. He then uttered these words: "O! Sir, I grieve to see you in that poor condition, which shews you have no money, and without having forty or fifty Armenians about you. If the mountaineers (meaning the Nestors) should happen to see you, they would not believe you to be Emin. I have converted 800 Nestorian families to the Roman Catholic religion, who in this small extent of flat country, where hardly a rock is to be found for a defence, will be in danger of being put to the sword by their master Ahmed Khan, should he know you are here. He resides in the town of Khuy, by which you have past, six leagues hence. I beg you will do one of two things; either return, or go up to that mountain which you see; it is fifteen miles from this place, and there you will find 18,000 mountaineers, who have been expecting you ever since you left Tiffliz; but without a few hundred zarmahbool zeckins, you will find it a hard matter to effect your purpose. However, I shall do my best endeavours, and write to them in your favour; and hope they will be persuaded to come into your measures, provided your relation Mussess go with you thither; he has not said any thing to me, but my deacon Joseph has discovered his being disheartened, and resolved to part from you. I have told Joseph to pretend that he knows not your name, for the people ought not to know you. Therefore go first and try to persuade Mussess, and when that is done, I will compose the letter, and send also Joseph, who is as brave a young man as ever lived, to accompany you, and help you as much as he can, and to remain there as long as you please; then send him back with good news of your prosperity. But if fortune should not favour you, you will have some satisfaction in having seen them, as well as other nations and countries. They are a most hospitable good-natured set of men, and in other times may be of great service to you, who by their uprightness of conduct have gained the minds of

all the Armenians and Lazguis. But, alas! you might also have purchased the black hearts of the churchmen for the same purpose, if you had a good sum of money."

From this long friendly speech, composed of lamentation, reprimands, terror, and encouraging recommendation, Emin could not venture, in his distracted mind, to form any idea. Johannes, while he did not know who he was, would do any thing in the world to see his person, though ever so poor; but when he began to know him, he was terrified; and when he recovered himself from an unexpected surprize, would serve him to all intents and purposes! Emin judged it best to thank him for his fatherly advice; but little thought his boasted relation Mussess would have behaved in so pusillanimous a manner, as to expose his weak side, when he expected him to be as sound as a rock, like himself; and was astonished at the whiteness of Mussess's liver, when he told him, he would not go with him by any means among those mountaineers, nor accompany him longer, unless he returned to Tiffliz, or to some part of Persia. The monk Johannes, learning what had past between the two relations, comforted Emin in private like a father, and so did his deacon Joseph, telling him it did not signify, and since Mussess could not be persuaded to concur with Emin, his best way would be to go to Heraclius, who would certainly receive him again with pleasure and satisfaction, being sorry for having turned him out of his country. Emin remembering the old English saying, that "necessity has no law," put on a bold face, forcing his heart to become a piece of hard steel; and taking leave of Johannes, set out once more to have recourse to that famous prince, at the risque of his life, all the way to Tiffliz, not knowing in what his fate would end. Then, besides his doubt in what manner he should be received by Heraclius a thousand perplexing imaginations every hour passing and re-passing through his inconsolable mind, he often wished he had been made a slave by the Turkmans, instead of returning to a

prince who had assured Emin, that he was not a person likely to be of service either to him or to the Christians, when he was in power, and had an opportunity, at the head of the Lazguis, to ruin Georgia. Even at that hopeless time, had he gone among them, he would have been received as before. But great is the principle of religion! powerfully affecting the human mind in general; dividing kingdoms, setting brothers against brothers, ready to cut each others throats, and turning their hearts to inveterate enmity from social friendship. Such have been the motives of Emin from the beginning of his undertaking to this day; yet he did not prosper in his honest designs in the world, though many others in his place, and with his opportunity, would have sacrificed every thing that was dear to selfish ambition, so as to ruin others to serve themselves.

It was in the morning when he took leave of Johannes, and departed from the village of Khosrove, with his poor-hearted relation and Alahverdy the hired Mahomedan. They were not gone half away to the town of Khuy, when, with intention to shun the place again as before, they halted about a hundred steps on the right, out of the road, and alighted by the side of a spring to rest a while, eat something, and consult what route it would be the least dangerous to take: but unluckily he found that Mussess's *yapenchee* or felt great coat was missing; he having dismounted an hour before they came to that place, had thrown it carelessly on the back of the pack-horse, and leading it without looking behind, had dropped it. In the mean time, Emin saw a single traveller pass by, with his face intirely turned to the left, so as not to be perceived. This uncommon attitude made him suspect that he had picked up the *yapenchee*, and for that reason did not look towards the spring where they were sitting. He had got out of sight, when, after a few minutes pause, Emin mounted his horse, telling his men to follow quietly after him and galloping about, scouring to the right and left, found him at last dismounted sitting in the corner of a meadow.

Emin seeing the yapenchee at some distance, went up and took it from him, reprimanding the young Armenian for his behaviour. The Armenian excused himself, saying, that he thought they were Mahomedan Persians, whose prophet had made the property of Christians lawful booty for them, and, in consequence, their goods ought to be made so to the Christians. This he said, not knowing who Emin was. He then mounted, and before they reached the high road, Emin inquiring who he was, found him to be a servant of the custom-house, named Mehrab Aga, an Armenian of Tiffliz, in the service of Ahmad Khan of Khuy, a man who had been sent by an order to search about the country under the Khan's government, and find out if any Armenian merchants or pedlars could be detected carrying or smuggling away Turkish piasters to the town of Shoshu, there to be made into current abasis (each equal to an English shilling;) and he hoped, he said, that Emin had not any such about him, for they would be taken from him, and he would receive 500 bastinadoes on the soles of his feet. Emin said, he had not a single piaster about him. The young man believed him; but was sorry to say, that he must acquaint the custom-officer, as he had taken his oath, that such and such Armenians were coming upon the road. This polite way of threatening was occasioned by Mussess's imprudence, who, when he came up to them, insulted the young man in most furious abusive terms for stealing his coat, otherwise Emin could have sent him away in a very friendly manner: but he was obliged to go to Khuy, in spite of all his endeavours to avoid it, as the suspecting custom-officer, through avarice, would have sent half-a-dozen horse to overtake and carry him up to the Khan, whether he would or not. Mussess recollecting his rashness, not knowing at first who the Armenian was, could not help being sorry for it. Emin said to himself, "Let the worst come to the worst," and went on with great vexation of spirit; nor could he keep hold of the young Armenian to force him to go along with him a day's journey, for he was mounted

in a better horse, and took care to keep off at a great distance, after having told the nature of his office. In this disagreeable situation, Emin marched very slowly, on purpose to enter the place in the dark, so as to set out in the morning early, without being known. It being past eight o'clock, when he entered the town, and the young man then out of danger, he drew near and conducted Emin and his servants to the very caravanserai, which was also made into a custom-house, where the officers of Tiffliz Armenian merchants inhabited. They immediately making a noise, like many Jews, with dark lanterns in their hands, came in a fury to rummage the portmanteau, and at last found piasters. In the mean while, Emin tried to keep at a distance, in the dark, in order to shun them, but it was to no purpose. They first cried out to Mehrab, "Sir, we do not know this man, who seems to have no language, for he does not speak a word." Emin finding that their inquisitiveness could not be satisfied without knowing his person, said, "What is it that you want? You have seen, good people, that there is no money; but having done your duty, go your way—let me alone." One of them, sitting with Mehrab and several others, in a low varanda not a great way off, heard his voice, and cried out, "Oh! it is Emin Aga." Then he, with all the rest, got up from their seats, run down, and coming from all sides, carried and made him sit at the head of the table, already laid for supper. Mehrab the head custom-officer, with his second named Vasky, told Emin plainly, before all that sat and stood by, that he, with his companion Vasky, must go and report to Ahmad Khan of Emin's coming to the town of Khuy, and that he had been at Khosrove among the Assyrians or Curds, to make them revolt. Emin, finding him so unmercifully resolved to betray him, without cause or any offence given, nor even a single word being spoken to him said, "My friend, do your worst;—shew your fidelity to the Khan, and shed my blood, and then satisfy your conscience for being the cause of murdering your fellow Christian, who never

saw you in his life before nor offended you. But the Great God, who has saved him from many perils, will not let him fall by your means." The villanous Mehrab said, "I shall try that God, whom you have trusted so much without money: but the crooked sword of Kizlebash will shew you the contrary." He pronounced these words in anger, and went away with Vasky to the Khan. In half an hour he came back appearing very unhappy and dejected: he sat at the table, but said not a word for five minutes; then he opened his ungodly mouth again, saying, "Gentlemen, surely Emin Aga's God is great, [as if he had been an unbeliever]. I went and stood in the presence of the Khan, like Judas the betrayer of Jesus, and accused him with such heavy enormous charges, that if he had been the Khan's own brother or son, he would have ordered him to be cut into a hundred pieces: on the contrary, he abused and insulted me with such angry words and threatening language, that I thought myself very near falling a victim instead of Emin; and rebuking me, said, you wicked Armenian of Tiffliz, Emin has trusted in the only God, running through fire and sword to save you from slavery, while you, brute beasts! are endeavouring to reward him with a downfall:—get out of my sight!—tell Emin, from me, he is welcome to my country:—let him rest satisfied, stay as long as he pleases, and go when he pleases, no soul shall dare to say a word to him." Emin said nothing, only glorifying the Omnipotent God in his mind, when the rest of the Armenians were saying to one another, "Sure this is a miracle—for we expected him by this time to be cut in pieces; yet he is sitting in peace, and will sleep in tranquillity." The next morning he went without the walls, and lodged at an Armenian's house a fortnight, without being disturbed, after many months fatigue and danger, not forgetting to this day, the natural humanity of Ahmed Khan the Mahomedan, to the shame of Mehrab the Armenian merchant of Tiffliz, who did not desist from endeavouring to make an end of Emin. But God, who sees the hearts, and

knows the secrets of all men, will not forsake any who puts his whole trust in him.

Emin, after staying at Khuy fourteen days, and having given his disturbed mind some rest, entertained fresh hopes, contemplating, that while he continued firm in the principles of virtue, he need not be apprehensive of being immaturely sent out of the world. He undertook therefore the second time to go to prince Heraclius, though without an invitation from him: yet, as several Armenians of Tifliz, or Georgians, had informed him, that his Highness had often declared in public, that he should be glad if Emin would return to Georgia, he flattered himself, that the prince, being a Christian, had, from motives of conscience, repented of his ill-behaviour to him, or endeavoured to retrieve his disobliging the mighty Russians who had been so favourable as to recommend Emin. On the other hand, he was under the necessity to justify his character, and stop the murmuring reflections of the world, leaving no room for any man to say, that the prince's mind was good towards him; but that he obstinately refused to be reconciled to the prince. Emin, on those two points, built a castle in the air; and putting on, a second time, a bold face, set out with an Armenian caravan, and after twelve days slow travelling arrived one afternoon at Tiffliz. He found that the prince was just gone out on a party of pleasure, and not making any halt, galloped immediately after him, and overtook him at two miles distance going along the bank of the Cur. Emin, according to custom, dismounted; and no sooner did the prince see him holding his stirrup, and kissing his hand, than he started: but recollecting himself, expressed great joy, like a father receiving a prodigal son, and all his nobles were seemingly glad, yet much surprized to find him among them again. Then the prince, in a fatherly tone of voice, desired him to mount, after he had stood five minutes, and then expressed sorrow for his former ill-treatment with great joy seeing him a second time in his country, saying further, "My

unnecessary suspicions are all vanished.—Truly you are an honour to the Armenian nation, more particularly in your zeal for Christianity;—any one else in your place, with such opportunity could never have withstood the temptation which you resisted, refusing most prudently the command of so many brave men in Dagistan. It is surprizing to me, that you came from them unmolested, when they found that you were not inclined to injure Christians.” [Here the author could not help suspecting the prince’s sincerity, since envy appeared in his countenance notwithstanding his fair speech.] “Pray, Emin Aga,” continued he, “how did you manage those savage Barbarians, who are thirsty for Christian blood?” Emin answered, “May it please your Highness, by speaking truth, and by virtue of your prayers, which saved me from all danger.” On hearing the word *truth*, to which his Highness is intirely a stranger, he cast his head down, and then lifting it up again, said, “I wish every man had your way of thinking: and hope you will forgive me, not intirely laying to my charge the ill-usage you received, which was chiefly owing to his Highness Simon the Catholicus, to the bishop Zacharia of Tiffliz, and to many others among my own Georgians.” Emin added, that he had done his duty so far, that he wished well to all evil-doers, and was indifferent what should become of himself.

XXIV.

[How Ganja came under Heraclius through the death of Shaverdy Khan, his rival, at the hands of a young Armenian repentant apostate—Battle between Lezgus and Georgians—Michael the centurion, an Armenian captive from infancy, commanding the Lezgus—Heraclius' treachery again—Emin ordered to charge alone—Both sides aiming at him—His miraculous escape—Michael's glorious death—Lezgus entrenched fighting desperately but outnumbered—A captive Armenian boy—Emin's rebuke to Heraclius for his betrayal of the Lezgus—Moses goes to Tiffliz—Heraclius for the second time drives Emin out—Narrow escape from drowning—Dangerous roads infested by robbers.]

IT was then the beginning of autumn; and, in the latter end of December, Shaverdy Khan of Ganja began again his undermining politics, writing letters to the Lazgus for troops to reduce the great tribe of Shamsadin, who had put themselves under the prince's protection; but Heraclius, fearing some ill consequence, sent five hundred Georgian horse to Ganja, in order to keep the khan quiet. He, not minding them much, laid a scheme, on the arrival of the Lazgus, to put them all to the sword in cold blood. Since the Shamsadin tribe, like others, was divided into two parties, one for the prince, and the other for the khan, one party would have joined to put the design into execution; but, luckily for the Georgians, a young Armenian mountaineer, a new apostate to the Mohamedan faith, had been a few days before made a servant to Shaverdy; who being in bed and asleep, the young man, not contented with his new religion, took the gun hanging in the same room, and shot the khan to death, which ended all the mischief, and saved the lives of many thousands. The young man was put to the sword by the khan's son, called Agajar Beg; and from that time Ganja by degrees became a province under Heraclius. The young Armenian, before he was put to death, being asked what was his motive for so doing? said, "He did it, that by killing the

khan, and leaving a good fame behind, he might be killed himself afterwards for having renounced his own divine religion."

It may not be improper to recapitulate here three remarkable circumstances in regard to the Armenian nation, which were of service to Heraclius. The first was, David his subject, discovering the horrid conspiracy of thirty-two Georgian noblemen, headed by Heraclius's own uncle by his mother's side, Prince Pala: the second, that Emin, when commanding the Lazguis, discomposed Shaverdy Khan's government, by freeing the Colan Curd tribe mentioned before: the third, that the young mountaineer put an end to the khan's life, when he was near recovering his dominions from disorder, and preparing to upset the prince's power, who being just on the brink of downfall, was fortunately saved from one of his greatest rivals.

The Armenian merchants or tradesmen of Tiffliz have served the prince and his family, on all occasions, with troops, money, quarters, provisions, and forage, for forty years last past, most truly and affectionately; yet the prince was never mindful of them, nor shewed them any regard. Emin cannot in conscience blame the poor prince on that head; he is rather to be pitied; since the force of his religion, and the holy ministers of the sacred Greek church, being predominant in his mind, he was not endowed with probity sufficient to shake off its spiritual influence; not resembling those great-souled heroes, who disdained partiality, and rewarded merit wherever it was found. Such has been the chief curse to some Christian powers, for the vengeance of the Almighty falling upon them, when Mahomed mounted on a camel from Arabia came to scourge them; and they are treated with indignity by all nations.

Emin, from day to day, flattered himself, through the smooth words of the prince, that he would assist him, by giving the command of a detachment to him. In this manner full nine months passed; but Heraclius could not afford to bestow on him a single abasy, nor any thing else, except half a Tabriz

maund, or pound, of bread, (little more than three English penny loaves,) half a maund of mutton, and half a maund of weak wine, for the allowance of two hungry persons. Emin and his relation Mussess, who through necessity were thankful for being taught economy by His Highness. Emin did not much mind it; having inured himself to living by that rule all his lifetime. Poor Mussess persevered as well as he could; but it must be supposed that he suffered greatly. This way of victualling was on feast days; but on fast days they had no more than half a maund of bread and half a maund of wine: for the Armenians feast six months in the year, and fast six months without eating either fish or flesh. Those who can afford it, may have all sorts of fruits, fine olives, and pilau with oil; but God help those that are poor; they can enjoy nothing. In any part of Armenia they may have plenty of fruits, but not at Tiffliz where everything is proportionably dear; it being in some sort a metropolis.

In one of the last battles against the Lazguis, in the depth of winter, they were no more than a hundred men, each having an Emeral: the Georgians* were commanded by Michael the Centurion, an Armenian by birth, who had been taken captive when an infant, and brought up in Dagistan. This brave man happened to be one of the captains of the Lazguis sent to Solomon, prince of Emeral, as auxiliary troops. He came from Dagistan, joined his troops, and defeated 40,000 Turks and Dadians belonging to a petty Georgian prince of the Turks party, whose country the Lazguis ruined and took slaves for their pay, to the number of one hundred, chiefly females. Others, more prudent, staid where they were, in Emeral Georgia, till the melting of the snow, knowing that prince Heraclius would not keep his covenant, made when they were invited by his son-in-law prince Archil, brother to Prince Solomon. But this Michael being

* Apparently the word Georgians is a mistake for Lazguis, as it seems to be the latter who were commanded by Michael.

originally an Armenian, and credulous by nature, trusted to prince Heraclius's honour, who having intelligence before of his intention to march through the snow on the Plain of Samigory (or the Three Miles,) lay in his way near a forest, half a mile's distance from the river Chabry, one the branches of the Çur. There he remained a fortnight, with four thousand chosen Georgians, cavalry and infantry. In the afternoon the Georgian centries brought word that the Lazguis were coming, upon which every man mounted readily, but without any order, making a confused effeminate noise, with the sound of a long i, as far as their breath could go. The Lazguis not apprized of the prince's hostile intention, took it to be a hunting party. Before they came up, prince Heraclius's eshikagesies, or aids du-camp, said to Emin, "It is his Highness's express command that you go out of his band to charge the enemy before." He instantly obeyed, spurring and whipping his horse; but he was hardly gone ten yards, when the Georgians began firing behind him, and the Lazguis scarce fifty yards from him in front; so that he was between two fires, both taking aim at him. The Lazguis took him to be a Georgian, and the Georgians were glad of the opportunity to make an end of a poor single Armenian, whose great faith was his armour and shield. He called upon God, and rushed through the enemy without being hurt, so that he went round and stood at some distance to see the operation. While he was between, those two savages fired balls that flew close to his ears, and killed fifty Georgians, with some men of note, and as many of the Lazguis. Being opposite, he then fell upon them sword in hand, surprizing them in close quarter; while the Lazguis, fighting like tigers, laughed and spit in the Georgians faces, calling them treacherous Caffers, for not keeping true to their word. Michael the Centurion signalized himself in a most surprizing manner, as he was surrounded by three hundred Georgians for his share, and firing his piece, he killed one first, and not having time enough to load again, he clubbed it, and holding it by the muzzle,

fell among the Georgians, and knocked down six or seven of them. When his firelock was broken, he drew his sword, and with his dagger in his left hand, defended himself, fighting and calling Heraclius by all manner of bad names. The prince took care to go upon a high eminence. Michael received nine balls through his body before he fell, pronouncing, Lallah, Ilalah, &c. : then he laid himself down with as much composure as if he was going to sleep, and with his right hand under his head, looked as fresh as a rose. The Georgians behaved like savages ; for when he was dead and gone, some of them came and took his head off, some his hands, some his feet, and others ripped open his chest to see his heart, which was amazingly large, and his liver was as black as jet ; which puts me in mind of an expression of the sailors as a rebuke to a cowardly man, Go your way, you white-livered fellow ! The appellation signifies that a black liver belongs to a brave man. When his son was taken he said that his father was seventy-two years of age. Forty of the Lazguis fought retreating composedly till they got to the top of an eminence, the ground being soft and mixed chiefly with saltpetre. In five minutes they dug holes with their daggers deep enough to entrench themselves ; in the mean time the whole army of Georgians formed a circle round them. The Lazguis fought desperately. When any of them had exhausted his ammunition, he left his post, drew his sword, or clubbed his firelock like Hercules, came out of the entrenchment, rushed among the Georgians, and fought till he was destroyed. This continued till eleven o'clock at night, when the snow began to fall very thick, each flake being as big as an English shilling. Both sides were tired, partly by the cold, partly by the fatigue ; those left in the entrenchment having no more powder or ball, cried out, Barish ! (or peace,) on condition that the prince would grant quarter, and not molest them, to which his Highness consented ; but after they came out, they were stripped stark naked ; and after the army had marched back to the camp seventeen of them

were put to the sword, and three only left, whom the prince ordered to receive a Tabriz maund of flour for four or five days journey, through snow half a yard deep, to the foot of Dagistan. Among them an Armenian boy, sixteen years of age, was taken prisoner and preserved. Emin had the curiosity to ask him, "Who were those twenty-four men among the dead, and not circumcised?" He said, "They are Armenians, brought from Armenia when children, and brought up as Lazguis in Dagistan; for the Lazguis seldom sell the Armenian boys to the Turks as they do the Georgians. The Armenian infants brought up by the Lazguis, turn out brave, and faithful to their masters; whereas the Georgians are not so, but false and treacherous. There is no occasion to say more; you have been in Dagistan, where you hardly saw a Georgian male slave made free, as we emancipate the Armenians, who live there like princes, and when they descend from Dagistan into Georgia for plunder, a few of them stand against thousands of Georgians. You have seen a proof of their behaviour to-day, by Michael our leader; who, trusting to Heraclius's false word, lost his life bravely." Emin then said, "Why did not those Lazguis keep the grown men and women as well as the children?" Then he said, "O, good Sir, how can you be so ignorant of the world. The Armenians will never turn Mahomedans, if they were cut to pieces; nor are their women so beautiful as the Georgians; and in their slavery they are most unhappy; they are therefore ransomed by their own countrymen, and become free again."

That very night the prince asked Emin the reason of his not bringing the heads of two Lazguis, which, as he had been told, he killed in the action. Emin swore by his honour that it was not true; and declared honestly, that he did not even fire his piece at them; when he had an opportunity, shewing the pan of it to the prince, that it was fresh and the muzzle not at all dirty. The prince said, "Why so, my Emin Aga?" Emin said, "May it please your Highness, they are my best friends.

I have been treated by them like their own eyes, as it is known to all men; it would be dastardly in any man of the least principle, to hurt his friends without provocation; especially as it is against the law of nations, to attack these brave men who were called at the desire of prince Solomon and your son-in-law prince Archil his brother, and became the chief instruments of rescuing their principalities out of the hands of the cruel Turks." The prince, at this reasonable answer, hung his head, and after casting his eyes five minutes on the ground, said to him, "May God reward you according to your heart!" The next morning the prince marched with the heads of the Lazguis on mules backs. They were skinned after his arrival at Tiffliz, stuffed with chopped straw, and sent to Akhaltzikhas Pasha, to be dispatched by him to Constantinople, as a token of friendship to the Sultan, and a proof of his important victory over the Lazguis. This small piece of policy, though childish in its kind, made as much noise in those parts of Turkey, as any one of the famous victories of the late Frederick King of Prussia made in Europe, which is owing mostly to the effeminacy or ignorance of the sinking power of the Othomans.

In the following spring, and till the middle of summer, Emin staid in Georgia, with the same short allowance mentioned before, and even that was gotten with great difficulty; for his poor relation Mussess used to go early in the morning to attend upon the prince's nazir, or steward, bending his neck at his door till three in the afternoon for an order to procure that poultry provision.

The prince, for his recreation every year, as well as to lie in wait for Lazgui inroaders, at the head of some thousand horse, went to the town of Gory, with his haram, or family; the first short stage was about seven or eight miles, from Tiffliz to Kheta, where their principal church stands, to the west of the river Cur. In the afternoon Mussess appeared somewhat fatigued by marching on foot, and seemed to be in despair; having

more sense than like Emin to follow the prince in vain, without any fair prospect of benefit. Though naturally modest, he abruptly asked Emin's permission to go away; the poor fellow made some trifling excuses; that he had forgot his linen, and left some other necessary things behind: he wished therefore to go back to Tiffliz for them. Emin perceiving his intention, made no objection. Thus he departed, and Emin being left alone, on the next morning followed the prince and reached the town of Gory.

Five or six days after, prince Ivani Abasachi, Heraclius's brother-in-law, came and spoke to Emin with a good-natured tone of voice, but with threatening words, from Heraclius, to the following effect: "I am commanded by his Highness, (for which I am heartily sorry,) to acquaint you with his severe order, that you prepare immediately to go out of his dominions which way you chuse; but in case of your delay, he will put an end to your life." The good man burst into tears like a child, exclaiming against Heraclius for his barbarity; and adding, "The greatest part of his subjects are Armenians, trained up in wars against the Lazguis; he is very suspicious, and even afraid of a revolt from them, the consequence of which may be fatal to him; therefore I must advise you, my dear Emin, to set out immediately, and save your life from his tyranny; for he is a man of so bad a disposition, and so full of envy, that he cannot bear to see or hear of any merit. He is ungrateful, like the Persians, and false to his very marrow; no doubt he will lose his kingdom, and all his pains will prove vain."

Emin thanked Abasachi for his friendly concern, and said, "There is no occasion for many words:" then he saddled his horse and set out for Emeral Georgia, to try what sort of metal prince Solomon was made of. He asked some men the way to it, and had himself learned in England, from maps lent him by his friend Mr. Edmund Burke, that it was to the westward of Cartuel. After marching about five miles he reached the bank of an unfordable river, one of the branches of the Cur, then

much swelled by the late fall of rain, and the melting of the snow in the mountains. Being at a loss in what manner to pass, yet trusting in God, he pushed the horse into the terrible current, which carried him like lightning down the river, where himself, from his waist to the head, and only the head of his horse, might have been seen, like two gourds floating on the surface of the water. The only prayer he could pronounce to Providence was this, "O, my God; let not prince Heraclius rejoice at the death of your sinful creature!" He cannot recollect how many minutes had passed when his poor beast touched the ground, and came out of the water: but when he looked back at the distance between the two stations, he guessed it to be almost two miles. He then glorified the Great Maker of all for his narrow escape—and, an hour or two before sun-set, came to the door of a mud house in a beautiful plain, without any other building or village near it: there he saw an elderly woman sitting down and spinning cotton, and not guessing her temper he asked her, if she could tell the way to such a place? No sooner had she heard him, than she flew into a furious passion, scolding like a mad witch, ready to rush against his face; but fortunately a sweet angelic Georgian girl, who was standing by, interposed, and pacified the old dame with her amiable charming voice and sensible expostulation, telling her that she should not behave so roughly to the gentleman, who was a stranger in their country, and without any companion. "Do not you see," she said, "that his cloaths are wet? I dare say he is saved from being drowned in the river, which an elephant could not pass at this time of the year:" then turning her dear self to Emin, she gave him an account of the road to Kertzkhilvan, the last frontier town of Cartuel. The words of her lovely mouth were these: "My dear stranger brother, be not uneasy; let not your good heart be in the least discomposed at the thoughtless expressions and unbecoming behaviour of this old woman—she knows no better, else she would not act in such a manner. O, my

God! if you had been drowned, what would have been the condition of your poor relations when they heard of it? Pray go to your journey's end, for it will be soon dark, lest you should not find your way easily." Emin thanked the sweet angel and departed; but, now and then turning his face back, he saw her standing in the same posture in which he left her, till he was out of sight. The emotion of his mind, excited by the natural humanity of that innocent lovely creature, was not to be wondered at. Let no brave man be blamed for endeavouring at the danger of his single life, nor the richest man at the hazard of his fortune, to obtain such a woman as she was; for she would study to make him pass his life happily, and her agreeable society, continuing always the same, ought to be esteemed a singular felicity, while she would set a commendable example for others to follow, and would teach them to be contented in the short passage through this visionary world. Emin cannot with a good conscience avoid saying, that this kind of happiness, as he has by many observations found, exists among a number of European Christian couples; but among few, very few indeed, of the Asiatics, whose usage towards the fair sex cannot be compared to any thing but the conduct of devils: the law allowing a plurality of wives, has been the very cause of their never enjoying peace of mind, but continually destroying one another ever since the beginning of their empire. Any law or custom against nature, must ruin cities, depopulate kingdoms, and leave nothing behind but a desert, as wild as if it had never been inhabited by men.

Emin, in this manner was contemplating on horse-back quite fatigued, till two hours after sun-set he reached the same river, over which was made a fascine bridge woven with branches of trees, the butt end of whose sticks was not thicker than an inch; it was pretty strong and tough, but was moved up and down in the middle by the wind, like a spring, and was there no broader than two feet and a half. He was going to pass it

on horse-back, but the poor beast blowing with his nostrils, started back:—fortunately an Armenian happened to be on the other side of the river, just at the end of the bridge, and discovering him in the dark to be Emin, called out to him in a frightened tone of voice, “Pray, Sir, for God’s sake dismount, and lead the beast, for fear of its falling in with you!” Emin did as he was advised, went over safe, and thanked the friendly Armenian for giving him caution, otherwise he might have been lost. The village town of Kertzkhilvan being almost close to him he was conducted by the same young man his deliverer to the church, where he supped, and slept that night. As a great part of the inhabitants were Armenians, when they knew what ill-treatment he had received from Heraclius, they were grieved to the heart, and were afraid to entertain him long in their houses, though they wished to enjoy his company some weeks.

XXV.

1768.

[Young Georgian nobleman guides Emin to Tzeretel—Dangerous roads infested by robbers—Recognised by an Emeral Georgian—Others begin to praise Emin and denounce Heraclius, after getting pretty well heated with wine—Accommodated by Armenian merchants—Return of Prince Solomon of Emeral Georgia—How dinner was served to the prince—Solomon’s wonderful wine and the sociable effect it produces on Emin—Emin continues his journey—Armenians who beg his protection on the road—Turkish tribes who molest the Armenian and Georgian caravans—A young Armenian—Tribesmen appear, old friends of Emin, and take him with them, quitting his troublesome countrymen—Turkman Chief—Terror of the Armenians moves Emin, who again consents to accompany them—Mahomedans warn him they will again treat him badly so soon as they are safe—which is exactly what happens—Mahomed Hassan Khan, Governor of Ganja, offers him a command, but Emin refuses—His own security amongst these tribes of alien faith.]

THE next morning, a poor young nobleman of Emeral Georgia was going to Tzeretel, the first place of that principality, and

willingly became Emin's companion and guide. This poor nobleman had neither arms nor a horse to ride on; and the road was most dangerously infested (as they said) by Lazguis, and they had full twenty-five miles to march to their journey's end. They were hardly gone from the village half a mile, when another Emeralian Georgian, a stout young man, joined them, armed with a firelock and a hanger; he knew the way better than the first, and said, they must take another route for fear of meeting robbers. Emin agreed, and said he should not object to any way he thought the fastest. As he had been instructed before in the village by an Armenian priest, as well as by others, he told them in the way he had a letter from Heraclius to Mipe or prince Solomon, upon business of some consequence. After travelling five or six miles, they discovered, on the left of the road, at about 500 yards distance, seven Lazguis sitting down upon the grass. When they saw Emin and his comrades, they rose in haste, and put themselves in readiness. His companions took to their heels; but he, going on slowly, and expecting to be taken, had advanced no farther than fifty yards, when he fortunately found twenty armed Emeralds sitting down to rest in the road, with their knapsacks lying before them. No sooner had they seen the Lazguis' heads, and heard the hard thumping of their feet, than they got up and cocked their firelocks to receive them; but the Lazguis, little expecting to meet many armed men, and hoping to take Emin with his two companions, retired quickly to the neighbouring woods. They were said afterwards to have surprised six travellers coming from the same village, and taken into slavery two Georgian boys. According to the ancient superstitions of the Greeks, which prevail to this day all over the East, they firmly believe that the number three will be fatal in its kind: yet, Emin, in about twenty-four hours, fortunately escaped the two preceding dangers from rapid rivers, and the third from the Lazguis, when he might have been either killed or taken prisoner, if those Christians had not been upon

the road, and he, knowing better things, never regarded that idea, imputing it to Omnipotent God's infinite goodness, who saved him from being destroyed. He (Emin) in honour could not leave those brave men without expressing his acknowledgments in a long oriental speech, thanking them heartily, and then he departed from them.

The road being divided, each party set out on their several ways. After marching, with immense fatigue, through rough grounds and thick forests, till fifteen minutes after sun-set, Emin and his companions came at last to the side of another river, running down from the high lands with the velocity of a dart. Unfortunately the bridge was made of the same stuff or bavin as the former one, the side of it being overflowed about twelve feet, where the ground was rather flat; but they did not think it advisable for Emin to pass. The young nobleman stayed with him on the bank. The armed man was anxious to go to his family, and an abasy (equal to a shilling) was given to him, to get some bread and wine for his companions from Tzeretel, which was a little way from the other side of the river; but the man, being perhaps fatigued, did not return. That night Emin slept on the turf, covered with his felt coat. The young man, his first comrade, with great good-nature, took care of his horse, which was grazing all the time. The next morning early, the other man, who went home in the night, came back, made his apology for disappointing them, and returned the money. Emin desired him to keep it with much persuasion, but he would by no means accept it. He said, that he was a Christian, and Emin's guest; that they were not like the Cartuel Georgians, who sell their fathers for an abasy and are no better than Persians. Then they stript off their coats, led the horse over the river, and with much trouble got on the bridge, and walked to the other side. The young man held the beast, while the other returned, and carried Emin on his back, setting him on the bridge. When he was gone over, he saw, at about 100 yards

distance, a thatched house on a rising ground, belonging to that noble young man, where a beautiful young lady was standing, and looking about like an innocent dove. She was the young man's wife, and lately married. He desired Emin, with politeness and good-nature, to alight on the green turf, making apologies, and telling him that it was preferable to his house, where no carpet was spread worthy of his reception; for the devilish Turks on the one hand, and the Lazgui inroaders on the other, had utterly impoverished him. This pathetic speech of the gentleman affected him so deeply, as to make him forget all his misfortunes. The young host perceiving that, was no less sensible of it, and begged him to sit down, not knowing all the while who his guest was. He then went up to the house, and brought two large cuy (or gurglets) of good wine, with some fresh cheese, and Jerusalem white bread. Emin at that time was forty-two years of age, and hardly relished wine; but that day, through fatigue and hunger, he liked it very much, and it made him forget at the time all his past dangers and troubles. Whilst he was eating and drinking with his host and some of the neighbouring people behold, all on a sudden, a grey-headed Emeral fell down on his knees and kissed Emin's hand, then rising up, stood before him with his hands crossed on his breast. This unexpected circumstance surprized the company; and the old man said to the host, "My lord Ivane, do you not know the gentleman whose hand I kissed?" Being answered no; he said, "He is Samckhy's patona (which signifies prince of Armenia); his name is Emin Aga, whom I have seen at St. Petersburg; he had come thither from England, with letters of recommendation from English nobles, and was much respected by the great men in all the Russian empire, was introduced to the grand nazir Worronzoff, and then presented to the late king Tahmuraz father to Heraclius." He was going to tell the whole that he had seen there, when Emin interrupting him, desired him to sit down by lord Ivane, whose name he just then learned, and who could not contain himself

for joy. The people being acquainted with this news, gathered from all sides bringing each of them a gurglet of wine, bread, meat, and boiled kids, that they might sit by, eat, drink, and be merry. But when they understood that prince Heraclius had driven him out of Cartuel, they were sunk deep in sorrow, and comforted him as well as they could, railing much against his highness's barbarous behaviour, with many unbecoming words. All this Emin did not approve, and appeased them in a friendly manner; adding, that the prince did not deserve to be blamed; that it was owing to his own credulous weakness, in twice having recourse to the prince, who was master of his own country, and might do as he thought proper. Nor to this day has Emin spoken ill of Heraclius; but cannot help pitying him for not knowing well enough those men who could be of service to him. Emin did not understand the Georgian language, but an Armenian, a native of Tiflitz, happened then to be among them; he acted as linguist, and explained to them his speech, word for word. They were much astonished, and commended the goodness of his heart, after such unchristianlike treatment from the prince; swearing by all the saints above, (they were pretty well heated with wine), that Emin deserved to be ruler of his countrymen. They went on beyond the limits of prudence, wishing that he had the command of Cartuel, and of Emeral also, which were in a great measure exhausted by their own tyrant lords. Emin could not help reprimanding them (yet in a most friendly manner), saying, "Gentlemen, I am sorry for these expressions, which cannot be of any benefit, but, on the reverse, when carried to the ears of any prince with absolute power, would be considered as provocations, rather than imputed either to ignorance or to innocence. Consider what you are saying; it is my duty, as a man of honour, to wish well to his Highness." They said, "You are not in his country, what makes you speak well of him?" Then Emin said, that he was neither a Georgian nor a Persian, to speak ill of any man behind his back, much less would he

speaking against the prince whose bread and salt he had eaten so long a time. They then cried out, "Martalia (or true), you are a downright Armenian Christian; but we Georgians are a very strange people, and know no better." Then bending down their heads in a respectful manner, they made a long speech to ask his pardon. In this sort of conversation the entertainment lasted till an hour before sun-set, when a man from the lord of Tzeretel came, and making a low bow, conducted him to an Armenian thatched house, to lodge there till his lord should return with prince Solomon, who was gone pleasuring about the country.

During exactly forty days, Emin was accommodated and entertained by the same Armenian petty merchants; when the chiefs returned, with about 300 aznavurs, or knights, all from twenty-five to thirty years of age. So many handsome well-made men he never had seen before, except the English Oxford blues, the king's horse grenadiers and the Leib company (or the company of lions), the body-guard of her imperial majesty Catharina. Prince Solomon immediately alighted. Emin waited on him, and was received very politely; but had no inclination to make a long stay there, and only gratified his curiosity of seeing that valiant Solomon, who really had saved his countrymen from being sold to the Turks, and their freedom continues to this day. Half an hour after this the dinner was ordered; and it was curious enough to observe the rusticity of its manner. The prince sat down on the short grass, which served for a table-cloth; the small ends of branches of trees were cut, and the leaves spread before all the company; bread and khavia (or fish roe) were placed before every body, without any distinction. It surprised Emin to see lord Tzeretel, about five yards from the company, gently digging the ground. When it was near two feet deep, there appeared a large flat stone of twenty inches diameter; lifting it up, he opened a large cistern brimful of wine, and the servants with leathern buckets began filling their

gurglets, each holding above three English gallons, one of which they brought, and set between every two persons, who had flat silver cups in their pockets to drink out of. But the wine which was set before the prince was brought from Tzeretel's own house, his cup being a good deal larger than the rest, holding almost one-third of a quart bottle. The prince filled it with his own hand, and presented it to Emin, sitting down just by him knee to knee; and he, with a shew of Asiatic modesty, declining to make so free as to drink in his company, the people with one voice blamed him, saying, "His highness confers so great an honour on you, that you must accept it immediately." The prince interrupted them saying, "You are the first man among all the Armenians, and deserve all due honours; therefore I thought proper to give this wine with my own hand." He added, with great good-nature, "Patona Emin, I will lay you a bet, after you have drank this, if you do not ask for a second or third cup of your own accord, but abstain from drinking more, you shall have my horse, but if you do, I will take your horse from you." Emin agreed, casting his eyes on the prince's horse; then he took the noble cup and drank it; the wine created such an appetite, that he could not know how to eat his bread; he thought his head grown as big as St. Paul's church, and his arms like two monuments. A few minutes after, he asked the prince for a second bumper, acknowledging that the wine conquered him, and that he was growing so big, that neither the prince's nor his own horse was sufficient to carry him, nay even an elephant would be no more than a kid to him. This pleasantry brought on such merriment in the prince and the company, that for half an hour they could not hold themselves from laughing. Emin was not become a giant only, but as great an orator as Cicero. The prince said, "Now you are touched by the magnet of a sociable disposition, tell me your opinion of me, and of prince Heraclius, who has treated you so ill?" Emin said, "Sir, there is a great difference between you and Heraclius."

Solomon asked what? He expected to be praised as superior, and he was by all accounts as brave, and of an older family. But Emin having too much of the Armenian blood in him to flatter, besides the generous wine he had drank from the hand of the prince, spoke his mind to this effect: "Sir, prince Heraclius, from many years experience in the toils of war, is worthy to be the emperor of Persia, and yourself his generalissimo; provided you will both resolve not to put on always, and every where, the religious habit of your holy church, to condemn all others, and to commend yours only. Such conduct will soon bring over the honest Armenians to furnish you with all the necessities of life, and true Christianity will thrive better." Upon this, Solomon with all the company hung down their heads a long while, and seemed as if they had drunk no wine at all; then lifting them up, they unanimously and soberly applauded Emin's just observation. He did not expect to please the prince so well, thinking he had said too much, and with too little partiality. Then Solomon asking him to stay there, he declined it, saying, he had been away from his father twenty years, and must in duty return to obtain his paternal blessing. The prince asked, what made him come thither? Emin answered, "The celebrity of a prince who has been the instrument of delivering his country from the subjection to the Turks." Then the prince bade him farewell, praying God to prosper him in all his undertakings.

Emin being at some loss which way to betake himself, stayed some days longer, not without the entreaties of several persons to remain there, and enter into Solomon's service. While he was deliberating with himself, there came a nobleman from Heraclius to Solomon on some business, and was a little shy of speaking to Emin; but his people told him, that the whole conversation he held with Solomon had been laid word for word before Heraclius; who was astonished at Emin's preferring him to Solomon, without fear; especially when he had been used so bar-

barously, after a solemn oath to treat him well. Emin believing this news to be strictly true, went with the same party back to Gory, where Heraclius was. There Zacharia, the old bishop of Tiffliz, saw him, and told him, that prince Heraclius was much pleased with Emin's speaking respectfully of him, and intended to send him in a public character, with a letter, on some great affair. Emin, well knowing the temper of Heraclius, told him, that his father was growing old, and had sent him an order to go to Bengal. Zacharia said no more; nor did he go to see the prince, who, hearing that, could make no objection. He stayed there only two days, set out with some armed Armenians, and in two days more came to Tiffliz. The next day he joined a caravan, without looking back, to go to Ganja. In this caravan were twelve armed Armenian merchants, who begged of him to keep them company, as there was great fear on the road from the Lazguis; desiring him to command them in case of an attack, and promising to give him four tumans (or eighty current rupees). Emin, very glad of the opportunity to be of service to them, gave his word not to depart from them.

The road, for four or five days journey between Tiffliz and Ganja, is very populously inhabited by Tarakamas (or Turk tribes), who were removed by Shah Abbas from some part of Persia, and made subjects by Heraclius after the death of Nadir Shah. They serve also as troops under him, when ordered; but in the months of June and July, they, with all their families and cattle, &c. ascend some high mountains on the frontiers of Armenia, about two days journey off, to avoid the hot season. These men, generally trained up in war, change their habits for Lazgui dresses, to disguise them, and forming different parties, become great inroads themselves, and lying in ambuscade, fall upon the caravans, which are composed commonly of Armenian merchants, whom they kill, or enslave and sell to the Lazguis. In this manner, the Armenians or Georgians are from time to time molested, by the careless management of the famous prince

Heraclius, who judges it perhaps the best method to serve his own interest, like many other Asiatic khans, of whom the author in some places speaks well, as he ought, because they really have some merit; but in others, tells his sentiments without reserve, from a regard to truth.

Before Emin proceeded on that dangerous journey, the caravan had pitched about five miles out of the town, at a place called Sokanluk, where he was consulting with those poor merchants, and instructing them in the method of fighting; when all of a sudden, a young man among them named Nazar, of the city of Tabriz, knowing Emin's precarious situation, and apprehensive of the prince's sending after him, took it into his head to be very abusive, and said he would be the leader. Emin with great patience bore his pertness, and said not a word. That very instant, two horsemen of the above mentioned Tarakamas arrived from Tiffliz, pretending they were going to Iravan; and being Emin's old acquaintance, were exceedingly glad of the insolent behaviour of Nazar, and with all politeness begged him to go along with them. He consented immediately, mounted his horse, left the Armenians, and set out. As the road divided, they went westward, and after passing some high lands came to a village on the brow of a hill, where they found Aly Kuly Beg, one of the chiefs of the Cossack Tarakamas, who had staid behind with his family, and about twenty well-mounted stout troopers. He also was glad of Emin's being affronted by the young Armenian of the caravan, and said, "Let them go to the devil, with the vali their prince, since they do not know the worth of Emin." Having halted there, they eat some bread and tyr (or sour milk), and were just getting ready to set out, when there arrived four of those poor Armenians, with tears in their eyes, almost in despair. They begged Aly Kuly Beg to order a convoy of half a dozen horsemen to conduct the caravan safe to Ganja. He said, after making some difficulties, that he would order only four men, for whom they must pay twelve tumans,

to carry them no farther than a stage called Minoris, the inhabitants of which were gone up to the mountains for two months, as usual; and there the gangs of those pretended Lazguis generally make their rendezvous. This answer terrified the Armenians. The Mahomedans, glorying to see them in distress, reprimanded them severely, and cursed Heraclius for his tyrannical government, saying, "Why does not he order a party of horse to keep the roads quiet?" Emin, hearing all those reflections, said nothing, but his distracted heart felt enough within. The Armenians fell on their knees, holding his feet, and begging him for God's sake to take care of them, and to convoy the caravan to Ganja; adding, that if they should not make a full recompence for his trouble, their families, wives, and innocent children, would earnestly pray God to reward him with success in all his undertakings. They requested him, in a most submissive manner, to overlook the offence of Nazar the brutal Tabrizian. Emin seeing this pathetic behaviour, melted into tears, and granting their request, undertook to go with them. Ali Kuly with his gang were much affected, and said, "Go your ways, you unthinking Christians! Emin's compassion has saved all your lives and properties: the more shame for the vali who knows not his merits, for we have often seen him in terrible actions against the Lazguis." Then he said, "Emin Aga, you are in the right to take care of your countrymen; but let me tell you, that they will not behave to you as they ought, after they get to Ganja." Emin said, "That does not much signify, as long as I can be of service to them that is all I want for my satisfaction."

They set out with the caravan, and their journey was completed exactly in five stages. They were frequently visited by those Tarakamas, or sham Lazguis, every marching day, sometimes twice, and sometimes three times a-day. They rushed on sword in hand, all well-mounted, and ready to kill or plunder; but when they found Emin to be there, they did no harm; they

only wished that he had not been among them. They now reached the square gardens of Ganja about two miles off, and though, while they were travelling, they had been frightened out of their senses, and had given over the hope of escaping death, looking as if they had been taken out of their graves; yet now, seeing themselves safe with their goods, their dastardly hearts revived, and they began to exhibit their mean disposition, speaking to one another on purpose that Emin might hear them, in these words: "He was a fool to believe that our fears were real, and to let his compassion be moved, and be weak enough to be tempted by the offer we made to pay him four tumans for his trouble (each tuman makes twenty current rupees): besides, he might easily have let those roguish Cossacks make a booty of us, when they swore to share it with him like brothers. It is astonishing how much they respected him, as if he really had been their lord, only because they had been in parties with him, while in Georgia under the vali against the Lazguis. Not long ago he first came from Russia to Tiffliz, and was thence driven away by Heraclius; and this is the second time, when every Mahomedan was thirsty for his blood, and it was expected by all the world he should have been cut off; but on the contrary, he is become their darling." This speech was made by one of them named Anton; but Hovsep, on the other hand, a man of some consideration, said to Anton, "You are an imprudent foolish man. Emin at first said, he should expect nothing from us, what makes you take pains to displease him. He did not spare his life to save ours. All that goodness is owing to the Christian education he received in Frankistan, which aided his mind to be of service to us; and we see he is capable of travelling over all parts of the country with as much tranquillity as if he was walking in his own garden." Emin laughed: then Anton said, "Sir, you are obliged to make a jest of it. If it were in your power, you would demand a double sum of us. You are afraid of Mahomed Hassan Khan, whom you defeated

with a handful of Armenian mountaineers at the battle of Gedashen, and almost ruined his late father's government by your Frankistan politics, which you effected at the head of some thousands of savage Lazguis. Depend upon it, on the least motion you pretend to make here, or at Ganja, we will inform against you. Indeed, the khan will soon hear of your coming of your own accord to his slaughter-house, marked like a ram, to be butchered by his fury." Hovsep and the rest reprimanded him, and said, "You well know that his conduct has gained him the good-will of all these country-people. To vex him in that manner, and put him out of patience, is not right; suppose he should lay violent hands upon you, who will restrain him and turn his horse about? or who will be the man to go after him?" Anton said, "I am well assured he will do no such thing; for the chains of Christianity on his neck, and the iron cuffs on his wrist will not let him stir an inch." Emin could not help laughing again at the drollery of Anton's sentiments, mixed with malignant expressions. He thanked him in the main for his good opinion of Emin's faith.

At last they arrived at Ganja, and entered a caravanferai. Emin found a near relation of his, named Agababa, who had come thither from Bagdad with merchandize; and at his habitation he took up his lodging. After ten or twelve days were passed, Mahomed Hassan Khan the governor of Ganja, sent his first aid-du-camp with compliments, saying that the khan would be glad to see him. He went immediately with the officer, and coming to the place, made a salam to the khan, who was sitting with his brother Aghajan Beg, in a large varanda, four feet above the ground, and about five hundred well-armed and well-dressed officers standing in the court-yard, round the four sides of a large cistern, or pond, with fountains playing in it, which is a great luxury among the Asiatic lords. The khan hardly suffering Emin to stand a moment, desired him instantly to walk up and sit about three yards from him. After some ceremonious compli-

ments between them, and a collation of sweet-meats, sherbet, and coffee, the khan began to speak with great cheerfulness, saying, "I am very glad to see you have done with Heraclius, to whom you went twice without his knowing your value. I wish my late father had not, like him, treated you in so arrogant a manner above two years ago, when you came hither with two thousand Lazgui horse, offering your service: his refusal has been the chief cause of our country's depopulation; nor would Melick Yusup have left us, whose battle you fought at Gedashen against me, defeating my army of about five thousand men. In that action your conduct alone saved him and his tribe. I understand the cowardly merchants of Tiffliz, whose caravan was loaded with goods, have made your laudable conduct their ground of a base information against you, imagining that Mahmud Hassan Khan would be mean enough, like their vali, to molest you. By this conduct they hoped to make you fear them so as not to demand the four tumans, your just due. They are mistaken in their dishonourable conjectures. If you chuse it, I will this instant order yasawalls, or officers of severity, to exact forty round tumans of them, instead of four; besides chastising them handsomely for their ungrateful insolence." Emin was surprized to find the khan so well-informed of every thing that had passed in the way, for he repeated the whole history of their mean behaviour, word for word, in a loud voice, before all his officers. Emin thanked the khan for his friendship and powerful interposition in his favour, but humbly implored him not to persist in it, and to forgive them; quoting the following two lines in Turkman verse:—

"Yakhchilugha yakhchilug har egyden ishi dur,

"Yamanlugha yukhchilugh ur egyden ish dur."

that is to say, To return good for good, is the duty of a common man, but to return good for evil, is the conduct of the brave." Mahmud Hassan was much pleased, and admired Emin's placability of temper, and swore by Mortzaly, that if he

had been in Emin's place, and so poor in pocket, with the same opportunity, he would have made them pay very dear for their ungrateful Jewish behaviour. He added, "Since you have so great an attachment for the Armenians, and even have shewn compassion to the Curdish Mahomedans, I should be very glad if you would stay with me, and accept a command in my service." Emin thanked him, and begged to be excused, since, as he was resolved to return to his father in Bengal, it would not be possible for him to accept the khan's kind offer. The conversation being over, Emin took his leave, and went away. At the gates of the tent he met with those poor Tifflizians, who having heard from other Armenians that were present what had passed between the khan and him, fell trembling on their knees, kissing his feet, asking pardon, and making some nonsensical speeches; calling him their saviour; which word disgusted him so much, that he took no notice of them, and said not a word. He staid about three months at Ganja, where the inhabitants behaved so very hospitably and politely, as to make him forget all his hardships through the ill-treatment of Heraclius and his unmanly subjects, who, though of the Armenian religion, are entirely assimilated with the false disposition of the Georgians, having no probity, like others who are either under the Turks, or the Persian.

Emin, during eight years in the before-mentioned countries, so well established his character, by virtue of his European education and conduct, that from princes to soldiers, from rich and poor, all became his friends, so that he could travel alone every where without fear. They finding his intention was not founded on principles of violence or tyrannical ambition, wished him success in his honest undertakings: being convinced by Emin's harangues, that if the Armenians, who are scattered all over the world, great part of them through oppression having taken refuge even in Turkey, could hear that the Persians treated them well, they would resort back to their own country

again, and become of infinite service to the kingdom; particularly if they were told that there was a person of their own nation at their head. He used to add, that the Persians need not be in the least apprehensive of a revolt, well knowing that the Armenians were but few in comparison of the Persians; their country being so small in extent, and so ill situated in the midst of three large empires, that in case of a design to become independent, they might be crushed at all times by any one of those mighty powers; and of course they would resolve to continue faithful in peace and quiet, as in old times, or from the reign of the house of Safavia to that of Shah Sultan Husein, since which the kingdom had been depopulating every year. Thus he lulled the minds of the khans, warriors, and husbandmen, and made his preaching familiar to them.

XXVI.

AUGUST—DECEMBER 1768.

[At Shushi for the third time—To Tabriz—Joins Shia pilgrims journeying to Bagdad—They object to his presence in their holy assembly—Emin saves them from paying toll to the Kurds—They change their opinion—"An angel, not an Armenian"—Emin solemnly agrees to save his skin—At Bagdad joins a caravan—Malalah a young Arab—Journey and wayside accommodation from Bagdad to Hilla and Samavat—Caravan stopped by custom-house officers—Emin takes another road—Malalah's devotion—His Arab fleetness of foot—Frozen waterways—Emin representing himself to be a Shia for safety of himself and companions—At Qurna embarks for Basra—The H.E.I.C. "Revenge"—Mr. Eyre, officer commanding, and his uncourteous treatment of Emin—At Basra—Mr. Moore, the Resident—His suspicions—Satisfied by his Armenian broker, still refuses his protection—Taken in by an Armenian—Malalah and Emin part with sorrow.]

EMIN left Ganja in the month of August, marched with Agababa his relation, and in four days arrived at Shoshu the third time. There he visited Ibrahim Khan, who favoured him with an order, signed and sealed, for him to be entertained,

and his horse to be found with forage. He stayed there a week, and thence, with a single servant, in three days came to Orduvar,* and thence to Tabriz, where he joined a large zavar (or assembly of pilgrims) going to Bagdad, to the number of 5000 souls, men and women of all sorts, princes, warriors, merchants, and others. Those abominable people of the Shia sect began to grumble at him for being a Caffer; saying, he was not worthy to travel with that holy zavar of Husein the martyred son of Ali. He was so much insulted, and so exasperated by their abusive expressions, that he proposed to himself to leave them; but after five days travelling, they entered the confines of Curdistan; and, before they came to the town called Banna, in one of the passes there stood forty or fifty stout Curds to exact rāhdary or turnpike-money. Each man was to pay a quarter of Turkish dollar. As the zavar was numerous, and not willing to give any, they said nothing while they were passing, not knowing that a servant of Rania Khan's happened to be gone to some village in the environs with three other men to buy chopped straw or forage. The Curdish party increasing, saw the others coming from the right, and the zavar losing courage, (though there were 300 horsemen well-mounted), were panic-struck, and stood still looking at the Curds. Emin could not bear to see their cowardice, and took the opportunity to reprimand them sharply. He then charged on a full gallop from the high ground to attack the Curds, the 300 men resuming their spirit trotted after him, and put every one of the Curds to flight, when the servants who were gone for forage joined the zavar, without a blow, or firing a piece. This small exertion of spirit was taken so much notice of by the whole body of zavar, that when they pitched, which happened on the fifth day of the march, they unanimously elected Emin commander of the zavar; those ridiculous superstitious fools telling him to his face that he was not an Ar-

* Ordubad.

menian, but an angel ordained to come down and take care of the most pious zavar of Hazrat Imam Husein, and Emin durst not contradict them for fear of being ill-treated. He was contented to be in peace, laughed in his own mind, but looked very solemn and grave. The poor men, who had no horses, mules, or asses, marched in the front, after the advanced guard of a dozen horse; and the rest who were mounted kept their post in the rear, and like an army passed several turnpikes without paying any thing. That journey continued about a fortnight.

When they came to Charachualan, one of the capital towns of the Turkish Curds, Emin, after staying six days, set out with three Armenians for Bagdad, and arrived there in seven days; there he stayed eighteen days with some apprehension of the Turks. About four o'clock in the morning he joined a Mahomedan caravan; and after going over the bridge of boats on the Tigris a stout young Arab on the march offered himself, in broken Turkish, to be his servant. Emin declined his service, saying, that he was a Christian and poor in his circumstances; that he could not presume to accept him on those terms, but should be very glad if he would become his comrade. The young Arab, whose name was Malalah, being struck with Emin's frankness, jumped down from his mule, thanked him by the word Barekallah, and said, "Sir, since you are so good and considerate as to know the difference between Christians and Musulmans, I will serve you like a slave, without any wages, and, if you chuse it, I will accompany you to any part of the world." While they were making this friendly agreement, the people of the caravan wondered, saying, "Wallahel Agim! (or, by the Great God!) this man is not a Gabr Gavury, or Armenian; and it is through the goodness of his heart that honest Malalah has offered his service to him." They added, "Yusup, or Joseph," half in Turkish, and half in Arabic, "you are very fortunate to have such a youth as your servant and comrade." Emin always took care, in all the Turkish territories, to be called Yusup, or

Joseph; for the word Emin is an Arabic name, and he feared lest the deluded Turks should be troublesome to him.

From Bagdad to Helli* are four stages:—two miles before each stage Malalah took care every day to gallop his hired mule, and secure the best berth in the public caravanserais. And in the morning when they reached Helli, after stopping at an inn on the bank of the Euphrates, Malalah went immediately and spoke to the master of a zeyma loaded with corn and bound for Bosra, and agreed to pay a dollar for each person: he then came back like lightning, and saying that he had got a passage, packed up the baggage, carried it on his shoulders, and laid it in the boat. The next morning they left Helli, and dropped down the river by the current, sailing the whole day and some part of the night. They tied the boat wherever there was a mizifkhana (house of charity:) those places are thatched houses, built by rich Arabs to entertain travellers both by land and water, and they give plenty of coarse boiled rice, with a little oily butter, and abundance of dates. Malalah took care always to go out with the boat's crew to eat there. Emin, having a provision of biscuits, stewed meat, and sweet-meats, told him not to go out, but to stay in the boat and eat as he did; but all his persuasion was to no purpose: Malalah, modestly refusing, said, "Sir, we Arabs are used to make our diet upon coarse victuals. If I begin to eat yours, it will not last you five days, and we shall have twenty days sailing before we come to Bosra; therefore I beg you will not press me: I have eaten your bread and salt four days, from Bagdad to Helli, which is fully sufficient for any honest man. I have once told you, that I am your slave,—rest satisfied I am an Arab, not like the Osmanly Turks, who have neither shame, nor principle of true honour. I will stand to my word as long as I live. I have a sister at Bosra married to an Arab: having two dollars about me, in our way I shall buy rice as

* Hilla.

a present for her, and then return to Bagdad, if you have no more occasion for me; but if you have, I will go with you to the world's end." As they went on, the friendship between them increased daily and hourly; and, to do justice, the attachment of Malalah towards him was greater. In the boat were fifteen Bagdad Janizaries, all well-armed and equally attached to Emin, but not so ready with their firelocks. It so happened in the night, when some mashuffs (or fishing boats) of Arab robbers appeared like furies to attack the boat, Emin, with prepared cartridges, could fire his piece four times before they could pull their triggers, and that without their piece going off. Malalah could not help rejoicing to find him so expert, laughing and mocking the Janizaries; yet they went on cheerfully, singing and conversing sociably.

After seventeen days they came to a village of Smavat.* The boatman having imprudently forgot to get a permit at Bagdad, was stopped by the Turkish custom-house officers, and was obliged to go back to Bagdad for a pass. The good Malalah told Emin it would be a month before he could return; and that their best way would be to go in a small fishing boat, which goes in a day and a half's journey only to a place where they might get another conveyance; that if any accident should happen to the governor of Bagdad, the Arabs, according to custom, would revolt, and then they would not be able to stir an inch from that place. Emin consented, and hired two boats, one for himself, and the other for three young Janizaries, each for an eighth part of a dollar; the rest, whose baggages were heavy, were left behind. They dropped down and towed the whole day, and in the night they slept in the boats: but poor Malalah, sitting by the head of Emin, continued awake the whole night for fear of being surprized by robbers. The next morning they proceeded in company with the Janizaries; and in the afternoon they came

* Samava in maps of the present day.

to a place, the name of which is forgotten. Here they found several Janizary merchants, who had come from Bosra to buy oil, butter, or grease. As they had taken their quarters at the mizifkhana, they invited Emin and his comrades to lodge there. They halted three days, not finding a conveyance to proceed. Malalah advised Emin and the three Janizaries to travel on foot down to Sagshuff,* where he did not doubt of getting boats to go to Corna. The Janizaries' baggage was not very heavy, and they could carry it very easily. Emin, in the first place, had his Tartarian saddle, weighing almost thirty pounds, his bedding, wearing-apparel, and provision, almost a hundred pounds. The Herculan Malalah packed them all up in a ball, and put them into his abba (or mantle,) the long sides towards the angles, which lapped over one another crossways very compactly, and with the other two ends tied together and slung over his forehead like an English porter's knot. He then said to Emin, "Now Sir, you have only to carry your piece and your great cloak to keep yourself from cold." They set out marching, and Malalah tripped on, cantering like a dromedary, which made Emin suspect that he had run away with the baggage. The poor Janizaries were no less surprised. Malalah, thinking they had kept up the same pace, never looked behind till he was out of sight: they in the mean time running and trotting quite out of breath, saw him at last standing, and drawing near heard him cry out, "Come on, you Janizaries!" When they came up, they found him standing by the side of a creek frozen on the surface: the water was five feet deep, and about forty feet wide. He then began to scold the Janizaries, saying, "Are not you ashamed of yourselves? Your mantles are not heavier than five pounds. You have not strength enough either to keep up the same pace, or to call out to me, that I might not go too fast before you, so as to fatigue Emin, whose Lazgui cloak is as heavy as your three." They,

* Suk-esh-Sheyukh.

grumbling, said, "How is it possible for us, who are like oxen, to fly like you, who resemble an Arabian horse?" He laughed immoderately, and laid down his load, telling them to do as he did. He then pulled off his cloaths from head to foot, took them upon his head, crossed over to the other side, and there laying down the things, returned back, sat on his knees like a camel, and made Emin ride on his neck. When he found Emin going to strip, he would by no means suffer it, lest he should catch cold. He carried him over like a child, so as not to wet even his feet in the water. The Turks followed the same method, and passed stark naked: but when they were told by Malalah, that there were four or five more such frozen creeks to ford, it frightened the poor devils out of their senses; they looked like stuck pigs, almost despaired, and swore by the head of their Prophet, that if they had known it before, they would not for a thousand dollars have stirred out of the zeyma at Smavat. It was certainly a hard trial of patience in the month of December, especially when a pinching north-west wind was blowing, and when the only comfort they had was, that their faces were to the south-east, otherwise every one would have suffered severely, except the heroic Malalah, who seemed as if he was walking on a bed of roses. He was six feet high, as white and fresh as an European, always in good humour, with a smile on his countenance. Those creeks, as Emin was told, had been dug up to water the cultivated lands, chiefly fields of rice and other grain, which were distant from one another about two miles more or less. Through every one of them, Malalah took the same care of Emin as over the first.

Within two miles and a half from Sagshuff, as they were travelling pretty near the river, they discovered a corn-boat with a fair wind sailing down the water; Malalah hailed the boatman as loud as he could, and begged him, for God's name, and the Prophet's sake, to take them on board as passengers, since they would be glad to go to Corna:—there the Euphrates and

Tigris meet; and, luckily, the boat happened to be bound for that place. On hearing the distress which the five travellers were in, the boatman took compassion on them, and brought the zeyma close to the bank, where they got in with great comfort and satisfaction. The master and crew asked, who that stranger was? meaning Emin: Malalah said, he was an Ajam Shiah Musulman and warrior, belonging to Carim Khan, Sultan of Persia. Emin reproved him in Turkish for not telling the truth; but Malalah, chiding him in a good-natured way, said, "Good Sir! hold your tongue; for if they know you are a Christian, they will not only kill you, but kill us all. Consider you are in Shiah Arabistan, without a friend or protector:—you will be demolished in an instant, if you will not conduct yourself prudently:—you are not to be compelled to renounce your religion:—be patient only for a couple of days, when you will come into Sunni government, and then you may publicly profess your faith, as well as the other Armenians in Bosra." He added, "You see our comrades (meaning the Janizaries) are Sunnis, but are obliged to profess themselves Shiahs, to save their lives. I myself am a downright Shiah; but my heart does not suffer me to inform against you and shed your innocent blood; therefore I beseech you to consider, and not to be the cause of your own destruction." The Janizaries also were frightened at Emin's conduct, and begging him for Christ's sake to say nothing while they were in such a dangerous situation. Emin, who had been among the Lazguis for so long a time, never had suffered himself a minute to be masked in such a character; but recollecting the words of Saint Paul, "To the weak, became I as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Emin therefore said nothing for the sake of his comrades. Had he been alone, or had he understood the Arabic language, he would have declared what he was, to preserve his honour or fall a sacrifice for his faith.

After a few minutes more sailing, they came to Sagshuff, and went on shore. The boat-master, with his companions and crew, sat on their knees saying prayers: Emin also sat down, and got up with open hands, prostrating himself on the turf five or six times as they did, till the prayers were over. They slept in the boat close to the bank at Sagshuff, and about twelve o'clock at night they began rowing and sailing for Corna. The next afternoon about five o'clock they arrived at that place, where a large boat was ready to go to Bosra. After sailing two days, on the twenty-fifth of December, they saw the Company's ship Revenge, commanded by the late captain Farmer, lying at anchor near Minavy,* opposite to the mouth of the creek. Emin's heart leaped for joy: he hired a ghiffa (or tarred basket) for his little baggage: Malalah got into it and rowed towards the ship. When the officers of the watch on the gangway asked who he was? he answered, "An English traveller, named Wilson, would be very glad if you would allow him an hour's time on board, just to put on new clothes to wait on Mr. Henry Moore the president at Bosra." The captain was gone up to town to pass Christmas-day with the president: a midshipman was sent down to the cabin to Mr. Eyre, next in command, for an order. At first he made no objection; and Emin flattered himself the officer would have the good manners and hospitality to invite him to dinner, for he was very hungry, having not tasted fresh boiled meat during all the twenty-five days from Bagdad to that place; but his expectation was disappointed. The things were not handed up two minutes before there came another express order from Mr. Eyre, for him to go immediately out of the ship. This cold usage was shocking to Emin; and he felt it so severely, that he forgot all his past troubles. The officers too were astonished at Eyre's barbarous behaviour, and advised Emin to go down himself to speak to him about staying for the time desired; he

* Minawi.

did so; but Eyre's heart was turned into hard stone; he would by no means comply, making excuses that he could not let him stay in the ship, as it was against the commander's order. Emin said, "Sir, I do not want to stay in the ship for good, or to sleep in it; allow me but half an hour, like the strange Arabs, who sell provisions to the crew, and who stay the whole day on board." It was to no purpose, the officer would not consent. Broken-hearted Emin took his things into the basket again, the officers cursing Eyre for his unpoliteness. Poor Malalah, though he understood not the language, was sensible that Emin was ill-received, and rowing the boat to the creek's mouth, it being low water, they landed.

At this place they hired an ass, and Malalah packed up the things, but could not persuade Emin to ride on the beast. Emin made him mount; so they marched, not knowing exactly the distance, (it might have been between three and four miles), up to the town of Bosra. At about two in the afternoon they reached Mr. Moore's* gates. The porter gave notice, and he was (being first disarmed by the Janizaries and Sepahis) admitted into the dining-room, where a Christmas table was just laid. Mr. Moore was sometimes standing, and sometimes walking: and on seeing a stranger, he said, "Who are you, Sir?" Emin said, "In private, I will tell you." Mr. Moore said, "I will not hear you in private." Then Emin retired; and as he was going down stairs, dropped these very words, "Is it not enough that I am disarmed by Palioz Moore's warriors at his gate, yet he is afraid to speak with a single man in private." Taking his arms back, he was just stepping out of doors, when a servant running down, called him back. When he went up again, Mr. Moore said, "There is nobody here; pray tell me now what is your name, or what you want?" He said, "My name is Emin; you may have heard of my having been taken notice of by the nobles of England,

* Henry Moore, appointed Resident of Basra in 1767.

patronized by the duke of Northumberland, protected by his Royal Highness the duke of Cumberland; of my having served some campaigns in Germany under Prince Ferdinand and the duke of Marlborough; of my being recommended to the court of Russia; and by them, to Prince Heraclius, without succeeding in my honest designs. I now stop at Bosra, before I go to my father in Calcutta; and for my services to your famous nation, without any emolument, I now come with hopes of obtaining the protection of the Honourable Company's Flag, under which you, Sir, are president in this factory." Upon this, Mr. Moore started back, and said, that he could not believe, unless he could prove it, that he was Emin, who had been talked of all over the world as being descended from the ancient families of the Armenian kings; as being discovered by the great men in England; and of course respected, as Emin observed." This he said, rubbing his hands together, smiling, and walking up and down the room, in seeming triumph, as if he was detecting a sharper. Emin said, coolly, "Sir, you are mistaken; he is not of royal blood, nor did the good people of England take notice of him on that vain account: it was by means of his honesty and upright dealings, as a despiser of all tyrannical names. My name is Emin: I am the son of Joseph Michael Emin of Calcutta, an Armenian by religion, and by birth a native of Hamadan in Persia." Mr. Moore said, "You seem to be an Irishman by your accent." Emin smiling answered, "You honour me much in thinking so; for the Irish are a very brave nation, with deserved renown." This answer made the gentleman look serious: he asked Emin if he understood his native language? He said, "Yes." Then Mr. Moore, in a hurry, called for his broker Petrus Malik; who, when he came in, was ordered to speak and ask questions. Emin answered every word; and Petrus knowing his family and father, satisfied Mr. Moore; who turning to him, said, "Now what shall I do for you? I cannot protect you. I am but newly come; you have been making a great noise in the world.

I am afraid of displeasing the Turks ; or of drawing the Company into some trouble." He added, "If you are an honest man I will protect you ; but you may be an impostor." Emin, by that cruel expression, was so pierced to the heart, that he forgot himself and the poor Armenian merchants, for whose sake alone he had humbled himself in asking protection, hoping to secure them from being fleeced by the Turks. His sinking soul rose at once, and he said, "Sir, you are not worthy of your post, and know not the power vested in you ; since you are so timorous, and so satirical, it were better you had not been born. Take care ; remember what you have said, and depend upon it, that I will afford you ample satisfaction for my words ; for I am an honest Armenian, and as fearless as an Irishman. If the point cannot be decided at Bosra, where you are a great signior and perhaps will continue here some years, I shall soon, by God's help, be at Bombay." Emin finishing his speech, turned about to go away. Mr. Moore laid hold of his arm, and asked his pardon, making very civil apologies, and saying, that he meant no harm ; that he spoke only to try him ; and that he must consider, that being newly sent thither, he was an entire stranger to the cursed disposition of the Turks. Emin said no more, and went away, not much pleased, and excessively hungry. At the gate his arms were returned to him ; and going along he met an Armenian, who showed him the way to one of his relations. When he entered the house, poor Malalah understanding from the servants of Mr. Moore that he was not received as he expected, was in great concern ; and perhaps more dejected than Emin. He said, "Sir, I find that there is no ship going to Bengal ; it will be a long time before you will be able to go thither : it is best for me to return to Bagdad. I am going to see my sister, and shall stay there but two days, and then set out again." Emin gave him a dollar, which was all the money he had, and prevailed on him to accept it with much ado. They eat a bit of bread and cheese, and parted like brothers, with great sorrow.

XXVII.

1769—'70.

[A subscription made, Moore sends for Emin—Murn Vana comes to surrender to the Turks—His execution—*Success* arrives from Bengal—Emin returns to Calcutta, January 1770—Cool reception by his father—Lord Bute's son and his kindness, and that of other Englishmen—Mr. Cox, Persian Interpreter—Governor Cartier appoints Emin rosaldar to first brigade of Turkswars—Mr. Floyer, a councillor—Dinner at the Governor's—Arrival of English mail—Letter from Lord Northumberland—Doubts of guests—Arrival of duplicate letter to the confusion of doubters—Khoja Petrus, "earthly God of the Calcutta Armenians"—Emin's rebuke to him.]

AFTER three months, Mr. Moore, establishing himself in amity with the Musulman governor of Bosra, and hearing no noise, or any thing amiss in Emin's conduct, was assured of his being the very person of whom he had before heard; and one morning, he sent Shekh Pogos, the head Armenian interpreter, with compliments, inviting Emin to dine with him. When he went, he saw Mr. Moore with a tumbler of punch in his hand, standing in the same dining room, with the table-cloth laid, as on the Christmas-day before. He cheerfully, and with polite words, presented the tumbler to him, saying, "Mr. Emin, I hope you have forgot all that passed in this place." Emin said, "Yes, Sir, from that very day." He then took it, and drank it to Palioz Beg's good health. The time passed very merrily at dinner, with the rest of the Bosra gentlemen; and when it was over, as he was going to wish them a good afternoon, Mr. Moore very kindly ordered a horse; Emin begged to be excused, alleging, that it would be imprudent to confer that honour upon him at once, in that despotic government; and adding, that he should be contented only with his good protection as one of the British subjects. Mr. Moore and the rest were much pleased, and complimented him with these expressions: "Mr. Emin, your conduct is fully sufficient to protect you; both what we have

heard before and what we see at present. Do as you please ; we are your friends." Then Emin, making a bow, went away, through the sun. The next morning, about eight o'clock, Beshuve, his second Syrian interpreter, came with a note from Mr. Moore, and a bag with six hundred rupees to Emin. He had heard from the other Armenians, and was much pleased to hear, that the late Aga Petrus, the son of Gregor Aga of Julpha, of the family of Minas, had offered him a sum of money which he refused, knowing well the nature of the people of the Julpha, once famous for its riches, which is not far from the disposition of modern Israelites ; and being sure that presently after they would have made a handle of it to cast provoking reflections on his character, as having received their charity. The purport of the note was as follows : "Mr. Moore and the gentlemen at Bosra send their compliments to Mr. Emin, and knowing him to be in straits, desire his acceptance of six hundred rupees ; and if that is not sufficient, they will be very glad to supply him with more,

Latouch, Secretary."

He answered thus,

"Gentlemen,

"I return you my most humble thanks for your kind assistance in my present distressed condition, which will make me remember you gratefully all the days of my life, as having added to the many and great favours already received by me from your noble countrymen.

I remain,

Gentlemen, yours, &c. &c.

J. Emin."

The Julpha Armenians, hearing of this conduct of Mr. Moore, and the other good-natured gentlemen, began to say to Emin, goodmorning, or good-day to you, Sir ; which condescending favour they did not deign before to bestow on him ; except Aga Petrus, son of Gregor Aga, mentioned before, who was really very glad of his little success. Those of opposite parties,

though in awe of Mr. Moore, were outwardly somehow civil, when they met him by chance in the street passing or re-passing; yet would not be sorry if the worst of disasters had crushed him to nothing. Since they were removed by Shah Abbas from Armenia to Ispahan, they grew very rich in one century, but when born and brought up there, they lost entirely all the virtues of their forefathers, and became exactly like the shopkeepers in the bazars of Ispahan. Such also is the case of the Hamadan Armenians, of whom Emin himself is one, and would have been as bad as the rest, if nature had not favoured him with a mind a little above them, which induced him to leave his father, and run away to Europe; for the force even of his superficial education has made him proud enough to think that he knows himself, and can judge tolerably of others. He is very well convinced that there may be found good and bad in all countries; but wherever learning is hated, and shut up in the dark dungeon of cruel ignorance, men are no longer to be blamed, even if they resemble savage beasts, and tear each other to pieces. To return to the subject, Emin cannot in conscience condemn them wholly. A set of artful people of the same nation, most piously working on their innocent soft minds, have brought them down so low as to be despised by every body; particularly by the indigent Georgians, who firmly believe, that the Armenian nation are not created by the hand of the same God, but sprung on dung-hills like mushrooms or weeds. As there was no vessel at that time bound for Bengal, Emin was entertained, almost every day in the week, both at dinner and supper, by Mr. Moore, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. Livius,* but never so much as eat a mouthful of bread in any Julpha Armenian's house. The kind reader may judge that Emin speaks as he feels, and speaks truth, which is the queen of all virtues.

* See p. 454.

Emin spending a very small part of his six hundred rupees, preserved the rest with great care, still in hopes of returning to Armenia, and to Mush, in Curdistan, to St. John's monastery, where his only friend Padre Jonas was then living, who had laid up eight thousand fire-arms, ready to distribute among those that had none. Here came two Armenian petty merchants to him, one from Mashet, the other from Persia: the first with six thousand rupees worth of goods, the other with four thousand rupees in ready money, offering Emin the whole sum, if he would again venture to go to Armenia; informing him of the war commenced between the Russians and Turks, and that the people of Curdistan had been long wishing to have him among them; so that it would be the only time to undertake the plan. Considering a little, he approved their proposals, on this condition, that he was not to accept any of their money, alleging that he had just enough to furnish him with a horse for reaching Bagdad, or going over to Persia; and advising them each to buy a horse and goods, as if they were merchants for the market of the places they were to pass, till their arrival in the country before-mentioned; where he doubted not to find more men like them. This was agreed upon, and they seemed very sanguine, on finding Emin so averse to accept any of their offers. They said to him, "Sir, our lives and properties are at your service, do and command as you please; we are ready to obey you." He said, "Good friends, it is very proper to observe one thing, since I have experienced often the disposition of Armenian merchants, who will soon fly from their words:—I cannot help doubting of what you have now said, nor can any one be so weak as to believe such a thing, till you have performed it. Go, and God be with you!" Emin, though he could easily foresee that those merchants' resolute proposals were chimerical, yet was in some hopes to see them prosper; flattering himself with fortune's reconciliation to him; but, alas! his opinion of merchants in general was just, their mean spirits are only fit, by

indefatigable industry, to heap up riches, to give them away to the priests in laps-full, and to be plundered by the Turks or Persians!

While those two poor Armenians were busy to get things in readiness, the famous Murn Vana of the island of Kharick, came from his revolted army to Bosra, with thirteen of his officers, to crave protection. The barbarous Turks, instead of receiving him, put him in prison, with strong guards over him, and sent a report to the late Omar Pasha, governor of Bagdad. In thirty days time an order was brought for his execution, his head was cut off, and the body thrown into the ruined mud wall of a garden, about six feet on the right hand of the middle street, which led to the north gate, where the Armenians of Bosra commonly used to take a walk mornings and afternoons. At the same time another accident happened: seven stout Arab thieves were caught in one night robbing either a house or a shop; every one of them was strangled, and hung up in different places, some near the entrance of the bazars, which most people resort to or pass under, and two of them just over the place where the Armenians walk. When this happened, the two Armenian volunteer merchants came to Emin, and said, "Sir, have you heard the news, or have you seen the men who have lost their lives?" He laughing, said, "Yes." Then again, out of breath, asked, "If he was not afraid?" He burst into a loud laugh, and answered, "No." Then again they repeated their fear, saying, "O, dear Sir, you must have a heart like steel! Suppose we should be caught, what will be our fate then?" Emin said, "You need not be apprehensive here at Bosra, but when you are in Curdistan, should you behave basely, and not resolve either to kill or to be killed, your punishment will be worse, you will be impaled for not fighting bravely for your religion and liberty. Go your ways, follow your Jewish profession, carry on trade, pay duty for your goods, count down your poll-tax to the Mahomedans, and give your money to the holy fathers of the

church, confess to them as often as you commit sins, that they may absolve and pray for you, so that when you die you may go to heaven!" The poor creatures were dashed with chagrin, went away, and said not a word.

Emin continued at Bosra about eight months and a half, before the Success galley, commanded by captain Roseboome, arrived from Bengal. He took a passage in it, and arrived in three months at Calcutta. Two hours before sun-rise he came to his father's door, like the prodigal son, but was not received by him with the same rejoicing;* he ought to have put a ring on his finger, to have killed the two fat oxen, to have invited his neighbours to a feast, to eat and be glad with him. However, with great patience he bore it for about five or six weeks, not knowing a single person among the gentlemen at Calcutta. The earl of Bute's son, the honourable Frederick Stuart,† in his infancy, at the duke of Northumberland's house at London, happened to see Emin, and when grown bigger, heard more of the author from his Grace. Being sent to Calcutta a writer in the honourable Company's establishment at the age of seventeen

* Since his eighth or ninth year Emin had been an only son, but now he was so no longer, which may account for his father's coldness towards him. In his letter to Mrs. Montagu, dated January, 1789, he mentions his brother. When Emin arrived in Calcutta in 1770 this brother was ten years old. Emin's stepmother died in September, 1758, and his father seems to have immediately entered into a third union, but there is nothing to show with whom.

† Frederick, 3rd son of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute, and Mary, daughter of Edward and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He was born in 1751, and died unmarried in 1802. He sat in Parliament as member for Bute. Mr. William Foster of the India Office kindly sent a note in answer to an inquiry made by Archdeacon Firminger regarding Frederick Stuart, as follows:

"The appointment of the Hon. Frederick Stuart as a Bengal Writer was notified in the Court's despatch of 17th March, 1769 (para. 47); so presumably he went out in that year. On 21st December, 1774, he was proposed by Hastings for the post of Resident at the Vizir's court, but was rejected by the majority of the Council in favour of Bristow. Thereupon Stuart resigned the service on the grounds of loss of prospects and ill-health. I have not been able to identify him positively with the Frederick Stuart (1751-1802) who was the third son of the Earl of Bute; but his title, and the fact that Hastings referred specially to Stuart's family connections as a qualification for his appointment to Lucknow, make the identification probable."

Emin's testimony should prove the identification of which Mr. Foster is uncertain.

years, he had the curiosity (and was the first gentleman who had it) to find Emin out, and was very glad to see him. Mr. Stuart's hospitality it is impossible to describe fully; his palanquin was at Emin's father's door regularly three times in the day, to go to breakfast, dinner, and supper with him. Emin only slept at home for several weeks together. Next to Mr. Stuart was Sir Archibald Campbell;* then the late Mr. Cox the Persian interpreter. Sir Archibald introduced him first to Mr. Cartier, then governor; next to Mr. Russell, now at Visagapatam. In short, in two months time, Emin was not only taken notice of by all the gentlemen in the settlement, but caressed as their favourite; they learning from other hands, that his father after finding a son lost for twenty-one years, behaved but indifferently towards him, and thought that the English gentlemen, who are fond of novelty like other Europeans, would not be long before they would be tired of him.

Mr. Cox, one night as he was going to the Council-house, desired Emin to keep him company part of the way; and said, that if Emin would consent, the gentlemen of the settlement would very readily make a subscription for him, as at that time money was in great plenty in Calcutta: he believed it would amount to 65,000 rupees. No sooner had he uttered those words, than Emin said nothing, turned about, and went to a great distance. Mr. Cox went on slowly, but finding him not to

* Sir Archibald Campbell 1739 (?)—1791. Entered the army as Captain in the Fraser Highlanders, when that regiment was disbanded transferred to 29th Regiment. He was wounded at Quebec. Major and Lieut.-Col. in 42nd Highlanders, with which he served in India till 1773 when he returned to Scotland. In '75, when Simon Fraser raised another regiment of Highlanders, he was Lieut.-Col. of the 2nd Battalion. As Colonel captured Savannah in 1778: Governor of Jamaica: made Governor of Madras in 1786. In 1779 married Amelia, daughter of Allan Ramsay, the painter. (*Dict. of National Biography and Buckland's Dictionary of Indian Biography.*)

Neither of these Dictionaries mention Sir Archibald as Chief Engineer, but Emin is perfectly correct in thus writing of him. In *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. ii., p. 16, in a Note on the building of the barracks at Berhampur, is the following passage, "On the Consultations of 21st August, 1772, occur (1) a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Campbell, Chief Engineer, submitting an estimate of the expense of completing the building of the Berhampur Cantonments," etc.

come on, turned back, calling loudly to Emin, and swearing upon his honour he had something to say. When they met, perceiving the reason of his taking offence, Mr. Cox made an apology. Emin said, upon his honour he would never go to him, nor was his spirit so mean as even to hear the name of a subscription; he was neither a beggar, nor a cripple, to bend himself to such a proposal; he was young and stout, and could serve the Honourable Company, if they thought him fit; and if not, it did not much signify, he was able to live in some way or another in India, where he never had known a white man starved. Though it was now made up between the two friends, yet Emin's spirit could not be easy with it; he pretended to be sick, and never went out of doors for a fortnight, refusing all the invitations of his worthy friends. One morning Mr. Cox came with his brother,* and took him to his house; and after dinner said, that he had spoken to Mr. Cartier, and was in hopes he would favour Emin with a commission in the army. Thus was he entertained a long time, and treated like one of their own countrymen, taking pleasure at balls and concerts in their garden-houses. But to his great sorrow, cruel death snatched away from him his good friend Mr. Cox, who died in three days of a high fever. This loss he felt more severely than all his past adversity. Every one that knew his real friendship towards Emin, condoled with him. The governor, Mr. Cartier, in particular, comforted him, and a few days after favoured him with an ensign's brevet in the first brigade, and posted him as *rosaldar* to the first troop (or the *Turkswars*), commanded by lieutenant Baillie.† Emin could discover, that Mr.

* Mr. Cox, Persian Interpreter. In the records of St. John's Church there is the death on August 24, 1771, of John Cox (perhaps the brother), writer to Mr. Montague. No other Cox traced.

† Entered the E.I.Co.'s service in the Madras N.I. 1759. Lieut.-Colonel 1775, served against Hyder Ali, held a command at Pondicherry, 1779, against the French; defeated in 1780 a portion of Hyder's invading army under Tippoo near Perambakam, advancing to join Sir Hector Munro's army was attacked by Hyder's forces and overwhelmed, Sept. 1780, severely wounded and captured, with the few survivors was kept prisoner at Seringapatam,

Floyer,* then a counsellor, was very much against it; but good Mr. Cartier would not change his resolution, having on his side a majority in council, Mr. Russell and Mr. Eyre, Emin's old acquaintance in London, when they learned the use of the small-sword of Sherlock the fencing master.

At the latter end of September, Emin was at the government-house, being invited by Mr. Cartier to dinner. There were a great many gentlemen present, and the Council was sitting in the next room. Before the table-cloth was laid, in came the packet of an India-man just arrived from England, and then in the river. Mr. Cartier was called out, opened the box, and poured all the letters upon the table. On looking over the directions, he found one directed for Emin, who seeing the seal of it, immediately knew that it was from the late duke of Northumberland; and it proved to be an answer to his letter from Bosra, over land. Emin, without breaking it open, directly presented it to Mr. Cartier, who, with the Company's letters, entered the room where the Council was sitting. He read it before the rest, and it satisfied Mr. Floyer, who had no further objection against the author, and applauded Mr. Cartier for patronising him. By this time the cloth was laid, and dinner on table. The governor and counsellors came out, and Mr. Cartier † returned the duke's letter to Emin, with his usual cheer-

generally in chains, died in captivity, Nov. 13, 1782. (*Buckland's Dictionary of Indian Biography.*)

* Charles Floyer, one of the four Madras Civilians sent for by Lord Clive in 1765 to supersede men in Bengal. Military Paymaster 1767, Mint Master 1769, and Secretary to Select Committee. Married Mlle. Catherine Carvallo. In 1775 Mr. and Mrs. Floyer and family were passengers with George Grand as far as Madras on being "translated to his old Establishment of Madras and nominated expressly to the Chiefship of Masulipatam." (Grand's "*Narrative*" and *Editorial Notes.*)

Mr. Russell is Claud Russell, also from Madras, brother of Dr. Patrick Russell. Eyre may be a misprint for Francis Hare, who was a counsellor at that time.

† Governor John Cartier (1733-1802). Arrived in India as writer in the E.I. Co.'s service: factor and assistant at Dacca when he was expelled in 1756, joined other fugitives at Fulta; served as a Volunteer under Clive in retaking Bengal; Chief of Dacca Factory 1761; Second in Council at Calcutta 1767; succeeded Verelst as Governor of Bengal Dec. 1769; eulogised by Edmund Burke for his government of Bengal; died in Kent, 1802. (*Buckland's Dict. of Indian Biography.*)

ful countenance, wishing him joy. At dinner five minutes had not past, before the gentlemen on the right and lefthand side began reflecting pretty loud, and passing judgment on the duke's letter, on purpose that he might hear them, and by degrees elevated their voices so high that the whole company heard them, saying, "He is a knowing sharp fellow; the letter is his own composing; as he was close to the table when the packet was opened, and the governor with the rest, impatient for letters, were sitting over the box, it is ten to one he shoved it in with such dexterity among the heaps, that none of us could perceive it." For this Emin cared not a rush, but with great cheerfulness made a hearty dinner. Who should come in unexpectedly at that very instant but one captain Walker, belonging to the Madras establishment (who perhaps came in the same ship that brought the packet); without pulling his hat off, inquiring for the governor, he first begged to know if Emin was among them, and said, that he had a letter from the duke of Northumberland, with an express order from his Grace to deliver it into Emin's own hand. The company could not help smiling at the captain's soldierlike roughness, and said, "There is the governor, and here is Emin." He received the second letter, which was a duplicate, without opening it, and laid both on the table before them, saying, "Gentlemen, you are welcome to read them, and be satisfied that Emin has not the art to forge another person's hand-writing. You are excusable, such hasty opinions must be imputed to the prejudices of your education; as yet you are young, and newly entered into the world; but for the future, I hope you will be cautious, and not commit such ungenerous mistakes, the consequences of which may not be pleasing to you." The gentlemen perused them, and, blushing, made their apologies. Every one at the table read them over, and wished Emin well, saying, that his Grace's kindness towards him was remarkable. The good Mr. Cartier affably said, "he richly deserves it for his meritorious conduct; otherwise, you may depend upon it, his

Grace would not take the pains to write so affectionately to him."

The following is a true copy of the letter :

" (Duplicate.)

" Northumberland-house, London.

" March 14th, 1770.

" My dear friend Emin,

" I was made extremely happy a few days ago by receiving your letter, dated the 18th September 1769, which brought me an account of your being in perfect health and safety at Bosra. Your former letter of eight pages, dated Gulistan (in the mountains of Armenia) 1767, was not received till last autumn, more than two years after it was written. So long a silence had thrown all your friends here into great apprehensions concerning your situation, which appeared, from the many difficulties and dangers that surrounded you, to be truly alarming; but a great and noble mind like yours is superior to every difficulty, though it cannot always command success. You have now done all that could be expected of a brave man, who loved his countrymen, and wished to rescue them from misery and slavery. If they would not concur with you themselves, that is their fault; you have acted a noble part, and you may now retire to your father and your friends, covered with the glory of having made such bold and daring attempts, as no other man could even have conceived: After so many years of your life spent in the severest fatigue and toil, you may now, without the least injury to your reputation and fame, sit down quietly among your relations in India, and pass the remainder of your life in the comfortable enjoyment of that peace, retirement, and domestic love, which you so generously sacrificed in your younger years.

" As for the plan you mention of coming hither, in order to go into the Russian service against the Turks, I fear it can answer no purpose whatever, as there is not the most distant

chance of your getting round to Russia time enough to be of use. The approaching campaign will, in all probability, put an end to the war one way or other; and it is not unlikely, that even before you receive this letter, the whole affair will be at an end.

"I hope you will find your father's affairs in India in such a situation as to enable you to pass the remainder of your life with comfort and satisfaction. I shall always feel myself sincerely interested in your welfare, and shall be glad to receive accounts of your health and prosperity. All your friends in England rejoice to hear that you are safe and well; they send you their best wishes and respects. Death has deprived you of some of them: poor Miss Talbot died about a month ago. The Duchess and all my family are well. We salute you, and I am with affectionate regard,

"My dear Emin,

"your most faithful friend

"and humble servant,

"Northumberland."

Emin omitted inserting that when Mr. Cartier favoured him with the brevet, the late rich Armenian Coja Petrus,* at that time the earthly god of the other Armenians in Calcutta, being an old acquaintance of the author's father, and hearing of his good success, thought it polite to make him some presents, and ventured to send him a large horse (worth 600 rupees), with rich Turkish silver harness, and a pair of stirrups of the same metal, each large enough to weigh four pounds of silver, together with several fine shauls, the whole to the value of about 2000 rupees; but Emin, whose spirit was above it, though poor, refused the present, and returned it with the following message:

* Khojah is a term of respect applied to a merchant, if a man of considerable means. Mr. M. Seth says the word is a corrupt form of the Persian Khwajah, meaning a man of distinction, a gentleman, a rich merchant.

“Several afternoons, when, in obedience to my father, I used to make you visits, you detained me in your house, in the cold season, till it was dark and foggy, without even offering me a mashal to light me home; and now, when you see me supported by the English, you send me presents! I return them with many thanks. Be pleased to send me some bread and salt, with a maund of rice, and half a maund of ghee, to confirm our friendship, and to satisfy you that I can forgive all your Asiatic artful methods of setting a father against his son, who was lost, and then found. The same noble nation, through whom you thrive with riches among the Armenians in Calcutta, have provided, and will provide for me, rest satisfied.”

At this the Armenians were astonished; but the noble-minded English admired it, commending Emin for his disinterested spirit, when they heard his simple reasons, saying, that to take any thing which is given with an ill-will, is not better than exacting it by main force; for neither Petrus, nor any of the same cast, would do a piece of kindness without having some low design in it. They are to be pitied rather than blamed, since having once lost the sweets of liberty, and being kept under exorbitant tyranny for several centuries they are become like fatherless children, and it is impossible they should conduct themselves with the same delicate sentiments as a free or polite nation.

NOTE.

Khoja-Petrus Arathoon, the “earthly god of the Calcutta Armenians,” died in 1778.

Emin is perhaps a little unjust to him. He was the Armenian previously mentioned as having supplied the refugees at Fulta in 1756 with provisions for six months (p. 107). Mesrovb Seth says, in his *History of the Armenians in India*, that he was afterwards employed by Clive as a confidential agent in negotiating with Mir Jaffir for the overthrow of Suraj-ud-Daula, and gives extracts from Orme’s *History of Hindostan* in

connection with the negotiations, in which he is spoken of as "Petrus the Armenian."

Pietros Arathoon's tombstone in the south choir of Nazareth's Armenian Church, Calcutta, is a white marble stone let into the marble flooring with an inscription in an exaggerated style, as follows—"The eminent princely chief Aga Pietros Arathoon of Erivan, New Julfa, Ispahan, of the family of Abraham, was a lustrous hyacinthine crown of the whole of the Armenian nation. He acquired a great fame amongst all peoples to the glory of his nation. He worked assiduously and expended lavishly. His generosity towards the destitute orphans and widows was without parallel. By his frequent munificent gifts he erected handsome and well-embellished churches. He departed in the hope of salvation at the age of fifty-three, and was placed in this tomb with pomp, in the year of Our Lord 1778, the 29th of August, corresponding with the year 163 of the era of Azariah, the 12th of the month of Nadar."

The word translated princely chief is *Ishkhan*,—prince, or absolute ruler. There were no princes, or even "meliks" in New Julfa. Next to Khojah Pietros lies his wife, under a plain stone of blackish grey marble, inscribed with five lines of Armenian, as follows.

This is the tomb of Dastagool, the daughter of Aga Minas of the family of Khoja Minas of Erivan (a parish of Julfa) and wife of Aga Pietros. She departed this life on the 3rd of June 1805.

Pietros Arathoon erected two small altars in the Armenian Church in Calcutta; on the north and south sides of the sanctuary there are respectively a vestry and a sacristy, and a flight of steps was introduced in each, leading up to an altar on a higher elevation than the principal altar. In an Armenian church there should be only the one altar, but apparently a man of Pietros Arathoon's position was privileged to make an innovation. The inscriptions on the walls facing the congregation above the doors leading from the choirs into the vestry and sacristy are as follows. In the north choir—

This altar in the name of the Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul is [erected] to the memory of Aga Pietros, the son of Arathoon, a native of Old Erivan, in the year of Our Lord 1763.

In the south choir—

This altar in the name of S. Gregory the Illuminator is [erected] to the memory of Aga Gricor, the son of Arathoon, a native of Old Erivan, in the year of Our Lord, 1763, December 21st.

Both altars were erected in the lifetime of the donor.

Aga Gricor (Gregory), known in Indian history as Gurgin Khan, was the brother of Aga Pietros. He was in the service of Mir Kasim, commanding his soldiery, and he fought against the troops of the E.I. Co. He established a foundry at Monghyr for casting cannon and manufacturing firelocks. He died by assassination in August, 1763, and his brother erected the small altar to his memory in the same year. Aga Pietros was also the founder of the Armenian church at Saidabad, built in 1758.

In the letters written to Governor Vansittart after the massacre at Patna referred to elsewhere (published in *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. vi, p. 255), there is the following passage—"They likewise say that immediately on the receipt of the News of our Storming Ouda Nulla, Cossim Aly Cawn ordered all the English to be sent out on the River and sunk there, but was prevented by Coja Gregore who, had he lived, they say would have prevented the horrid Affair."—Coja Gregore is Gregory, the brother of Aga Pietros.

EMIN'S APPOINTMENT AS ENSIGN.

Fort William. October 27. 1770

Sir

G. C.

Parole, Bombay.

The Governor has been pleased to grant Mr. Emin an Ensigns Brevet, & he is to take Rank in the Army as Youngest Ensign.

I am,
Sir

Your most ob. H. Serv.

(Signed) Robt Kyd *

Town Major

Mr. Emin.

(Copy of document in the Record Department of the Government of India, kindly supplied by Mr. A. F. Scholfield, M.A., Officer in charge.)

* Lt.-Col. in 1782. Military Secretary to Government. Proposed to Governor-General the establishment of the Botanic Gardens at Sibpur, Howrah, and laid out the Gardens on 300 acres adjoining his own garden house near Shalimar Point. Honorary Secretary of the Gardens till his death in 1793. His heir was Major, afterwards Lieut.-General Alexander Kyd, who died in 1826.

XXVIII.

1771—1775.

[Emin joins his corps at Dinapore—To Shahabad with troops under Sir Robert Barker—To Benares, then Calcutta, where Warren Hastings arrives, succeeding Cartier 1772—Troops discharged—Letter from the Duke of Northumberland—Emin unable, being a foreigner, to serve in the army—Hastings grants him leave of absence to try his fortune once more in Armenia.]

Copy of document from Imperial Record Department.

[Goes to Madras—Armenians wish to support him—Bishop Ovanes interferes and puts an end to everything—Ovanes' later history as Patriarch of Constantinople—To Bombay by land—Mr. Randall—Plague at Basra—Moore and others arrive at Bombay—After nine months they return and Emin with them—Spring, 1774—To Bagdad from Basra—Danger for Emin from Turks—Returns to Basra—Persian Suduk Khan comes to lay siege to Basra—Two small cruising vessels—Captain Twisleton's action against Arab vessels—Turks defend the place—Emin volunteers and is appointed to the *Success*—500 British soldiers and sailors—Arrival of Persian armed vessels and 3000 troops—An action—Enemy sticks in the mud—Moore's plans defeated by H.E.I. Co.—Chance of gaining command of river and control of the Persian Gulf lost by the British 143 years ago !]

AFTER this, Emin was ordered to go and join his corps, then at Dinapoor, or the first troop of Turkswars mentioned before, commanded by Mr. Baillie. He staid there doing but very little, and about a year after marched, and advanced with part of the army commanded by Sir Robert Barker* to the assistance of Sujah Dowlah at Shahabad, or the Rohillas country. Still nothing was to be seen, nor any real service to be done, in two years and an half; so that he marched down again to Benaris, and the rainy season being over, was ordered to return to Calcutta, where Mr. Hastings, the late governor-general, arrived a few days after, and succeeded Mr. Cartier. The three troops were then discharged, and Emin was left to his half-pay and batta, thus losing 300 rupees a month, which sum he used to receive as resuldar to the first troop.

* Sir Robert Barker, senior officer in the East Indies, where he performed eminent service as C-in-C. of artillery at capture of Manilla. Created Baronet 1781, died 1789.

Emin, before he was favoured by Mr. Cartier with the post of an ensign by brevet, wrote to the duke of Northumberland for his consent to go to England, and thence into the Russian service; and if that was not possible, then to be naturalized, so as to be able to obtain a commission in the Honourable the East India Company's service. The substance of his letter was as follows:

After many Asiatic compliments, he acquainted the duke, that if his Grace had no objection, he with a good will would return to London, as the war between the Russians and Turks was not yet over; and even if it was, it would break out again, so that he might go and enter into their army, to try if he could be of service to his own headless country. Adding, that his father had promised him to advance a sum of money to bear his charges all the way, so as not to trouble his Grace. His answer happened to come just at the time when the troops were dismissed. The following is the copy of it. Although very affectionate in its terms, it was discouraging in the highest degree to the grateful mind of one who had rung the name of Northumberland, like the great bell of Moscow, in the ears of people in Turkey, Persia, Armenia, and Georgia, who never had heard of it before in their lives.

“Northumberland-house, London.

“May 17th, 1771.*

“My dear Emin,

“I received the favour of your letter dated Calcutta, September 5th, and as you have always my best wishes for your health and welfare, it gave me very particular pleasure to hear you were well. I have considered your letter with the utmost

* The originals of this letter and the one from the Duke dated March 14, 1770 (p. 434) were in existence a few years back in the family of the descendants of Emin's second grandson Michael, and were, most unfortunately, destroyed as old and useless papers. Emin must have left many interesting papers which no doubt have met with a similar fate.

attention, and as your sincere friend I beg leave to observe, with regard to your desire of coming once more to Europe, that you have already done every thing that could be desired or expected from a brave man; and though your generous attempts in behalf of your countrymen were not attended with the success you deserved, yet you have sufficiently gained the applause and admiration of all judges of real merit; and therefore may now sit down contentedly, and pass the rest of your life in honourable ease and tranquillity among your family, and friends. On this account, I can by no means wish you to think of running the same dangers a second time, especially as the war between the Russians and the Turks is now believed to be so near a conclusion, that in all probability peace will be restored before this letter gets to India, or at least long before you could arrive in Russia. And as to applying for any post under the East India Company, it must be done in Bengal, for by a late regulation, no employment can be obtained here for a foreigner. I am sorry therefore I cannot entertain any hopes of seeing you, but I shall always be happy to hear of your prosperity, and beg you will be assured that I am with constant regard,

“My dear Emin,

“your very sincere friend

“and faithful servant,

“Northumberland.”

His Grace judged of Emin's constitution by the delicacy of his own, and though he had been a thousand times told that it was hard and robust, yet he could not be made sensible of it. From the first he had always shewn himself more like an affectionate father, than a strict commander; not resembling Peter the First of Russia, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, or the late Frederick king of Prussia, who would have advanced him by severe duties, and encouraged the ardour of his disposition, so

that he being inured from his earliest days to hardship and fatigue, might either by this time have fallen with honour in some action, or become in some degree considerable in the eyes of the world. But any one, without a proper support from some liberal hand to animate him, must sink under the weight of misfortunes, and fail of success in his honest ambition, after all his hardships, grasping at last a shadow instead of a substance. In twenty years more, when he and all his good friends, who knew his accounts to be true, shall be dead and gone, he will be looked upon as a mere romancer.

When he was protected by the late duke of Cumberland, and was sent to the Royal Academy at Woolwich, Mr. Muller, the late professor of fortification, advised him to beg of his Grace that he might be naturalized, as many foreigners were in the army; and when he did so, it was of no effect. He might certainly have reaped some advantage from it, since he was in the king's army some years without any emolument, and has been eighteen full years on the Honourable East India Company's establishment as a brevet ensign, and is now sixty-one years of age. He might have checked his pen on this head (and he writes with reluctance,) had not his Grace mentioned in his letter, after all his pains to support him, "that a foreigner was not to obtain any post, by a new regulation." It is to be hoped that the candid reader will excuse him for speaking the truth, which is the beauty of biography, and does no injury to the sentiment of gratitude; for he will always acknowledge as long as he exists, that if the duke of Northumberland had not by mere chance found him out, he might like other Armenians have been sunk in the deepest oblivion, or not have lived to write his own history. Though he is not great nor rich, yet he trusts he is honest, and with a good assurance can say, that he is as happy and contented as princes are great; and may God preserve and prosper them, for the sake of the poor eastern Christians, that they may be made free from slavery, and that

their imaginary comfort may be changed into reality! The Armenians firmly believe that the Christian kings of Europe will, one day or other, come and rescue them from subjection to unbelievers.

Emin, finding by the purport of the duke's letter, that he was not to advance higher in the army, took it into his head to try once more his fortune, having saved out of his pay about 3000 rupees. He went therefore to Mr. Hastings (then governor), laid his case before him, and begged leave of absence, which he, without limitation of time, very readily granted; he also gave him a commission to buy some horses at Bosra, and promised, that if Emin should not meet with success, and should return to Bengal, he should have his rank.

EMIN'S LEAVE TO PROCEED TO BASRA.

By the Hon'ble Warren Hastings Esqr.

President & Governor of Fort William, &ca. &ca. &ca.,

This is to certify, that the Bearer hereof Mr. Joseph Emin, Ensign in the Hon'ble Company's 1st Brigade of Troops on the Bengal Establishment has Liberty to proceed from hence to Bussorah, on Furlough, without Molestation; He conducting Himself, in a proper & becoming Manner.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Fort William, this 31st Day of December 1772.

SD/- Warren Hastings.

By Command of the Governor

(Sign'd) James Brown *

Aid-de-Camp.

(Copy of Document in the Record Department of the Government of India, kindly supplied by the Officer in charge.)

* Afterwards Major: in E.I. Co.'s service. Collector of Jungleterry Districts 1773; Resident at Delhi 1782; recalled 1785, when Hastings left India; published *Indian Tracts* in 1787, written by order of Hastings (*Dict. of Ind. Biography*).

Sir Archibald Campbell, at that time chief engineer of Fort William, was going home in an Indiaman commanded by captain Elphinstone. Emin took his passage in the same ship, which was to touch at Madras, at which port she arrived in eighteen days. He went on shore, and was introduced by Sir Archibald to the late governor, Mr. Wynch,* who received him most politely. Mahomed Aly Khan offered to give him a command in his cavalry. The Armenians at Madras are possessed of a little more virtue than those of Calcutta,† particularly Mr. Shahamar, whom he had not seen before, and who distinguished himself among a thousand Armenians. He took Emin into his house, and entertained him three days; after which Emin hired a small house, but dined and supped at Mr. Shahamar's; and by the interposition of this singular active gentleman, all the other Armenian merchants joined to advance 12,000 rupees a-year, to be remitted to him in Armenia, so as to maintain a few troops; they being well assured that he, who with 2000 rupees and good management had commanded thousands before at their own charge, and maintained himself eight years in that country, would in all probability establish himself there on a good footing. One of them, named Gregor Michael, who is now dead, said, that besides his own share in the 12,000 rupees, he would bestow the best part of his fortune (which then

* Emin's leave is dated December 31, 1772. The note on Sir Archibald Campbell states that he remained in India till 1773, when he returned to Scotland. The ship must have reached Madras after Wynch became Governor, which was on Feb. 2, 1773.

Alexander Wynch. Born 1720, writer at Fort St. George, 1740: at Fort St. David, 1741; Factor 1745; Ninth in Council at Fort St. George 1752; Second in Council 1772; and Chief at Masulipatam. Governor of Madras Feb. 2, 1773: resigned Dec. 11, 1776. (*Dict. Ind. Biography*).

† The air of Bengal does not seem to have been favourable to the growth of virtue, even in those days. Some years previously, in 1765, Lord Clive had found it necessary to supersede Bengal civilians by sending for "four of the most capable servants on the Madrass establishment....who being yet untainted with the corruption and licentiousness of this establishment (Bengal) will cordially co-operate in every measure for establishing that spirit of frugality, industry, and subordination....which the committee have always considered as essential to the prosperity and even to the security of the Company's affairs in Bengal." (*Bengal Past and Present*).

amounted to some lacks of pagodas, and he had but one relation in the world) in promoting that laudable design, upon condition that the late Simon Catholicus, the Father in God of all Armenia, would concur with Emin; and he added, that he would give him a letter of credit to Etzmiatzin, to receive of his holiness 12,000 rupees, provided the holy father Simon should approve of his plan. They were near resolved to draw an agreement, or write a joint letter, when Ovanes, one of the bishops of Jerusalem, hearing of this union, stept in with his diabolical cunning, and spoiled the whole system, making them all fly from their words, so as to be frightened at the very sight of Emin. This man, void of conscience, without any principle of Christian faith, bishop Ovanes, son of Fative, was a native of Hamadan, and a distant relation of Emin. At the age of sixteen years he strolled away from place to place, till he arrived at the monastery of Liman, in an island in a salt lake near the city of Van, in the north-west of Armenia, where he studied chiefly priestcraft instead of divinity. When he was about thirty-five years old, he moved hence to Jerusalem, and after remaining there five years, received an order from the patriarch of the holy city to come to India, and collect alms from the Armenians at Surat, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Sydabad. In each of those towns, whenever he presented himself, in a week's time he set all the people against one another, and made them ready to cut each others throats. In Calcutta, the late Petrus, with many more, signed a petition to the governor and council, complaining of his enormous conduct, which would have brought on him a severe prosecution, if Hovsep, Emin's father, had not interposed, and stopped their proceedings. Emin could very easily penetrate into Ovanes, and seeing that he was only shrunk for a time, like the frozen snake in the fable, advised his father to have nothing to say either good or bad in their quarrels; but Ovanes, with his sweet insinuating double tongue, deceived Hovsep, whose paternal persuasion not only affected Emin, but in-

duced him to join to get a passage for the bishop in the same ship to Madras, where he proved himself not only a priest, but an inveterate enemy to all the Armenian nation. If this bishop Ovanes had staid behind in Calcutta two or three months longer, Emin in all probability would have carried his point with the Armenians at Madras. His poor father, hearing of Ovanes's ungrateful behaviour, was very much vexed, and wrote to Emin the following lines :

"My dear son Emin,

"God has given you more sense than myself; you saw through the monk Ovanes. I wish I had not interfered in his quarrels, and used my interest to save him from being prosecuted justly by the poor Armenians, who gave him above 20,000 rupees to obtain peace and blessing, but obtained only contest and confusion. A dozen years will come before they will be friends again. I agree with you in sentiments, and shall never entertain a good opinion of the ecclesiastics as long as I live. As you observe, they have been the sole ruin of the Armenian sovereignty; but as for the monk Ovanes, he excelled them all in villany. I pray God to preserve you from their hatred, craft, and jealousy, and to prosper you in all your undertakings, that you may crush the head of serpents and walk in the jaws of lions. Go on, my dear son! If you should not succeed in your honest and dangerous undertakings, yet be sure nothing will hurt you in the way. I remain, with my blessings on you, and subscribe myself your affectionate father, Hovsep."

After receiving the letter, Emin kept it to himself; for all the Armenians deserted him by means of their holy father Ovanes. Mr. Shahamar alone pretended to be his friend, and to despise the monk and all his weak-hearted followers. He was seemingly sorry for their ignorance in being enticed away by an artful low-minded person, whose chief study was breeding mischief

by falsehood, and ruining his countrymen. After some years, this very monk happened to be elected patriarch of Constantinople, and contrived to set all the Armenians by the ears; thus exciting animosities, which cost both parties twenty lacks of piasters, paid down to the Turkish grand vizier or other high officers, many poor creatures being falsely accused of disloyalty in sending to the emperor of Germany and the Russians intelligence of all the transactions of the Ottoman court, so that many of them were unjustly sent to the Turkish gallies for their lives. Luckily his office of patriarch lasted but six months; otherwise he might have made them all miserable. Both parties, after squandering away such great sums of money, united and drove him out of Constantinople. This very monk Ovanes, who did every thing in his power to hurt Emin's interest, exacted most cunningly a great sum of money, besides valuable presents. The enthusiastic women in particular gave away great part of their jewels, chiefly rings of diamonds and rubies, golden crosses and large silver eucharists. Among the rest Gregor Michael and Mackertum Mirzam, who are now both dead, gave each a massy gold censer for burning frankincense in the church of the holy city of Jerusalem. After having hardened their minds against Emin by false rhetoric, and by working on their ignorance, he began preaching openly and most ignorantly, that the Grand Signor of the Turks is the only king of the Armenians, who are to continue his slaves as long as the world lasts; that they are the little beloved flock of Christ the sovereign lord of the Armenians, for whom alone is prepared the kingdom of heaven; but that as to Christian kings, whose glory is only in this vain world, they, like the heathens, are to be condemned eternally. In this manner he finished his priestcraft, and set out by land for Surat. Shahamar was the only man that cared nothing for him: but, to be sociable with the rest, considering his immense fortune, gave him about 1000 rupees, though aware of his artfulness in making fools of them.

Emin, then leaving Madras, went to Bombay, to which place he travelled by land in a common hakry before the fall of the rains. In passing through Hyderabad and Ovrangabad, the nabobs of both places offered him very great commands and tempting encouragements ; but refusing them with becoming fortitude, he marched thence to Poona in the Mahratta country, and refreshed himself there three days in the house of the English resident: if he is not mistaken, the gentleman's name was Mr. Manson,* who not only treated him hospitably, but greatly admired his motives, and offered him presents, which he, being provided with necessaries, would not accept. In four days more about eight o'clock in the evening, he came to the side of the river that divides the island of Bombay from the continent; he hailed the boat, which came and took him to the other side. About forty yards from the water he found Mr. Randall in his great bangla with several gentlemen. Oh! how eagerly did he feel his heart leaping for joy on finding himself among the countrymen of his good English friends! Mr. Randall † received him with politeness, and at Emin's desire hired a hakry; in which he was hardly gone a mile, when, upon running after him, and calling him back, Mr. Randall made an apology for letting him go without inviting him to supper. One captain Brooke ‡ in the army, who was there also, about eleven o'clock took Emin in his carriage to his house at Bombay town. The next day the rains began to pour down. It was fortunate for him that he was not caught in travelling almost forty days. Having breakfasted with captain Brooke and his agreeable lady, he went and took an upper-roomed house at thirty rupees per

* Not traced.

† Not traced.

‡ Robert Brooke (1746-1802) entered the E.I. Co.'s Bengal Army in 1764 and became a captain, although there was no vacancy, in December 1767, after he distinguished himself in the attempt to storm Mulwagul. He had been sent by the Bengal Government to the presidency of St. George and served on the coast in the engagements against Hyder Ali. He returned to Europe in 1775. Later was appointed Governor of St. Helena. This is the only Captain Brooke traced at this period. He may have been at Bombay at the time Emin was there.

month, and hired a servant, expecting some vessels in which he might get his passage to Bosra. The late Mr. Moore arriving with the rest of the gentlemen from that place on account of the plague, he was obliged to remain in Bombay, where he made many new acquaintance. Colonel Egerton* was his old acquaintance in England, (he was the brother of the late bishop of York), and Mr. Daniel Draper,† next to governor Hornby,‡ was most particular in his kindness and hospitality, treated him as one of his own family, and invited him to dine and sup with him constantly.

Nine months passed before the letters of health came from Bosra. As the plague was over, the Company's ship *Revenge* was made ready to accommodate Mr. Moore and his retinue: a snow joined her by order, and in that *Emin* took his passage. In two months, at the latter end of winter, he arrived at Bosra, where it was the beginning of the spring; thence he went in an Arab vessel with many others to Hella; and travelling with a caravan reached the town of Bagdad, then almost depopulated by the late plague. After staying nine months, and waiting for a caravan that was preparing to set out for Curdistan, his relations and friends gave him to understand that the Turks had been informed of his intentions by some Jews, and perhaps by some Armenians. They said, that the governor, Omar Pasha, would infallibly apprehend him, and that he would run a risque of being cut off. Markar the Armenian, Mr. Moore's vakeel, nominally the agent of the Company, but employed to carry on a trade partly for the gentlemen of Bosra and mostly for the Jews, having orders from Moore to repair to Bosra, *Emin*

* Apparently Lieut.-Col. Charles Egerton, sometime Governor of Bombay. He was the 4th son of Hon. Henry Egerton, bishop of Hereford (therefore brother of Hon. John Egerton, bishop of Durham, husband of Lady A. S. Egerton), who was 5th son of John, 3rd Earl of Bridgewater (see Lady A. S. Egerton, p. 89).

† Daniel Draper (the husband of Sterne's "Eliza," whom he married in 1758), secretary to Government, and Member of Council at Bombay; died October 10, 1782.

‡ William Hornby, Governor of Bombay, Feb. 26, 1771, to Jan. 1, 1784.

thought it prudent to go back with him, and in the caravan he had the pleasure of enjoying the agreeable company of colonel Knudson,* at that time a major, and there was another Englishman, but not quite so sociable; both had come by land from Aleppo.

After some troubles by land and water through the rebellious Arabs, in about thirty-one days they arrived at Bosra, where Emin, still in the same resolution, thought how to find a way of going to Armenia. As there was no conveyance immediately to be found, he remained at Bosra four months. The fatal news concerning the army of Carim Khan, the late king of Persia, was brought in that interval: it was commanded by his own brother Suduk Khan who came to lay siege to Bosra. In about a month, the intelligence was confirmed, and in a few days more the army arrived at the other side the river. The governor Sulaman, who is now the pasha of Bagdad, was gathering Arab troops, and mending the paultry walls of that extensive town. As there were two small cruising vessels in the river lying at anchor over against the Minavy creek, they were ordered by Mr. Moore to be watchful of the Arab vessels or galavats, of which, thirteen belonging to Chaab were seen at a distance sailing with the tide and a fair southerly wind up to Sualy to succour Suduk Khan, and to assist in throwing up a bridge of boats. Captain Twisleton† bravely cut the cable of his ship's anchor,

* In *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. vi., p. 255, in a letter dated October, 1763, written by Major Adams to Governor Vansittart (after the massacre at Patna of 150 English prisoners by Mir Casim Ali) regarding the enlisting of men into the Company's service, there is mention of Ensign Knudson. Vol. iii, p. 75, in a letter by Col. Pearse to Warren Hastings 1781, Capt. Knudson is one of the officers required to sit in a court martial on Major Grant. Vol. iv., p. 418, the grave of Col. Christian Knudson is mentioned in a cemetery at Chunar, where he died when commandant of the station in 1793.

† In the Persia Records, vol. 17, at the Record Department of the India Office, there is a letter from the Agent at Bushire, dated 15th July, 1775, in which he mentions that Lieutenants *Thistleton* and Melvill, having on 7th March imprudently landed on the Persian side of the river (near Basra?), were attacked by Arabs, badly wounded, and left for dead; they managed, however, to reach the ships and at the time of writing had recovered from their injuries. (Communicated by Mr. William Foster, through Archdeacon Firminger.) Thistleton no doubt was the correct name, and not Twistleton, as Emin says, and perhaps

and firing grape-shot killed about fifty of them and took two of the galavats, which were burnt: after chasing the rest about three miles up, the water not being deep enough to be navigable, he was obliged to put about and come to his former station. This little success was of great service to the Turks in the town, and encouraged them to defend the place with more steadiness and resolution. Emin, a few days before, had offered to serve as a volunteer, and received the under-written order from Mr. Moore.

“ To Mr. Joseph Emin.

“ Sir,

“ As the *Success* is in want of an officer, and as you have offered your services as a volunteer, the agent and council have accepted them, and have given you the provisional command of it.

Bosra. }
23rd March 1775. }

By order of Henry Moore, Esq.
agent, &c. council of Bosra.

William Digges Latouche,* secretary.”

* Emin receiving the above commission, went on board the *Success* snow,† commanded by the brave captain Twisleton

Lieutenant Melvill was the officer in whose stead Emin was taken on board the *Success*, as the letter is dated 23rd March, and the Agent's report is dated July. Possibly Thistleton was less severely injured than Melvill, and recovered sooner.

* William George Digges La Touche (1747-1803). He went out to Basra with Henry Moore, whom he succeeded as resident, was of great assistance to travellers and showed kindness to the natives. When Zobier was captured by the Persians in '75 he ransomed the inhabitants at his own expense to save them from slavery. At the siege of Basra in '75 he gave the principal citizens, their wives and families, shelter at the British factory. Retired in 1784. He married Grace, the daughter of John Puget, a London banker. He was the grandson of David Digges La Touche, who belonged to a Huguenot regiment, and who came to England with William of Orange. (*Dict. of National Biography.*)

† Snow is a term very frequently used in connection with vessels in Indian waters at that period. Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary defines a snow as “ a vessel equipped with two masts resembling the main and fore masts of a ship, and a third small mast just abaft and close to the mainmast carrying a trysail. It is identical with a brig except that a brig bends her fore and aft mainsail to the mainmast, while a snow bends it to the trysail mast. Derived from Danish *snaauw*, from Low German *snau*, a snout, a beak.

before-mentioned, where taking the charge of thirty-two stout European soldiers, he continued three weeks in that station doing but very little duty, except observing the busy Arabs on the other side of the river. During one or two of the nights the people of the town, men, women, and children, made a terrible noise, occasioned by an alarm from the Janizaries, as if the Persians who besieged the place were going to scale the walls. This frightened the council and the gentlemen of the factory, who hastened early in the morning on board these two vessels, taking with them only their wearing apparel; and about sunrise they discovered down the river a great many Persian armed vessels, of which they had intelligence that Shiah Nasir the governor of Bushir had the command. Mr. Moore made a signal to the cruisers to hoist anchor; but as there was no sort of wind, they only floated down the current. In the evening they lowered their sails and drew near the bank on the left, and stood at the mouth of the river Haffar. About one in the afternoon the cruisers let go their anchors, and a ridiculous action began first by the enemy at the distance of almost two miles: the cruisers returned the compliment. The cannonading continued till about nine at night. The enemy, who were no fewer than 3,000 fighting men, if they had had but the courage of Europeans might have come to close quarters and taken the vessels with great ease: on the contrary, the next morning they were all stuck fast in the mud, and the men bustling with their things on shore. The sailors and the soldiers of the two cruisers amounting hardly to 500 men, animated by the dastardly conduct of the enemy, were ready to go in boats and set their vessels on fire; but a north-wester springing up, Mr. Moore, then on board the other vessel, made a signal to weigh and set sail. About sun-set they came to and anchored at Maidan Aly. The next day they sailed for Bushir, and in about twenty-four hours arrived at that place, where Mr. Moore waited three weeks on board for an answer from the government of Bombay, and in

expectation of a Maskat fleet which he might join and go back to the defence of Bosra; but, contrary to his wishes, Mr. Gardiner arrived in a Bombay grab,* with an order from the council not to interfere in any shape in the quarrels of the Persians and Turks:—this put an end to Mr. Moore's scheme:—had he succeeded in it, he would have joined the Maskat armament which came some weeks after, and in all probability would have raised the siege of Bosra and saved them from falling into the hands of the villanous Persians, and thus established the English factory on a stronger footing there. He might have thrown up a small fortification in Minavy at the end of the creek to be secure from either of the Musulman nations, and he would have had the command of the whole river, and even have given law to the Persian gulph as far as Maskat: it was a very proper opportunity to reap a considerable advantage. The daily decay of the Turkish power and the neglect of their deplorable government, would have compelled them to seek the protection of the English against their enemy in all times of need; and of course they would have cheerfully consented to Mr. Moore's wise measures, if the honourable Company had but encouraged him to proceed with his laudable plan, which was formed in a very masterly way.

NOTE.

Extract from Report on the I.O. Records relating to Persia and the Persian Gulf. By F. C. Danvers, 1891.

(Communicated by Mr. William Foster, India Office, through Ven. Archdeacon Firminger.)

Page 42. Early in 1773 the plague broke out at Bassora, whereupon the Agent and Council of the Factory left the place for Bombay; they were, however, not permitted to land, and were sent back by the same

* A grab is drawn and described as a ship with three masts, a sharp prow and a bowsprit. An Arab name for a galley. The proper word is the Arabic *ghorab*, a raven. Ghorab was the name given by the Moors to the true galley. (*Hobson Jobson*.)

vessel in which they arrived, with instructions to remain on one of the islands in the Gulf until the plague should subside. [This does not agree with Emin's account, as he distinctly says nine months elapsed before letters of health came, when the *Revenge* (the same boat the commander of which refused him hospitality at Basra) was fitted out for their return, and he himself went in the "Snow" that accompanied her.] On leaving Bussora the *Tyger*, with Messrs. Beaumont and Green on board, was taken by some Persian vessels and carried into Bunder Reig.

In April, 1774....the Agent at Bussora [the name of Henry Moore is given in a footnote and the date of his appointment, 1767] was ordered not to enter into any treaty with Karim Khan until he should have released Messrs. Beaumont and Green.

From the Proceedings of the Bombay Government for February, 1775, it appears that the bad terms on which the Company's servants had for a long time been with Karim Khan, were attributed by that Government to the unaccountable antipathy which the Agent [Moore] at Bussora seemed to have conceived against the Khan. The latter refused to liberate Mr. Beaumont unless the Company re-established a Factory at Bushire, and consequently, notwithstanding the Court's order to the contrary (in August 1770), the Bombay Government directed that this should be done in order to obtain his release. Accordingly, in this year four ships were sent to Bushire to re-open trade there. In consequence of the investment of Bussora by the Khan, the Agent and Council retired from thence to Bushire; but they appear to have returned shortly afterwards. On the 15th April, 1776, the Persians got possession of Bussora, after a siege of thirteen months, the Governor of that place having been compelled to surrender for want of provisions. In the following month, at the invitation of the Persian General, the Agent and Council returned from Bushire to Bussora, and re-opened the Factory at the latter place.

Emin mentions Mr. Beaumont, p. 427, as one of those who showed him hospitality, also Mr. Livius. Mr. Livius was, later, the keeper of the Military Stores, Calcutta. In his "Notes on Old Calcutta," Archdeacon Firminger says there is a house with over a biggah of land attached to it (apparently at the corner of Wheller Place, near Corkscrew Lane) which had been bought by Thomas Adams (and sold to William Harding in 1784 for Sa. Rupees 32,000), from that "bosom friend of Philip Francis and mortal foe of Warren Hastings, George Livius." In another

chapter of the "Notes," the Archdeacon mentions Mr. Livius' Gardens as "the residence of the Collector of the 24-Parganahs at Alipore." Colonel Henry Watson, in July, 1784, recommended a site for a "Military Buryal Ground" at a place near the corner of the esplanade contiguous to the Bridge leading to Mr. Livius' Gardens,"—well known to all residents of Calcutta. Dr. Busteed (*Echoes of Old Calcutta*, p. 196) says, "Amongst the satellites who most assiduously revolved around this luminary* for whom also Hicky† had nicknames, were a Mr. Livius ("Idea George" or "Titus"), he was a protégé and intimate friend of Francis, who had got him made military store-keeper; a barrister named Davis," etc. etc.—and then on p. 212, Dr. Busteed has a footnote—"Hastings used to say that Bristow, Livius, Shee, and Ducarel were 'the lees of Mr. Francis.'"

XXIX.

1775—1780.

[Emin and Moore—To Bushire—To Shiraz—Petition to Shah—Goes to Julfa—Catholicos Simon's treacherous plot against his life—Rather than fall a victim to the envy of this ecclesiastic, consents to marriage and life in Julfa—Disturbed state of Persia after death of Kherim Khan—His brother—Revolt of Ali Murad—Assassination of Zaki Khan—Saduk Khan—Ali Murad at Ispahan—Trouble at Ispahan and Julfa—Persians despoil Armenian churches—By Ali Murad's orders Emin raises a troop of Armenians—Ali offers to make him governor of Julfa—Immediate jealousy of bishop of Julfa—Emin narrowly escapes death at Ali Murad's levée—More plotting against him—"A dangerous man because he drinks no wine and is always sober"—But Ali Murad refuses to listen, and declares none shall molest him while he reigns.]

EMIN, a year before, having been favoured with a letter of recommendation from Mr. Moore to Simon, patriarch of Armenia, had, on coming back from Bosra, entered as a volunteer in that affair, intending to exert himself in it, and hoping to gain Mr. Moore's good opinion; but unfortunately he was disappointed. Having been almost two months in that station doing

* Miss Wrangham, later Mrs. Bristow, one of the subscribers to Emin's book. (See "Notes on Subscribers.")

† Editor of the Bengal Gazette.

nothing, he thought it proper to go to Mr. Moore and take leave; but he in a friendly manner expressed some little anger in the following words: "Emin, I must tell you that you are not in your senses.—I advise you to drop your chimerical scheme of going to Armenia: the ungrateful people of that country are not worthy to be made free.—What I have heard of your conduct in Europe agrees with these two months service before my eyes, in which you have distinguished yourself in a becoming manner. Be advised by me—return to Bengal again.—I will write to Mr. Hastings a very strong letter in your favour, and he will promote you." But Emin was infatuated, and could not be persuaded.

With much difficulty Emin obtained permission to depart, and landed at Bushir, where he staid about seven months. He then joined a caravan and went to Shiraz, where he remained nine months on purpose to avoid the suspicions of the Persians. In that interval he drew a sort of memorial or petition to the late king of Persia, the famous Carim Khan, stating, that he should be happy to live in his majesty's dominions, and to settle himself in any part of it that would suit his circumstances. The king, accepting his arzi, sealed it, and so did his vizier Mirza Jaffer, with all the Mirzas of his court. After staying so long a time in Shiraz, he travelled with a caravan to Julpha in Ispahan where, flattering himself with hopes of setting out in another caravan, he was informed by some people that the Beglar Beg (or governor) had given orders, that on the day preceding the departure of the caravan he should be laid hold of. Marcus Vardapit (or the monk) who had at that time brought presents from Etzmiatzin (or the Three Churches) for Carim Khan, and, having returned from Shiraz, was going in the same caravan, told Emin, in a friendly manner, that if he should escape at Ispahan by some means or other, yet he would be made an end of by Simon the Catholicus of Etzmiatzin, who would deliver him to the fury of Husein Ali Khan, the governor of Iravan. He added, it was true that all the Armenians were ready to receive and be

commanded by Emin; but that their souls and bodies depended on his Holiness's will and pleasure, lest he should damn them to eternity: therefore he and many more advised Emin to be married and save his life. He, considering awhile, consented rather than fall a victim to the enormous envy of an earthly unmerciful idol. Simon's clandestine manner of writing letters to several places, giving the injurious appellation of tyrant to Heraclius, whom he for several years had flattered with the title of sovereign lord of Armenia, was at last discovered by intercepting his Holiness's letters and the discovery cost him pretty dear, the prince exacting great sums of money from him for a duplicity so contrary to his holy profession. Both those great men in power, Heraclius and Simon, acknowledged their error in not knowing the merit of a well meaning man; the former not putting confidence in him, the latter not encouraging him. Concerning his Holiness, Emin said, that if he had assisted him, he would not have been so dashed by the chagrin of his own conduct; he would not have been treated so ill by the Vali of Georgia; which speech his Holiness took so much to heart, that in two or three years time he died in a consumption.*

Here the author may seem to speak rather more of his own merit than he ought; but if the good reader could have been an eye-witness of his European management in those barbarous countries, and could have seen how near he was to the accomplishment of his original plan, he would have blamed him for not writing every particular of his life, which he endeavours to make as brief as possible. He must have succeeded, if those two powerful persons had not been jealous of him. They afterwards were sorry that they did not know him better. But it was then too late. Emin therefore married principally for the

* Simon died in July, 1780, and perhaps someone, wishing to flatter Emin, insinuated to him that remorse had hastened his end, but probably the exactions imposed by Heraclius had more to do with it.

safety of his life, and in six years, Providence blessed him with four children, two of them male, and two of them female.

When Carim Khan died, the kingdom of Persia fell topsy-turvy. Zaky Khan, his brother, after destroying four or more khans at Shiraz, sent Aly Murad Khan, his lieutenant, to Ispahan, to check Zolfkhan Khan the Ovshar Aly Murad. After cutting him off, with his uncle and eighteen of his relations, and putting a mob of twenty thousand men to flight, he revolted from Zaky Khan, who, after reigning in Shiraz forty days, marched out with a hundred thousand men to chastize Aly Murad; but within three days march he was assassinated by his troops, in a village called Coshkizan. Abulfat Khan, son of Carim, who was with Zaky's army as a prisoner, being set free by the assassins and proclaimed king of Persia, was conducted in triumph back to Shiraz, and set on the throne of his father Carim. Saduk Khan, his uncle, who had fled before from the fury of the late Zaky Khan, returned from Systan, and finding his unworthy nephew Abulfat Khan in a deplorable state of debauchery, drinking with his footmen, or common servants, and dancing-women, day and night, without minding the precarious government of his dominions, took that opportunity to dethrone and imprison him. During these transactions, Aly Murad, at Ispahan, ordered a proclamation to be sounded in the ears of the people and troops, that his revolt, from the first to the last, was on account of Carim's family, and that his intent was to replace Abdulfat Khan on the throne of his late father. In this manner masking his wicked design, at the head of 40,000 men he marched out, defeated and slew Zolfkhan Khan, another Ovshar prince of Zangan Sultan, within three days journey of Hamadan, whose army amounted to 25,000 men. During Aly Murad's absence from Ispahan, Saduk Khan, his step-father, reigning in Shiraz, sent Jaffer Khan, of the same mother as Aly Murad, with about 12,000 men, to take possession of Ispahan, which accordingly he did. Aly Murad, after his success against Zolfkhan, had

marched down to Mazindaram, and also defeated Aga Mahmud Khan the Cajar; but hearing the news of Saduk Khan's proceeding, he was much exasperated and more so by his sending Jaffer to Ispahan to succeed him. The just government of Jaffer in three months almost relieved the poor subjects from their distresses; yet, four days before the tyrant's arrival, the good Jaffer's army deserted, and went over to Aly Murad, while Jaffer, with a few of his own domestics, flew to Shiraz. Aly Murad, a month after his entering the town of Ispahan, detached 40,000 men, of whom he gave the command to his nephew Seid Murad Khan, who marched four days journey, and encamped with his army at Shiraz. Aly Murad being intoxicated with his late mobbish victories, began to exact unreasonable sums of money from the citizens, impoverishing several families; giving himself up to drinking, and to all kinds of debauchery, so as to strip himself stark naked, and to dance like a harlequin in the palace before his general officers and troops; in a place which, two centuries before, was revered by the Persians as a sanctum sanctorum. He esteemed himself firmly established on the throne of Persia, when news came that Seid Murad's army was dispersed without fighting by Aly Naky Khan, the third son of Saduk Khan by another woman. Aly Murad's standing army, already offended at his foolish behaviour, mutinied, carrying away several chests of his treasures; and in their way, plundering the people and the shops in the bazar. Some of them went to their own country, others marched to join Aly Naky, except forty or fifty Armenians and Georgians, who took care of his haram, or apartments of the women, and fled with him to Hamadan, and that with great difficulty. After four days more, Aly Naky arrived at Ispahan, in as much triumph, because he had deceived the poor people of Yezd, as if he had defeated the army of the Grand Signor, and taken Constantinople. The wretched young devil, in whom the subjects as well as the troops had put great hopes, because he was a

son of the prudent Saduk Khan, behaved ten times worse than Aly Murad. Instead of pursuing him immediately, when he might have taken him with ease, he halted forty days at Ispahan where he and his officers fell to drinking wine, defiled four hundred virgins of the town, and forced two girls from Julpha, one of them out of the nunnery, the other a daughter of a secular priest. It was lucky for the Armenians that their children were not so handsome as the Persians; otherwise they might all have been torn away from their parents, and ruined by the lust of those monsters. During that time, Aly Murad recovered himself at Hamadan, where Aly Kuly Khan of Kirmansha, with 12,000 Curds, joined him. The multitude of Ispahan were disgusted at Aly Naky's beastly conduct; and the diabolical Mirzas, who are the ruin of that empire, sent private letters to Aly Murad, encouraging him to march to Ispahan. He set out, therefore, and came within a day's march of it, when Aly Naky went out to Muchakher to give him battle; but his army left him and joined Aly Murad; whilst he, with some cavalry, fled to Shiraz; where afterwards he, with his father, mother, and several brothers, after a siege of thirteen months, were taken and put to death by the cruel Aly Murad who, after three days, arrived at Ispahan in triumph; kindling again the fire of oppression, bastinadoing the men, and burning the breasts of the rich women, and taking from all the subjects great sums of money, so as to render that city once more splendid with extorted riches, exactly as in the reign of the tyrant Nadir Shah. All these events happened within the space of little more than two years. The patriarch Mackertish of Julpha, with several monks, were taken up and beaten most unmercifully, till they confessed where they had concealed the silver and gold vessels of the church, which consisted of eucharists, crosses, and sentyres, to the value of seven thousand tumans, besides rich diamonds, rubies, and other gems, fixed in them. The precious metals were melted and struck into money; and the jewels were kept in the king's treasury.

In all this time, no soul passed by the door of Emin, nor said a word to him: but when the storm of Aly Murad's tyranny was over, the Georgians, who had been the chief instruments of ruining the monastery, and the scattered inhabitants of Julphā informed him, that Emin had been in the armies of the English, and understood their art of fighting. Aly Murad hearing that, gave orders to one of his men, named Mirza Abdul Carim, who came to Julpha to find out Emin, and enlist him sultan, or lieutenant-general, whether he would or not; telling him plainly, that if he shewed the least unwillingness, his head should be cut off immediately; and that it was his majesty's special command to enlist twelve Armenian young men of Julpha and give him the command of them. "You are now," said he, "to increase your detachment with as many recruits as you can raise, and train them up like Franks, so as to be ready in eight months to march with his majesty against the city of Shiraz; and you, with your twelve men, must attend his levee to-morrow morning, to make your salutation." Emin, finding himself innocently in a scrape, and fearing the tyrant's resentment, made no objection. The next day, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, he went to Ispahan, and entered the palace of the late Shah Abbas, (commonly called Favila Talrab,) making his bow, as directed by the aid-de-camp, and standing in the ranks of general officers. After ten minutes, Aly Murad ordered twenty tumans to be given to him, to be distributed among his men; and appointed him, with his twelve recruits, to be his life-guards, next to the haram where his majesty slept. Within a few days, Emin received three different lists from the Armenians of Julpha, each containing one hundred and ten men ready to enter into that devil's service. Emin imprudently, not considering the ill-consequence, refused them, at the hazard of his own head, rather than suffer so many thoughtless Christians to be ruined or destroyed; for if the next competitor should overcome the villain, they must stand the chance not only of losing their

lives, but of being enslaved with all their families, and having their effects confiscated ; instances of which they had before seen with their own eyes. Emin reprimanded them in a brotherly manner, till they were quiet, and went about their business. He little thought of his precarious condition, his mind being agitated by despair, and not finding any means to deliver himself from the trap he was caught in. But Providence, who has the care of all mankind, unexpectedly delivered him, though not without some danger.

Aly Murad, and all his generals, observing Emin to be so sanguinely attentive to his duty, said, that he would give him the management of Julpha, to receive the taxes and raise as many Armenians as he could. The wild Georgians were often reprimanded and laughed at for not being so exact in their waiting ; on the contrary, they were mostly drunk and gaming, even in the guard-house. The report of this was carried to Makertish Vardapit at Julpha, the head bishop of the monastery, who fearing that he should be turned out of his calanteri, or government, went, unknown to Emin, and privately bribed Mahomed Husein Khan, the beglarbeg of Ispahan, with forty tumans. Husein therefore represented to Aly Murad, in private, that the world began to talk, and to suspect that he was much distressed for want of fighting-men, since he pressed the poor Julpha Armenians into the service. This address quickly affected Aly Murad, who said, "Very well, they shall be dismissed ; but Emin Sultan shall continue in the service." Emin not knowing all this, after being about a month in the service, went one morning according to custom to the levee, and made a very low bow, standing in the ranks of the khans, resolving either to have his head struck off or be discharged, according to the regulations of that infernal court. When Aly Cooly Khan of Carmansha arrived, who used to come in after all the commanding-officers and sit by Aly Murad, the first comers made a bow and retired, so that the levee was over in fifteen minutes ; but

Emin stood unmoved. Aly Murad nodded to him three different times to go away. He pretended not to know his meaning. The officers standing close to his side, on the right and left, said to him softly and kindly, "For God's sake go away: did not you see how a little while ago he strangled two men for offending him?", By the Prophet's head you will share the same fate." But Emin, trusting in God, could not be persuaded: when Aly Murad called out aloud in a fury, "You Nanakally khans," (Nanakally is the name of the mountaineer tribes), "drive the Armenian sultan away." They did so, but not violently; because every one of them had a regard for him. Aly Murad perceiving their partiality, repeated his order with double force. Before they could reach him, he made a shift to rush through the crowd, and went out of the gates, standing about fifty yards from the cabac (or the pole fixed in the middle of the grand square,) under which the condemned men are to have their heads struck off. In this disagreeable situation Emin had just time to say a short prayer, and resign himself to God, expecting the men to come out with drawn swords to put him to death. He had hardly been there ten minutes, when Mirza Abdul Carim, who had inlisted him, came from Aly Murad Khan alone, looking as pale as death, and wishing him joy, pronouncing these very words: "O Sultan! God has bestowed on you his infinite mercy. Aly Murad, (whom the devil take to hell,) has made you muraskhas, or discharged. You are now free and secure from all dangers, but you were within a hair's breadth of losing your life. You behaved like a hero, and I am glad it so happened: but to the great shame of Aly Murad the king of Persia, he has given me orders to tell you, that you and your detachment are to pay back the twenty tumans which he gave at first as an inam, or gratuity, and which must now be received by the dirty Georgian dogs. Go, my honest friend, bless God for his miraculous mercy, and rest satisfied!" Emin thanked him, and paid the paltry inam back to the Georgians, who

pretended to be sorry; but some villains, who had a hand in the plot, with Makertish the monk, accused the author before Aly Murad, telling him every article of his transactions in Georgia, Armenia, and Dagistan; and saying, that he was a dangerous man, since he was always sober, drank no wine, and kept no bad company; so that if the Musulman soldiers should be attached to him, he might raise a tumult, and possibly effect a revolution. Aly Murad, who seemed to preserve at that time a small share of humanity, though he had been cruel enough to destroy no fewer than forty of his own family, and after taking Shiraz, had tortured to death his father and brothers, besides many generals and lords, yet he then seemed to have more feeling and good sense than to listen to those abandoned low-lived Georgians. He only asked them if Emin had any money? They answered, no. Upon which Aly Murad, in great anger, said to them, "Get you gone, you worthless black-hearted dogs! Emin is an honest man, whom we have not made captive by our swords; and he shall be free from your false calumnies, so as to live happy for the future with his family in Julpha: while I reign, no one shall molest him: and at your peril let me hear no more against the poor man."

Emin had been in Julpha about five years, and during the whole time had many disagreeable apprehensions before that accusation was made. His alarms affected him not so much while he was out of his house as when he was at home and any person knocked at the door; he then felt to his heart for his helpless family; imagining there was somebody sent to demand his head. Like a careful porter, he was at all times ready to open the door himself, that if any disastrous accident should crush him, he might avoid seeing his poor family and harmless children. He wished to die five or six minutes before he should see their misery. He often called to mind the wise saying of Mareshal Saxe, "That a soldier should not be married;" and this is particularly true in such a despotic government and distracted

lawless country, where he was however compelled to marry, as he has mentioned before.

XXX.

1780—1783.

[Condition of Julfa and risks run by Emin—Inducements to Armenians from Turkey to go and settle there—Taxes on merchants—After 6 years' residence Emin leaves with his eldest son—Severe illness at Bushire—In an Arab vessel reaches Charaki, on the coast of Persia—Mahomed Ben Efy—His wife's kindness—Romantic history of Ben Efy and his courtship of his wife—Amongst Arabs only the brave can win the fair, but amongst Armenians only the rich.]

IT will be proper here to describe the disposition of the present inhabitants of Julpha, whose ancestors, from their first settlement, had set bad examples of informing against and accusing each other, and of defrauding and oppressing the poor. The reason why Emin was not openly injured by them, nor forced to pay them a single penny, was, that he did not care for nor associate with them, nor did they dare to enter his gates. In Aly Naky Khan's miserable reign of forty days in Ispahan, a dozen of the worst sort of them, who are called catkhadas, or burgh-masters, by express orders from Aly Naky, and to their great joy (as they are always glad of an opportunity to ruin the poor), were joined to Aly Naky Khan's Mahomedan officers in a commission to search for two young women. They got drunk together, and began at night to break open almost all the doors in Julpha, in order to discover the concealed females, to gratify their abominable covetousness, and at the same time satisfy the diabolical officers, in a place where there are no more rich merchants left. It was proved that they had exacted the sum of 15,000 rupees from carpenters, weavers, butchers, shoemakers, cobblers, and even of blind beggars. But they did not dare to pass the street where Emin's house was, he having warned them

beforehand, that if they offered to come near his habitation, he would do his utmost to kill the Mahomedan officers with his firelock, which would be a just pretence to Aly Naky to kill him first, and then to put to the sword both his family and the other inhabitants of Julpha. By this desperate declaration he saved himself from absolute poverty, and his family from being frightened out of their senses; for they well knew from his character that he would be as good as his word, and that he was well armed with three firelocks loaded, a brace of pistols, a scymitar and a Lazgui dagger; he having watched sometimes behind the door, but mostly on the top of the terrace, on purpose that they should take notice of his arms. In case he had been easy, and had not taken that precaution from the beginning to the end, in all probability they would have found means to impoverish him the very first year. Julpha will never be peopled while such abominable wickedness shall continue in it. It is moreover to be observed, that by the standing law of the late Shah Abbas the First, the Armenians (who are superstitiously fond of ecclesiastical ceremonies) have been allowed to have their weddings and christenings in public, their priests singing or rather bawling out hymns, with the congregation coming out of the church and going through the streets, or when the bridegroom and bride enter the house with a pompous procession. This stupid formality is an inducement for the foreign Armenian unmarried merchants, who are subject to the Turks, to come and settle there, as they dare not do the same in any part of Turkey. They are even glad to agree with the inhabitants, according to their circumstances, to pay a reasonable tax; but that destructive system of policy soon disgusts them. No sooner are they married, than an officer is sent by the catkhada to demand the tax-money, though they dare not come near unmarried merchants in Is-pahan. Many of them begged of Emin to interpose with the Calauter Makertish to make some regulation on that point, so as not to oppress them; but it was to no purpose, neither he

nor the catkhasdas would condescend to make any regulation. Thus in a few years, with the help of continual civil wars, the fine suburb of Julpha, once inhabited by 12,000 rich families, contain at present hardly 500 houses, and may soon be deserted and left for the Musulmans of Ispahan.

To resume the principal subject.—Emin enjoyed life pretty tolerably above two years, without any uneasiness of mind during that time. Aly Murad almost firmly established himself there, and after nine months preparation marched to Shiraz, which after a siege of thirteen months he took, destroyed his father Saduk Khan and his brother, and put out the eyes of the two sons of the late Carim Khan, namely, Abdulfat Khan, and Mahomed Aly Khan; after which he returned again to Ispahan, and sat on the throne of the Safi's. The country appearing now to be in peace, Emin with no small difficulty obtained a patta (or passport), and took his eldest son Arshac with him, leaving his wife and three children (a son and two daughters) with his father and mother-in-law, and several other relations. He joined a small caravan, and in eight days reached Shiraz, not without many obstacles, caused by different rahdars (or turnpike-men) on the road. After halting there eighteen days, he joined another caravan, and in the way caught a violent cold; his disorder was mixed with a complaint in the liver, caused by a pin. In six days he reached Cazran, and stayed there about a week; thence in five days more with exquisite pain in his right side, so that he could hardly breathe, he came to Bushir, where the severe disorder continued upon him forty days. There was no one to give him any advice, he was therefore his own doctor; he paid a piastre to a Persian barber to bleed him; but the man took such a quantity of blood from him, as to throw him into a swoon. He fell from his seat, and laid on the ground about an hour. The barber (or rather the butcher) and some Armenians were frightened, and did not expect he would live. When by degrees he recovered and opened his eyes, he saw the

poor boy shedding tears, and heard him say in a most feeling manner, "Dear father, what is come to you?" Emin, to encourage him, said, "Never mind it, my dear child, I am well again." Then raising himself, he sat up, and after two days more was cupped by an Armenian barber, as clumsy as the Persian. Finding himself somewhat relieved, he dined at Mr. Gally's two or three times. Three or four Julpha Armenians, who were at Bushir, did not shew him any hospitality.

Emin and his son, with Gabriel a mountaineer of Caucasus, who had been his comrade from Ispahan, took their passage in an Arab daur, commanded by Mahomed Ben Efy, and sailed in four days to Charaky on the coast of Persia, where they came to an anchor. The sailors with the master went on shore to their families, but four of them stayed on board with Ben Efy's brother. A week after, a westerly wind arose, and blew so hard for about an hour, with rain and a little thunder, as to make them give over all hopes of escaping a wreck. Had it continued a quarter of an hour longer, in all probability the terrible wind and sea would have driven the Arab vessel against a rock quite opposite to the wind, but it fortunately ceased. That day, and several days besides, Gabriel was on shore; his small capital, with the money of the other Armenians, was in Emin's chest, to the amount of 12,000 rupees. He was frightened out of his senses, and pretended he had some business to do; but it soon came to be known that he was afraid of being lost on board, where they had better accommodations than in Charaky, and had fresh water to drink.

One or two nights, when Emin went on shore with his son, Mahomed Ben Efy's invisible lady shewed them great kindness, and sent provisions, dates, and fresh water, in compassion to the young Emin, whose innocence had often been of service both to himself and to his old father; but it was afflicting to see Gabriel's envy, though he shared equally with them the hospitality of that amiable lady. Though she was not to be seen, yet she was

celebrated by everybody in the place for virtue and beauty. There is an anecdote worth relating: Her husband Mahomed Ben Efy, before he was in easy circumstances, sent messengers to her father, a renowned Arab chief, to demand her in marriage. The old gentleman resented the proposal; and finding an opportunity of catching the suitor alone, had him seised by many Arabs, tied up, and bastinadoed so severely, that he kept his bed for some time. The young lady, knowing his suffering to have been for her sake, declared openly for Ben Efy, and threatened to destroy herself if her father should refuse to consent. Ben Efy some time after sailed across the gulph, with some passengers to Bahrain, where pearls are found; and having finished his voyage, put again to sea; but when he was out of sight of land, he was attacked by seven Arab vessels, some of them galvats, and others daurs. Ben Efy finding their intention to be hostile, since they sailed on and pursued him, when near enough to be heard, begged more than a hundred times that they would go away in peace; alleging, that both parties being Musulmans, it would be unjust to shed one another's blood. All his expostulations signified nothing; when finding that no sort of rhetoric could pacify them, he barricadoed the top of the archway of his vessel, having only twenty-five fighting sailors, all his relations. The enemy, too proud of their superior force and numerous crew, without firing their great guns, thought it the surest way to board them, to kill all the men, and to take the vessel; well knowing that the merchants had entrusted to Mahomed Ben Efy some bags of pearls for the Bushir merchants. The pirates drew near, yard-arm to yard-arm, and soon boarded Ben Efy, who very wisely had reserved his fire all the while, till the vessel was crowded with them sword-in-hand; he then gave orders, and a bloody slaughter ensuing, he killed 400 of the enemy, took two of their vessels, with several bags of pearls and ready money. The rest had much ado to make their escape back to their country. Ben Efy very prudently left the

two vessels behind which he had emptied of their riches, lest his own should be weakened, and returned safe to Charaky, where there happened to be a great famine in that year. He maintained for twelve months, with dates and other provisions, all the inhabitants, to the number of 600, men, women, and children. Such were his bravery and his wealth, obtained by victory and his humane disposition! Yet farther to prove the greatness of his mind: a very rich man on the coast of Arabia, with whom Ben Efy had a slight acquaintance for some years past, by eating bread and salt with him, sent him a messenger with a letter, some time after that affair; a zinbil (or date basket) of pearls happened to be taken by Ben Efy in the action from one of those abandoned vessels which had been this man's property. The substance of his letter was, "O! Mahomed Ben Efy, if you will restore the pearls to me, they will be the means of preserving my credit, and saving my family from total ruin; if not, the light of their existence may be for ever extinguished." On the receipt of this letter, Mahomed Ben Efy restored the pearls untouched, without any hesitation. Emin was told, when at Charaky, by an Armenian merchant, that the basket had been restored, and was valued at some lacks of rupees; for which Ben Efy received only a present of 2000 rupees from its owner, or bread and salt as a friend. Besides his great joy on having an opportunity to obey the laws of Arabian hospitality, Ben Efy did this to shew to the world the justice and firm friendship of that famous nation, once master of all Asia, Africa, and part of Europe. When his manly conduct came to the hearing of the sheick who was father to his faithful love, he was reconciled to him immediately, declaring that he was worthy of his beautiful daughter. Ben Efy paid 12,000 rupees for her shirboha (or the price of milk), and married the lady, to his infinite joy. Here it must be observed, that, among the Arabs, no one can obtain a handsome virgin without being signaled by some noble enterprize, not even among the common people;

and a young man is not to be called by his proper name, but only such-a-one, unless he has performed some military exploit. The Armenians never take any notice of the bravest or best man, unless he is very rich, can pay exorbitant taxes to the Mahomedans, and give lapfuls of money to the holy fathers, in order to domineer like tyrants over the poor people. In all the different nations in those parts of Asia where Emin has travelled, the higher natives are taught from infancy many noble principles, which often make them considerable in the eyes of the world; but the poor Armenians, on the contrary, are entirely deprived of such advantages, and imbibe nothing but horrid superstitions, which of course have made them entirely strangers to those commendable virtues which lead to sweet liberty, and enlighten the human mind. They resemble the natives of Bengal, who never in their lives tasted English apples; or the Laplanders, who never saw a mango fruit.

XXXI.

1783—1785.

[Emin goes to Muscat, Surat, Bombay—Movses formerly his servant, now a prosperous merchant giving himself airs—Emin goes to Purrel—Presented to Governor Boddam by Mr. Malet—Becomes acquainted with several people who show him great kindness—Difficulty in procuring passage to Calcutta—Captain Smith of the *Admiral Hughes*—Mr. Matcham and his letter—Leaves for Calcutta—Stranded at Madras through Smith's mean tricks—Anderson of the *Success*—Emin scores off Smith in the end!—Arrears of pay—Hastings on the point of leaving—General Sloper—Posted to a company of European Invalids—Colonel Pearse in command at Fort William—Company ordered to Chunagar—Emin gets leave to stay in Calcutta and complete his "Memo-rial."]]

Copies of original documents—Application for Arrears of Pay—Letter of Col. Peter Murray—Emin's address to the Governor.

(Narrative resumed) [Concludes his Narrative with dedication to Col. Pearse and an apology to the reader.]

EMIN having stayed at Charaky eighteen days, went in the same vessel commanded by the brave Ben Efy, and arrived

in twelve days at Moshcat. He stayed also eighteen days in that unhealthy place; and thence in a Mahomedan vessel, after fifteen days sailing, he arrived at Jurat, where he was entertained above ten days by an Armenian merchant of Tiffliz, named Stephanus. Captain Pickett, his old acquaintance, on the Bombay marine establishment, being then an annual commodore there, applied to captain Tuice of the same corps, and procured a passage for him in his ship; in which, after five days sailing, he came to an anchor in Bombay harbour, and in a few hours went on shore to his relation Mussess, who had been his servant and companion almost eleven years before, and who, when he left Emin in Georgia, went prudently to Madras; where, understanding tolerably well the Armenian grammar, he introduced himself to Mr. Chamier's* favour, and was retained to teach his sons. In two or three years, Mr. Chamier gave Mussess a commission with goods to Suez, and thence to Egypt. On his coming back from that voyage with some gain, Mr. Chamier, finding him capable, entrusted him with greater merchandize, and a ship for Bushir in Persia; and also with valuable India goods and China wares to Shiraz, as presents to the late Carim Khan, in order to establish a factory there, and to sell his merchandize; but, unluckily, the king happened then to be dead. The presents were delivered to Abdulfat Khan his son, who being unworthy to reign after his father, was dispossessed by Saduk Khan his uncle. Mussess, wisely observing that the country was going to ruin through destructive civil wars, and hearing from all quarters the revolt of different generals, with much difficulty paid a sum of money to Saduk Khan, and bribed the officers of the court to let him go back to Bushir. Thence he went to Bombay; when the war happening to break out between us and the French, he thought proper to stay there by the order of Mr. Chamier till such time as he should be called for. Emin was not a little glad

* John Chamier, writer in E.I. Co. 1772. Factor 1778, Junior Merchant 1780. Senior merchant 1787. Chief of Vizagapatam for six years.

to find him there, after so many years longing to see him ; but, contrary to his expectation, he found him quite transformed, behaving imperiously and haughtily. Emin had not been in his house fifteen days, when, in conversation, he had the baseness to use the following words to the face of Emin, who had been the cause of his superficial learning : " Now you are so humbled that you come to my house to be beholden to me." At which unbecoming Jewish address, Emin was all on fire, and got up immediately to reward him accordingly, but the poor creature began to tremble without being touched, and from walking up and down the hall with a domineering attitude, sat himself down in a chair almost exhausted, and becoming quite as meek as when he was a servant to Emin, begged his forgiveness. Emin forgave him freely. As it was night, Emin said nothing to him ; but the next morning he left the habitation of the unthinking ungrateful Mussess, and took a house at fifteen rupees a month, without a rupee in his pocket. But a countryman of his named Hacob, though too poor in circumstances to lend him any sum of money, made him coolly welcome to eat every day in his house some rice and curry.

Emin omitted to mention before, that a few days after his arrival at Bombay, he proceeded on foot to Purrel, to wait on Governor Boddam. Mr. Mallet,* his worthy friend, happened to be there, and introduced him to his Excellency. Mr. Alexander Adams, one of the Honourable Company's civil servants, who came thither on some business, offered kindly to take him in his chariot back to town ; but the governor engaged him to dinner, and sent for his son, who came in a hakry. In the afternoon, dinner being over, he went in the same carriage with his boy to Bombay. When Mr. Mallet came to town with the Governor,

* Malet, Sir Charles Warre (1752-1815), in the E.I.Co.'s service at an early age ; after filling various posts, including a mission to the Great Mogul, Resident of Poona in 1785, where he negotiated an alliance with the Peshwa and the Nizam against Tippoo. Baronet 1791, Member of Council at Bombay 1797.

(which used to be once a week every Monday morning,) he made it his business to bring Emin acquainted with a great many gentlemen, particularly Mr. Pemberton, whose letter of recommendation to his brother was afterwards of great consequence. He also found Mr. Nisbet, and Mr. Matcham,* his old acquaintance, whom he had seen twelve years before, and whose hospitality and good-nature for nine months kept Emin from being almost starved. He and his son dined with them at least three days in the week, and this made him pass the time pretty easily, otherwise he might have been uncomfortable, living intirely with the Armenian Hacob, who, like Mussess, had been his servant for two years at Bosra and Bagdad. Emin, in all that period had not a single rupee in his pocket: yet he took care not to open his lips to those gentlemen, nor did they say any thing to him on the subject. He supposed that money was very scarce there, or that they were ignorant of his wants, otherwise they would surely have offered him a small sum. While he was meditating on his distressed condition captain Pickett arrived in two months from Surat, and with him, as an old acquaintance, Emin made free, borrowing of him 400 rupees, which were just enough to pay some small debts contracted to make up some linen for himself and the boy. But he was at a loss to get his passage to Calcutta: the commanders of the ships, on the one hand, not knowing him, would be paid on the spot in ready-money; and his friends, on the other hand, pressed him to go away; so that he was as much in distress as ever. At last he told Mr. Mallett that he had no money, and his friend very kindly interposed with the governor, who spoke to one captain Smith, (a Cumber-

* Matcham, George, b. 1753, son of Simon Matcham, member of council Bombay, Superintendent of Marine, H.E.I. Co., and senior member in council of the Presidency of Bombay. Resident at Broach till its cession to the Mahrattas. He retired in 1783, travelling to England overland through Persia, Arabia and Turkey; attended only by Arabs rode on horse back from Bagdad to Pera. Published an account of his journey from Aleppo to Bagdad; finally settled in England 1785. He patented an apparatus for preserving vessels from shipwreck. In 1787 married Catherine, daughter of Rev. Edmund Nelson and sister of Lord Nelson. He died in 1833.

land man,) commanding a new built fine ship called the Admiral Hughes, to give Emin a passage, which he promised the governor he would, but not in Emin's presence. This gentleman being newly come from Europe, was naturally very fond of money, and kept Emin in hot water for some months before he set sail; telling him it was true that the governor had spoken in his behalf to give him a passage, but that he must pay 300 rupees at Bombay, or give security for payment. Emin laid his case before his good friend Mr. Matcham, who readily sat down and wrote the following note: "Mr. Matcham presents his compliments to Captain Smith, and informs him that he will stand security for 300 rupees, for his friend Emin's passage-money to Bengal; that is, if he should not be able to pay the money there, Mr. Matcham will pay it to Captain Smith." Emin took this note to the captain, who little thought Matcham was Emin's friend, as well as the Governor and Mr. Mallet. He answered the note in this form: "Captain Smith returns his compliments to Mr. Matcham, and begs leave to send back his note respecting Mr. Emin, as he had already promised the Governor to accommodate that gentleman with a passage. Saturday, 31st July. 1784." Emin carried this note to Mr. Matcham, and begged of him to let him have it, alleging that the captain's word was not to be much credited. At this thought Mr. Matcham laughed heartily; took up a pen and wrote jocosely under the captain's note: "Mr. Emin, I congratulate you on captain Smith's generosity.—You will observe by the above your captain means to afford you a passage gratis: 300 rupees between your Highness and him is no mighty sum, though you are a prince *sans royaume*." Emin took great care to keep this note. In this manner had he been obliged to cringe nine months in Bombay before he could obtain a passage, often recollecting his late venerable father's good-natured banter, that his son Emin supported himself as a king among the Armenians, but that he was an English beggar. He wishes with all his

heart that no man of spirit may ever meet with the same numberless adversities, which made him almost forty years keep his body bent to his good friends, whose patience and humanity surpassed his sufferings, who have been always kind, and always the same, receiving him like the lost prodigal son, and as affectionately giving him fresh comfort each time, so as to make him forget all his past misfortunes, and affording happiness to his contented mind, by obligingly reminding him, that it was not for himself he suffered, but for the service of his country.

Mr. Mallet, Emin's very good friend, obtained for him a letter from Governor Boddam to Mr. Hastings, the late Governor-general: Mr. Pemberton also favoured him with a very friendly letter to his brother the reverend Mr. Pemberton, and a third letter was from Mr. Matcham. After he had taken leave of all his friends, the hospitable Commodore Nisbet honoured him with his own boat in which he and his son went on board the Admiral Hughes. Next morning captain Smith came on board and sailed for Madras, where he arrived in eighteen days, and where Emin made free to write two lines to Mr. Chamier, to acquaint him with his arrival, and to ask if he had any commands for Bengal. As the ship was to stay there but a few days, Emin did not think proper to go on shore. Mr. Chamier would by all means see him and the child; and sent a boat with two catmarans, which took them on shore. He received them in a most friendly manner, entertained them in his house, and made some new clothes for Arshac, of whom he took as much notice as if he had been his own child. He comforted Emin as well as he could for not having succeeded in his honourable design. On the third day Emin called on captain Smith, to know at what time the ship would sail, who, with great indifference and coldness, told him that he did not know. Emin supposed that the ship would stay longer than it was talked of, flattering himself that he should enjoy more of the agreeable company of his friend Mr. Chamier; but, to his great surprize, the next morning

the captain and the ship were gone. Emin could not help being a little sensible of the captain's uncivil behaviour in not speaking the truth. He intended then to travel by land, but his friend Mr. Chamier was against it, thinking it would be too much fatigue to undertake going that way. While they were wavering which way to proceed, captain Anderson arrived with his own ship, the Success gally from Mukha and Juda:* he happened to be an intimate friend of Mr. Chamier's by whose interest, after staying five days at Madras, he received Emin on board, giving him politely the best accommodation he could. He treated him well all the time of the passage, and in thirteen days they arrived in Calcutta river. Emin offered to make him proper recompence; but captain Anderson would by no means accept of it, nor suffer him to say more about it.

Captain Smith, after several weeks, not ashamed of his unmanly behaviour, made apologies, saying, that he did not know at Madras when he was to sail; and imagining that his boasting note was left with Mr. Matcham, and that Emin was to be imposed on like some other poor Armenians, sent his purser sily to hint at the payment of his passage money. Emin not answering immediately, the young man made him several visits for some weeks; till one day he said, that captain Smith sent his compliments to remind him of his passage. Emin said, "Why did not you speak plain all this while, that you might have had your answer?" at the same time producing the captain's note: the purser saw it, and was astonished. Emin told him, that he was very sorry the captain should call himself an Englishman, since he was fitter to live in Duke's Place among the Jews, than to rank himself among gentlemen. Upon this the man went away with the answer, and never returned, nor was he ever seen after in Emin's house. Captain Smith, whom he often met in the government-house at breakfast and dinner,

* Mocha and Jeddah.

never opened his lips to say a word about the affair which had been so silently settled. Mr. Matcham soon after arrived from Bombay, and Mr. Mallet overland from Delhi. Emin would by no means keep the ridiculous secret from his friends, but acquainted them with it. On the first meeting they laughed at it heartily, and seemed glad it had happened. They approved Emin's conduct, saying, he had done right to keep the note, to be even with the man who had plagued him so long at Bombay, and left him behind at Madras.

Emin, on his first arrival at Bengal, went with the letter from Mr. Boddam to wait on the late Governor Hastings; and after delivering it, was received with great politeness by his Excellency. A few days after, he was advised by several of his friends, particularly by the reverend Mr. Pemberton, (who was more than a father to him,) to address Governor Hastings for his arrears of pay, since his furlough had been granted by him without limitation of time; but Mr. Hastings, whose time was short, and who was very busy before he went to Europe, could not give attention to Emin's application. He favoured him at last so much, as to advise him to write to the Honourable Council. Emin asked, when he should write? Mr. Hastings said, "I will let you know:" but unfortunately for Emin, he was involved in greater affairs, went on board, and left him without a patron. The succeeding Governor, Mr. Macpherson,* happening to have seen Emin at Madras, desired to have a short memorial from him, with the leave of absence for an unlimited time, and the

* Sir John Macpherson, Bart. (1745-1821) sailed for India nominally as the purser of a ship commanded by his maternal uncle, Capt. Alex. Macleod, in 1767; sent to England on a secret mission by the Nawab of the Carnatic, returned to India as a writer in 1770, and was six years at Madras. Dismissed by Lord Pigot (Governor of Madras and C.-in-C. 1775-'76) on account of a letter from Macpherson to the Nawab containing reflections on the actions of the E.I. Co. Macpherson retired 1777 with fresh despatches from the Nawab to the English Government. The Court of Directors reinstated him. He opposed Hastings and became Governor-General on Hastings' resignation. He appointed Charles Warre Malet as English Envoy at Poona; was created Baronet and superseded by Cornwallis in September, 1786, when he returned to England. (*Dict. of Indian Biography*).

letter from the duke of Northumberland, and that of Mr. Edmund Burke.* On seeing the paper, he promised upon his honour to use his interest for him in the Council, so as to procure an order for his arrears, and his rank in the army. Emin seeing Mr. Macpherson's extraordinary affability, took it for granted that he would perform his promise; but Mr. Macpherson, either through forgetfulness, or by some accident, as he was not very well in health, neglected Emin's case, and kept him several months in suspense, without deciding one way or the other.

During this precarious situation, when Emin little expected to hear such news, he was informed of General Sloper's† arrival at Madras, and of his coming to Bengal to take the command of the army. This honourable officer happened to know Emin twenty-six years before during the last war in Germany, and immediately on seeing him, took him by the hand, and protected him in a manner becoming the dignity of a brave soldier. He, in a few weeks time, having procured an order of the Honourable Council for the arrears of Emin's pay, and his rank in the

* This is the only mention of this letter, unless the reference is to a letter to Lord Clive, recommending Emin, see p. 492.

† General Sloper seems to be the man referred to by Col. Pearse in a letter to Warren Hastings (*Bengal Past and Present*, vol. vii., p. 105), dated Jan. 8, 1787. "I saw old S——r return to the water which cast him up before, on Thursday sennight, and Mac goes off shortly, they say, to the Cape only. If only, may the ship founder and every trace of him be buried in the deep! for if he returns, 'India shall pass from the hands of England,' so says the Prophet, though he has not said it to whom." On the same date Col. Pearse writes to his friend Lionel Darrel, "Sloper gone, and Macpherson going is pretty nearly what a man in the situation I was under them could have prayed for, perhaps I did so! Whether I did or not I will rejoice at it, and so shall India. 'Twas a mercy, that there did not fall a red ribbon for Sloper, and that blue one did become vacant for Cornwallis. I wish it was arrived."—To Gen. Pattison.—"It is with joy I write it, the arrival of Lord Cornwallis has saved India. Sloper has gone, Macpherson carries away the rest of the pest in a few days. Sloper has obtained one hundred pounds a year for every month in which he filled the place of a Company's servant. Macpherson is made a Baronet! Hastings is delivered over to his sworn enemies...for having made a feudatory pay his quota for war for having punished a collector of a province who had presumed to raise a rebellion, who had emissaries in every durbar in India, trying to excite all to join against the English, and who took the opportunity, when we were engaged with all the globe, to try to extirpate the English."—(Some of this might have been dated 1918.)

army, posted him in the third company of European invalids. Earl Cornwallis succeeding both to the government and the command of the army, the General went home, and left Emin to shift for himself; but fortunately, Colonel Pearse took the command of the garrison in Fort William; and having known Emin at the Royal Academy of Woolwich, condescended to renew an acquaintance of thirty-six years singular kindness, and took him entirely under his patronage. The third company of invalids being ordered to move to Chunagur, Emin wished to remain in Calcutta to finish his narrative. The colonel obligingly interposed with Earl Cornwallis; and his lordship signified his pleasure, in a general order, that Ensign Emin was not to proceed with the corps, but was to draw regularly, according to his rank, for his pay, batta, and house-rent. This great indulgence he owes to the colonel, for had he not been present to use his interest with the Governor General, Emin could never have finished his Memorial; in which a friend at Calcutta, has corrected the bad English and false spelling, but has designedly left the rough style without any alteration.

EMIN'S APPLICATION FOR ARREARS OF PAY.

In consequence of a publication in the Gazette, that all persons having Claims on the Company, shou'd prepare them by the 1st of next Month, I take the Liberty tho'. with Reluctancy of being troublesome to you. The necessity of my present precarious Situation Obliges me against my Will to be so, Some Weeks since you promised most graciously to take into/your Good Consideration my Hard Case, in regard to my arrears of pay, and my Rank in the army, for 13 Years I took it for granted, and have wrote with the utmost confidence to my Friends in England that the present Governor General (meaning Your Excely, wou'd of his own Accord, and without any Gentleman's Interest or Interposition have supported me from falling and protected me, In doing of which I am confident they will applaud your Kindness, and Acknowledge it with Thanks.

I know the Multiplicity of important Affairs on your hands, which must prevent you from thinking of me, and which consequently Obliges me to intrude on your patience by reminding you of my distresses and being at present without any Means of Subsistence, your kind notice of me indeed is a Curtain that Screens me from the Reflections of the World and holds me from sinking totaly down in their Oppinions, may God avert any disappointment of my conjectured hopes, tho'. my Attachment to your noble Country wou'd be none relax'd, as for 35 Years last pas't I have serv'd it without regard to Emolument, According to my weak Ability, and shall continue so long as I live to wish to see Its prosperity and Glory. When I was young, it was a matter of Indifference whether I lived on Air or Starved upon Nothing, but now a number of poor Relations, besides a Wife and 4 Childrens to provide for, makes me to feel it to the Quick and in duty bounds me to call and cry out so very loud.

I have refused very great offers in my wandering Travels by different Infidel Nations, nor did I bend my neck to them even at the very risk of my Head, but have always prefered Christians to their Temptations just to serve my Consience, and my principles, which I hope to preserve incorrupt to the last of my Breath.

Lastly if my pay and Rank will be granted to me by your favour, I shall be happy, but if not I shall Still be contented provided you will with your usual Indulgence overlook my speaking so freely the Sentiments of my honest heart a principle of Gratitude no man that knows my Charracter can dispute.

My Bill for my pay, and Batta I have the Singular Honor to inclose, and to prove to you Justice, that I left my station under Sanction of your Noble Government, I likewise have the Singular Honor to inclose a Certificate of my Leave of Absence, I remain with utmost Respect

Hon'ble Sir

Calcutta the 14th
April 1785

Your honors most obedt. most obliged
and most protected

Humble Servant

(Signed) JOSEPH EMIN Ensign

To the Hon'ble John Macpherson Esqr
Governor General &ca. &ca. &ca.
Fort William,

Brevet Ensign Emin originally did duty with Major Baillies Troop of Cavalry, Since the reduction of that Corps Ensign Emin has not been posted to any other, but was permitted to reside wherever he pleased. It rests in the pleasure of the Commander in Chief whether or not to allow Ensign Emin his Batta during the period of his absence; but with respect to his arrears of Pay, he has an undoubted right to them if there are any due.

Adjutant General's Office
22nd February 1786.

PETER MURRAY.
Adj. Genl.

To The Hon'ble Governor General John Macpherson Esqr & Councill
&ca &ca

Honourable Sir & Sirs

Having given my most humble Address to the Honourable Governor General containing the Case of my precarious Situation, in Consequence of my Arrears of pay and my Rank in the Army, also the Certificate of inlimited Time (of the late Governor General) the Governor General very Graciously gave me Hopes and bade me to wait. It is now almost a year and half past, unsettled with restless Mind the present Necessity Obliges me, tho' with Reluctancy, humbly to beg of your Honour and honours' Indulgence to take my hard Case in your most humane favourable consideration so as to be pleased to grant by your mighty Hands my Rank in the Army and my Arrears of pay, which is the whole dependence of numerous poor Relations a Wife and four helpless Children, in a Country of despotick Government, where groaning under the oppressive yokes of different Tyrants, whose cruel barbarous Usages to the subjects, are not only unknown to your Honor and Honors, but also to all the Universe.

I am extreemly sorry to have gone so far deep in this my humble petition, as to effect your Humanity but if the Source of it had not been from that cruel quick feeling, which forces me to call out in so unsoldier like manner, I would with all the Ease and patience be content myself by the undaunted Attachment, for a Noble Country which I have without any Emolument honestly served full 35 years, either in some Campaigns abroad, or in a Mind gratefull, when Absented by an order & in defence of which (whether I am favoured or not) it is the humble

request of your troublesome petitioner to spend the remainder of his Days. I have the singular Honor to be

Calcutta
The 30th March 1786.

Hon'ble Sir & Sirs

Your most Obedient most
obliged and dutyfull

Hum'ble Servant

JOSEPH EMIN Ensign

(The foregoing are copies of documents in the Record Department of the Government of India kindly supplied by the Officer in Charge.)

Emin's name is entered in the Directory as follows.

Bengal Army List, February 1797 (*p. 54*)

PENSIONER

ARTILLERY

Ensign
Joseph Emin

It is to Colonel Pearse,* who would despise a formal dedication that Emin begs leave to inscribe his Narrative, with the simplicity of a soldier, and with a grateful sense of his kindness. He hopes that the public will receive his work with indulgence, and will have the goodness to consider, that he has laboured forty years, against his own interest, to be of service to his country; but found at last that he was grasping at nothing; having only the satisfaction of knowing, that it was his prudent conduct, in all that period, which saved him from being demolished by barbarians, who are themselves not sure of their own

* Thomas Deane Pearse (1738? 1789). Entered R.A. 1757 and was at the siege of Guadeloupe, the Havannah and Belleisle: joined Beugal Artillery as Major 1768: Colonel in 1779: Warren Hastings' second in the duel with Francis 1780: in '81 sent in command of five regiments to the aid of Madras Presidency: engaged under Eyre Coote against Hyder and the French: returned to Bengal 1785: given a sword of honour for his services in the Carnatics: died on the Hughli above Calcutta '89: senior officer of Bengal Army for last 3 years of his life (*Dict. Ind. Biography*).

lives for half an hour ; among whom, fathers are jealous of their sons, and sons envious of their fathers. The savage manners of those countries, to hear of which is painful, affect more strongly the mind of a man who saw with open eyes how unmercifully they destroy one another. There is no occasion to say more about them. The words of European travellers sufficiently prove their dispositions to have been always contrary to those of Europeans ; and those travellers were among them in a time of peace only : but from the invasion of the Afghans, who first began to pull down the family of Safi, and the completion of its ruin by Nadir Shah, the Persians are become entirely different, growing worse and worse every day. The whole country resembles the wreck of a ship ; and, as the divine punishment of their wickedness, the dreadful storm continues dashing the remainder of it against the rock.

To conclude : The author humbly begs leave to remind the candid reader of his imperfect acquaintance with the native propriety of the English style ; but he trusts that the singularity of the matter will not be unentertaining ; and he flatters himself that the young Armenians, whose knowledge of the language is but superficial may easily read and understand a work so plainly written. Who knows but it may throw some light into their minds, if they communicate the substance of it to others, or translate it into their own language ? In time to come it may be of service to them, and rouse them from their slumber, till they open their eyes by degrees, and understand the true meaning of liberty ; of which all Asia, from the creation of the world to this moment, have been, and are blindly ignorant ; witness the many vast regions in that quarter of the world which have been ruled by the will of a single tyrant, who, like a savage beast, has devoured his subjects ; and when he has been cut off, his successor has been no better than himself. Since the Orientals know not what freedom is, the author could not have learned the meaning of it in Asia ; but he went to improve himself in

the knowledge of European manners, and happily found at last, that liberty is the source of all the comforts of life.

THE END.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Emin to Mr. Pitt, 1758—to Mrs. Montagu, 1785—Mrs. Montagu to her Sister, 1785—Advertisement of Emin's book, 1789—Edmund Burke to Emin, 1789—Emin to Mrs. Montagu, original, August 1791, duplicate November 1791—Mrs. Scott to Mrs. Montagu (undated).

EMIN TO MR. PITT. A COPY. 1758.†

SIR,

Had I been so fortunate on my leaving this Place when I went to my own Country as I am now by your presence, I need not have the great Pain to be obliged to return. I had a little Allowance that I thought be to me *certain & sure*, but I was by misfortune disappointed when I was just at my Arms Length of Success. I say I was forced to return to manage my own Business, and try whether this sad face of mine, that recommended me once to brave People, wou'd serve me again. Your Reception of me yesterday was severe, but I hope it was friendly. You said so, and I beleive it. It was the Fedelity of your heart to spure me on, and to assure me of your Friendship. But give me Leave to say S^r that your hint with the Word Oriental, as if I was telling one of the Arabian Tails, I own, it choacks in the Throat me nor can I swallow it with any Comfort. I am hurt to the Soul, I see that success is necessary to make a man seem honest as well as wise. I own great S^r in my first attempt I am not successfull, but I can with satisfaction say have got Some Experience, & know the Country and the People. My failing was not my Fault. I can explain it, I must not write what I wish I cou'd, and must not speak what I think. It is the noble Sentiments of gratitude abstracts my pen. I hear it with Patiene. Thank you for it, and for the many favours already bestowed on me.—You seem to me like the noble Sparthans, who made their Conversation concise as well as their Writing short, whom I will

* The narrative ends here.

† This letter, which should have been inserted at the end of Part I., was unfortunately mislaid.

not only immitate but to improve upon without ever troubling your Goodness by my wild speeches. When I speak I am a ramber, and grow hot, but writing confines me to explain myself better. I will in three days time shew you what my meaning is, if you cannot bear my nonsense to disturb the extensive business you are employed in I am with the truest Veneration.

EMIN TO MRS MONTAGU

(Aug 7 1785)

To the most worthy, and most learned M^{rs} Montague

May it please your Ladyship

That your faithfull Servant the author of this humble Address took the Lebertry to write by one of the Ships of last Moosoon* his precarious Situation of Life to acquaint that he had no other Friend at Calcutta but M^r Macpherson the present Gov^r General who being very much inclined to assist, or forward my Interest fo grarnting my Arrears of pay, and my Rank in the Army, as he cou'd not do or bring about by himself alone at the Honorable Board of Counsell, & myself being almost despared by various disagreeable anxiety of Mind behold unexpectedly the great providence sent to my Assistance, the most learned Judge the Great S^r William Jones, who without my giving him the least hint of my Destress, interposed with the rest of other Gentlemen at Board, who having agreed unanimously to take my Case in good Consideration, and favour me without any Opposition. on that I am gratefully under Obligation to S^r William, who has honored me with the inexpressible Indulgence to be with him, to enjoy almost every day in the Week at his House his learned improving Company, in a word I am in Love with his benevolent Heart and greatness of Soul. His mind is exactly like my dear uncle M^r Edmund Burke's, and my Lady Jones's affable Cordiality Care and Indulgence towards me and my Son, much resembling my Princess Patroness the aimable M^{rs} Montague, in short I am happy and hope your Ladyship is so too:

Yesterday I dined with my boy at S^r Williams he told me was going to write both to M^{rs} Montague and to M^r Burke and promised to remember me to your Ladyshim, to him, and to all his and my Noble Friends, which makes me still happyer. Pray remember with my best Respects to M^r Burke, I intreat he will kiss for me, and for my Sou your Ladyships powerfull hand, and when we are come to old England we will kiss the sole of his Shoe, and my best

* Monsoon !

wishes with my Respects to his Lady, and his brave Son Mr Burke.
I have the Honor and happiness to be

Calcutta the 7th Aug^t 1785

My Lady, your Ladyships
most obedient most obliged, and
most faithfull Slave & Servant

JOSEPH EMIN
and Aurshauk Emin

(On the back of this letter a memorandum by Mrs. Montagu)

Papers to be given me at Denton *

Emin

MRS MONTAGU TO HER SISTER

1786
Emin!

*Mr Pratt's marriage
on Dec. 21 1785
ye 18th Janry.*

My very dear Sister

This severe return of frost makes me heartily wish you may not have left Norwich, your party at ye Bishops, & Deans, when ye Kitchen Fire w^d warm the whole dwelling w^d be very comfortable, & far more wholesome than a cold Villa. Mr Ireton on Monday brought me a mourning ring for our dear S^r William, I find by him, the Primate is quite alone at Bath, my nephew Robinson, who dined with me on Monday, tells me ye Primate did not invite him to come to Bath, I hope he has not disappointed any expectation his Grace entertaind that he w^d come as a thing of course, which, however, I much suspect. The news paper asserted that the Recorder of Canterbury was a Candadate for ye vacant place of a Master in Chancery. I heartily wish ye Chancellor w^d give it him, as I think it w^d be a very comfortable situation, & his knowledge of Law, & excellent, & acute parts, w^d enable him to make a very good figure in it, but as Places are seldom given to a Man for his capacity of filling them, I am afraid Charles must still toil on at ye Wrangling Bar, for I cannot learn from my Nephew Robinson, his Mother, or M^{rs} Taswell, who all dined here on Monday, that they have heard any thing of ye affair but from ye news paper, However I am not quite without hope of it, & sh^d I hear any thing to be depended upon will immediately communicate ye pleasing intelligence to you. You w^d read of L^d Dacres death in ye news papers he was well as usual when he went to Bed, but expired in less than an hour. L^d Camden is very happy in his Sons marriage,

* Denton was the name of the estate inherited by Mr. Montagu in 1758.

& by ye Rise of Stocks ye fortune will amount to £50,000. The Archbishop of Canterbury has given William Gregory a Living worth 160l. a year, & situated only 17 miles from London. He is an amiable youth, & I rejoyce in his good fortune, I do not know by what interest it was procured for him. After 20 years intermission of correspondence I had a letter last week from Emin, he found Sr W^m Jones was sending a packet to me of litterary performances by our Country men at Calcutta, so he inserted his letter. He tells me Sr William Jones is his kind Patron, & has made his situation very comfortable. It seems he is married, & has a Son grown up. I believe Harry Bothum will hire Ad^l Derbys House at Newton which is now to be lett, ye Admiral having inherited a Villa at Panbury which he likes better. I am to dine at Mr Raikes on Thursday sennight; I wish you & dear Miss Arnold were to be of the Party. It is reported that Miss Barwell is gone off with her Cousin a Mr Brown, they are not gone to Gretna Green, but far worse, to the Den of Sin & infamy, for it seems he is a married man. I was just here interrupted by a Person who calld to make me a visit, & from him I learn, that Mr Barwell follow^d his Sister & her Lover to some Sea Port, where they were waiting for a fair wind to waft them to some Foreign Shore, he burst into the Room where ye Lovers were sitting, & by ye assistance of 4 Servants arm'd forced ye fair fugitive into a Postchaise, & brought her back to London; whether she will return to reason & virtue I know not to fair Fame she never can, for as says ye french Poet,

lhonneur est comme une Ile dun bord*

Si une fois on en sorte, l'on n'y rentre jamais,

I am sorry for Mr Barwell who has been so kind and generous a Brother. The Carrier I fear has feasted on ye Turkey you kindly intended for yr Nephew & Niece for it has not arrived at Manchester Square, I dined wth them yesterday with some of ye York family. I forgot in my last to tell you ye cheap lamps are not like Parkers in a main article they emit ye smoke which his do not. He has single lamps, at 15 shillings a peace, which give more light than 2 wax candles or indeed than 4, & ye expence of oil only one half penny an hour. I beg my be t compts to Mr & Mrs Freeman & love to dear Miss Arnold. Your Turkey is a noble Creature, especially to those who feast on ye *feathers black & gold*; to ye Gourmand merely it affords only one fine entertainment. I am ever

Your most affectionate Sister
& obliged

E. M.

* An illegible word in the French.

Mr. and Miss Barwell. Richard Barwell (the friend and supporter of Warren Hastings), whose correspondence has been published in *Bengal Past and Present*, retired from Indian service in 1781, at the age of 39 or 40. Mrs. Montagu's letter of 1785 gives no clue as to the Christian names of the members of the Barwell family alluded to, but Richard Barwell had some relatives named Brown, which is also the name of the cousin with whom Miss Barwell eloped. Richard Barwell had two houses in Calcutta, Writers' Buildings and Kidderpore House (*Dict. of Ind. Biog.*). He became M.P. for St. Ives and Winchester, and died in 1804. A son of his was Collector of Midnapore in 1827. Mrs. Montagu's French quotation, of which one word is illegible, was probably made from memory, as she seems to be alluding to the following, from Boileau's *Les Femmes* (*Satire X*), 1693.

"L'honneur est comme une île, escarpée et sans bords,

"On n'y peut plus rentrer dès qu'on en est dehors."

The letter is addressed

Mrs Scott

at The Révd Mr. Freemans
Norwich.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM

THE CALCUTTA GAZETTE.

PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Memoirs of Joseph Emin, a Native of Hamadan,

Who, after following his father to Bengal, was at the age of twenty-four led by a spirit of enterprize to visit England and from that time, during a period of thirty eight years, has passed an active and eventful life in different parts of Europe and Asia.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Conditions.

The Work to be printed in England, on fine paper, in quarto. The subscription, two gold mohurs, to be paid on the delivery of the Book,

and the Work to be put in hand as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions shall be received to defray the expenses of printing it. A list of the subscriptions to be prefixed. Persons wishing to subscribe to this publication are requested to signify their names to the author in Calcutta or to the Printer of the Calcutta Gazette.

CALCUTTA

The 1st January 1789 }

“Proposals for printing by subscription” were very frequent in the *Calcutta Gazette*. Portraits of Lord Cornwallis, prints of Lord Clive’s picture at Government House, “Indian Traveller,” a “Treatise on Indigo,” and many other works, even a gloomy publication entitled “Thoughts on Duelling,” with “Observations on Suicide and Assassination,” were all advertised for subscribers, and presumably found support. The list of subscribers was always inserted, generally at the end of the book. Emin’s subscribers’ names were placed at the beginning of his book. Mrs. Montagu considered the price of the book was too high. “But,” protested the author, “be rights it should be so, for being brimful of two footed savage monsters, among whom Emin lived more safe and happy than among his Christian friends.”

EMIN TO MRS. MONTAGU.

(1789)

MY DEAR MADAM,

I cannot imagine for the Soul of me what can be the reason of your Ladyships Treatment to me, as not taking any notice of my several Letters sent to you within these 5 Years past. I wish I was a penman to know the properest form of drawing—a Complaint of you to yourself, for without any Fault you seem to have cast me out of the happymaking Books of your Sublime Memory. I suppose you think I am poor, if so I can tell boldly to your Ladyship the contrary, I am as rich as ever with Content of mind, as healthy and strong at the Age of 62 year, as when at 25, carrying heavy Lounds on my Shoulders in that great City of London. Beleive me my dear Lady the Sentiment of noble Gratitude has chained me down to be so humble, otherwise by the great Providence your honest Emin can snap Fingers at the Stars and bid defiance to the Sun and Moon.

But for all that Boast I cannot contain myself without the favour of your happy-making kind, answer, if you write me a single Line only ney if you even curse me I shall forget all my past Hardships, and rest satisfied. I am in hopes you will bless me at last when you come to consider, for you Humanity is far supperiour to my Furiousness. I have not any one to interpose with you in—my behalf, but your own compassioned good Heart to save the Anxiety of Mind, and keep me no longer deprived from that most valuable and singular Favour.

I have the Pleasure to acquaint you that by my good Friends Persuasion drawn up with much difficulty in 2 years and half the Memoirs of my Life of almost 40 years. I was obliged to trust it to the Care of my worthy good Friend M^r Thompson* (for the dear-ness of the Press in this Place) to present it to the Protection of M^r Hastings my Calcutta Patron to be published in London by Subscription, and have at the same Time remitted a sum of Money to be paid to M^r Thompson to defray the Expences of the Press. I hop your Ladyship as well as your Friends will condisend to subscribe to it. My gardian Angel Sir William Jones has been so good as to correct the wrong spelling and faulse English of it. Lady Jones and several Gentlemen have seen it and approved of it. I mke no doubt you will be entertained likewise when printed Had not I been encouraged by S^r W^m and Lady Jones, I should never had undertaken to do it, the style is plain the meanest Capasity may read and understand it.

Now to save me and your Ladyship the Trouble M^r Thompson my good Friend will by word of mouth tell the whole Situation of my Life. I can say so much, that I am not so poor as my Friends imagine, which is the only reason they take no notice of my Letters, and when I come to England I shall not hangue upon them as before unless they invite me hundred Times.

My Son Arshak is about 12 years of age, I wish he was in England for his Education. My Wife with a Son and two Daughters are in Julpha, God help both the Christians and Mahomethans in Persia, for it is almost depopulated by civil Wars ever since this 8 years or the late Carim khan.—I beg ten thousand Pardon for giving so much trouble with my rough long Letter. You know too well that I love adore and esteem your Ladyship as Godess of Wisdom. My Unckle my Brother and Son (here) hearing me so often remebering with respectfullness and veneration of the celebrated M^{rs} Montagues Bennevolency of great good Heart and drinking to her good Health every day at dinner, that they are as much in Concern for not seeing once a year a Letter in my hands from her, as I am. They join with

* Not traced.

me to send their sincere Wishes for your Ladyships Health & Happiness. And remain

My dear Madam

Your most obedient most obliged
most gratefull & dutyfull humble Servant

JOSEPH EMIN.

Calcutta 15th January 1789
Compliments of the season
to your Ladyship, with great
many happy new years:

P.S. If our Old venerable Friend Doctor Monsey is living pray remember me kindly to him once more adieu; Be pleased to look over the inclosed list of Letters, and a Copy of proposals for the subscription of Calcutta Gentlemen.

To the most celebrated Mrs MONTAGUE

LETTER FROM EDMUND BURKE.

(*From Prior's Life of Edmund Burke.*)

To an application from Emin many years subsequent to this period, to procure for him some situation of profit in India Mr. Burke wrote the following reply:—

To YUSEPH EMIN, CALCUTTA.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND EMIN,

You reproach me but too justly for not having regularly answered your letters, but I assure you that neither my wife nor I have forgot you; nor has my son been left unacquainted with our regard and good wishes to you; so that he begs leave to be ranked among your old friends, though you could only know him in his infancy.

I have never had much interest in India. Lord Clive once thought himself obliged to me for having done what I thought an act of justice towards him. The only use I made of his inclination towards me was to get him to recommend you to some military promotion. This was in the year 1772. I am convinced he did write but I believe he was far from well with the people then in power. Since that time none of those who governed India, either abroad or at home, have been my particular friends. Some, perhaps, have been ill-disposed towards me. My parliamentary occupation with regard

to India was naturally not very pleasing to those, the faults of whose government it fell to my lot to reprehend. My friends have suffered; I have not gained. I shall, however, be well paid for a great deal of trouble if I can make the burden of the English government over the people of India a little more tolerable than it has been.

As for you, my friend, you have been tossed in many storms, and in many parts of the world. It is fit that your declining years should have some rest. I am glad you have sought it in the comforts of a good conscience, and the domestic satisfactions of a good father of a family; everything else is but show without substance.

There are many changes here of all kinds since you left us. The Duke of Northumberland, your friend, is dead. Mrs. Montagu is still alive, and when I see her I shall put her in mind of you. Many changes, too, of a much more striking nature have happened since you and I first became acquainted. Who could have thought the day I first saw you in St. James's Park, that this kingdom would rule the greater part of India? But kingdoms rise and pass away—emperors are captive and blinded—pedlars become emperors. We are alive, however, and have, I hope, sense enough to derive lessons of private consolation from great events. They do not always teach the great, for whom they seem to be made; somebody ought to profit of them. You have attempted great things on noble principles. You have failed, and you are better off for yourself than if you had succeeded; for you are an honest, and if you please, a happy private man. Believe me, if occasion offers, I shall not forget you. My son and Mrs. Burke desire their kindest remembrance, and pray believe me to be, with great esteem and affection, my worthy old friend,

Your most faithful and obedient
humble servant

EDMUND BURKE.

March 29. 1789.

EMIN TO MRS. MONTAGU

[Original] Aug. 15 1791
[Duplicate] Nov. 12 1791

MY DEAREST MADAM.

O! gracious Heavens how happy I am made at last by your benevolent Heart after thirty years absence from England, seven of them spent in Bengal, the Paradise of Europeans and after writing several Letters to you without receiving an answer; when Mr Redhead unexpectedly presented me with two of your Letters, dated 2^d and 24th of Feby. containing a draft of ten Guineas; I return you my grateful thanks for not forgetting me intirely, but I wish

with all my Heart you had—rather committed that sum to my good Friend Mr Thompson, who has the superintendency of my publication. I shall be unhappy should he imagine it is done underhand by my desire. I was near going to send back the draft without receiveing the amount, but Sr W^m my Gardian angel and Lady Jones prevented me, lest I should incur your displeasure. My Reason for daring to think of committing that Rashness, or for putting this mad mans Head in danger, (as you after so many years surprizingly remember the oriantal proverb “that a brave mans Head is always in danger) was a suspicion from the Tenor of your 1st Letter, that you remitted the money for Charity sake, but in the second you call it a Subscription. I beg leave to assure you that I am not an Abject, but thank God indipendent. Should the fate of Destination oblige me to come to England again and reduce me to the last extremity, I will rather die than pass the streets where the Houses of my Friends be unless they invite me, and send me their handsome Chariots. Mr Thomson has 500 rupees of mine, which is fully sufficient to pay the Expences of the Work, only I did wrong to acquaint any of my Friends with the price of Subscription. If you had made no objection but possessed with the courage of a Heroine (as is written in the Rejister book of my Heart) had distinguished your dearself most nobly and singly patronized my Work, who could dare to stand in your way, or hold back your powerful hand from it? This shews plainly, that you have forgot the virtue of your Authority of selling and buying me, which you might have exerted to bring about a matter, only a trifle to you. When Mr Thompson said in his Letter, “that your celebrated patroness M^{rs} Montague, in most express Terms dissuaded me from publishing your Work &c. &c. &c. I was struck with astonishment and answered him in a few words to publish the Work at any rate, and trouble no one of Friends to become a Subscriber to it.—You were pleased to say books are very cheap in London, I know that before, but you would not have thought mine too dear, had you but recollected from your noble memory several years ago the drunken Greek man and his Dromedary with two Bunches on the back or the English Giant when you & I made a party with the old Late Lord Lytleton to go and see the monster near Charing Cross, whom Gentlemen and Ladies too travelled some hundred Miles on purpose to see, and satisfy Curiosity. If Curiosity would lead people to wander so far for trifles, why should my eventful work be laid a side?; because it was a little dear, be rights it should be so, for being brimfull of two footed savage monsters, among whom Emin lived more safe and happy than among his Christian Friends, who have made him inconsolable by their nonbecoming Coolness, in not answering him in due Time, in not acomplishing his wishes without a Cost of themselves, meerly for the satisfactions of Friends in this new elegant City, where by

virtue of indifatigable study of Sr W^m Jones & the Arts & Sciences may flourish, which have already began to shew a head, & to shine out. He is an honour to his Country! yes he is the glory of it. I wish poor Armenia had been so happy as is India and to have been taken by the impartial true hearted English nation, as Britain was in former days by the famous ancient Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normands; when each of these powers brought and introduced some wholesom Laws and Customs, and enlighten'd the conquered so as to make them free, & independent. Not like poor Armenia inslaved by fire-worshipers (or Persians) by rigid arab Mohometans, & by savage Tartars, & Lastly rob'd of their natural Sences by the Craft of holy Eclisiastics.

I am proud that you think I retain my English, but sorry that I cannot avoid mixing an asiatic tincture in my writing, I endeavour much to naturalize my sentiments to the English, but to no purpose, I am like a pack-hors, sureenough (for I was a porter) trying to copy after an antilope, I find I forget my own Gate; for it is not very easy to make a fierce-Tyger to become as tame as a Lamb; nature is a great obstacle, and it's power undaunted neither Art nor skill can alter it, till in time it fals in pieces and turns to the humble dust again.—As a Rational being I dont at all approve of our late Friend Doctor Monsey's whims, for giving his dead body to be quartered and hack to peices like the bloodthirsty Portugues Conspirators in Lisbon. For all his wit, and vivacity; he was wrong in directing in his last Will himself to be handled and treated in so indecent a manner.* I am apt to imagine his mind was not fixed upon the established principles of the Gospel, forgetting his origin & not observing wisely, whom, he was, that sent him into this Sublunary World, where all we mortals are but Travellers; we are on our ways driving back again to the place where the great God has made us and send us here to do good to our Fellow Creatures, & to shew good Examples. According to King David's Psalm C. 100 v 3. Know ye that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his People, and the Sheep of his Pasture.

My Son Arshak is hire I made him kiss this Letter because it is to be touched by your good Hands, sends his best respects to you with as much longing as is his old Father, he is above 14 years of age understands the Armenian the Persian, and little smattering of English, he must see old England and have his Education in a Gentleman like manner. My Wife and another Son with two Daughters are in that miserable Place Ispahan. I shall this coming Season go either to their Assisstance, or to take my son with me to England, to leave him there, & go myself over Russia to bring them out of that Country to some other parts of the World that is quiet, and in peace.

* See p. 65.

Lord Cornvallis without my application has made me Invalid, I receive 91 rupies a Month from the Company, I am both easy and Contented.

I have shewn your charming Letters to St Wm and Lady Jones, besides several of my Friends, they admired much, which I was princely proud of. In return I trust you will admire mine, & shew it to all your Bosom Friends, and to let them know how much I am gratefull, how much I am obliged and sensible, that you have not forgotten me after 28 long years, and have the Honour to be.

My dearest Madam,

Calcutta 1791. August 15
by favour of Mr. Redhead.

Your most obdient dutyfull
humble servant

JOSEPH EMIN.

This part is the answer of your 3d Letter
delivered by Doctor Russell.

I am made happy again by your 3^d Letter, dated 17th march 1791, the Reiteration of the death of all my Friends is strewing Salt upon my Wounds, but I think they are all alive in you, and while you live I shall not feel for the Loss of others. There are still some remaining, who even when we were acquainted, were but indifferent ones. It is Montague alone, that knows the real value of a Man not they, whose Friendship is but bubbles of novalty on the surface of Water, which in an Instance is no more (out of sight out of mind) I am at a Loss how to express my Gratitude for your being so benevolent towards me. Your taking so much pains to comfort me at such a great distance, makes me to forget all my past misfortunes, in not succeeding in my honest designs. Tho: I am advanced to 64 years and some months like old Job, I am become young again, and as lively as 25 years of age, ready to fall a sacrafice before you. I dont despair yet to see you before I die. I rejoice You are in a good state of Health, I pray God to continue so with Happyness to the inexpressible satisfaction of

JOSEPH EMIN.

Calcutta 12th November 1791
by Favour of Doctor Russell
Per Queen Indiaman.

P.S. the above is my Son Arshaks own hand copied from the original, humbly begs to be remembered with his utmost Respect, and Adoration to you, who are my princess, my patroness, and my best of Friends. The under

two Line extracted by him اندم که باتو باشم یکرور است سالی from Hafiz of
 Shiraz & written by him to و اندم که بیتو باشم نکسالست روزی shew that he
 longs as much to see you, ارشاک ایل * as is his old
 dady.

To the most celebrated Mrs E. montague.

MRS. SCOTT TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Letter from

Mrs. Scott

see Emin's History

Mrs. Montagu's sister.

I am afraid my Dearest Sister has not had much external enjoyment from her sejour at Shooters hill, the weather has been so unfavourable, never did a Summer bear so strong a resemblance to a Winter as this has done, but if the elements were perverse, the society wou'd make your retreats so comfortable & pleasant as woud compensate for the churlishness of the weather. I assure you I read with much pleasure Mrs Morgan's account of Sandleford & its Owner, Swift says that when a writer speaks our own sentiments we declare him to be a very sensible fellow; no doubt it is the sure road to our approbation. The fondness I have for Wales also made me accompany her thro' the whole of her tour with great satisfaction, tho' as I had gone almost the same road it arose more from the pleasures of recollection than from those of novelty, but in some parts she saw things I had missd, & on the contrary in others I had the advantage of her, but in enthusiastic admiration of the Country our minds were a good deal at unison. I have felt myself very much interested in Emin's life, which to those who had heard less of him might in many parts appear incredible. To be sure, the narrow escapes he had of being married to one Princess or other makes one smile, as by what I have heard you say his exterior charms were not very alluring, but he was a noble Being, & perhaps my heart ached as much for the bad treatment he received, as the heart of any of his Princesses. Pray how long did he live after the conclusion of his history of himself? he does not date the end of it. Be so good as to excuse the above shameful blot, which I am asham'd to send you, & can only plead in my excuse the stupidity which from a very violent cold has oppressed me; but my cold is abated tho I can not

* Translation of verse from the Persian poet.

In thy presence, a year seems a day!

Far from thee, a day seems a year!

say so much for my stupidity. I should have thank'd you for your letter sooner, if a report of an intended stip* of Parliament had not stopped my pen till I could learn with certainty how I might safely direct my letter, & I am very glad to find the report was groundless; it appeared to me incredible, as it does not seem that we could have a better Parliament, or that this was a proper season to make the experiment. I suppose the report was manufactured by the Democratic party. Miss Arnold desires her best respects. Believe me my

Dearest Sister your most
affect^{te} & Obligd

S. SCOTT.

July ye 5th †

(On the back)

Mrs. Montagu.

Portman-Square.

NOTES ON THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Angelo, Ducas. A Greek. Mentioned in the Sylhet Records.

Barlow, Sir George Hilario (1762-1847). Revenue Secretariat '88-96; carried out Permanent Settlement; Supreme Council 1801: Provisional Governor after Lord Cornwallis; Baronet 1803.

Bebb, John. Board of Trade, Export Warehouse Keeper.

Bristow, Mrs. Née Amelia Wrangham. Much admired in Calcutta society; an accomplished actress, having her own private theatre in Chowringhee. The first to introduce representation of female rôles by ladies in Calcutta. John Bristow, her husband, a friend of Philip Francis, was Resident of Lucknow 1774, superseded 1781, reinstated '82, died in Calcutta 1802. They were married "by permission of the Governor-General" at Chinsurah, 1782.

Brooke, W. A. E.I. Co.'s service. In 1794 was Julius Imhoff's superior in the Court of Appeal at Calcutta, seems to have resided at Belvedere. Died at Benares 1833, in the 81st year of his age, after 56 years of Indian service. (Note in Archdeacon Firminger's reprint of Grand's "*Narrative*.")

Brown, Rev. David and Mrs. Well-known clergyman, who went to Calcutta with his wife in 1786; was connected with the Old Church for 21 years; 10 years Senior Presidency Chaplain; 1st Provost of College of Fort William, 1800. Wrecked in the Bay of Bengal 1812, rescued and brought to Calcutta, where he died immediately.

Bruere, William. Secretary in the Revenue Department.

* Hole in original.

† This letter was evidently written after reading Emin's book, so it may be dated 1793

Campbell, Robert. One of this name was a merchant and agent in Calcutta, mentioned in the Bengal Directory, 1797.

Campbell, Alexander. One Alexander Campbell was Secretary to the Select Committee, Fort William, 1766. There was also, later, an Alexander Campbell, indigo manufacturer, near Mirzapore.

Chambers, Sir Robert (1737-1803). Second Judge of Supreme Court 1744; knighted 178; Chief Justice 91; retired in '99; declined a peerage. A friend of Dr. Johnson and of Philip Francis. Had three garden-houses in Calcutta, at Chitpore, Chowringhee, and Bhowanipore, and in 1780 bought a town house (now part of No. 7) to the east of No. 6 Hastings St., which had formerly been occupied by Warren Hastings. (*Bengal Past and Present.*)

Chambers, Lady. A daughter of Joseph Wilton, Royal Academician. She had, with Miss Meyer, sat to Joshua Reynolds for his Hebe. Dr. Johnson wrote of her, "Chambers is married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East." (*Bengal Past and Present.*)

Chambers, William, brother of Sir Robert, "whose knowledge of the dialects on the coast of Coromandel, as well as of Persian and Arabic literature, was critical and extensive, and his least praise." One of the earliest translators of the New Testament into Persian, "but he had not completed half of the Gospel of St. Matthew, when it pleased Providence to call him out of this life." (*Calcutta Gazette.*) Persian Interpreter to the Supreme Court. A note in an article on the Old or Mission Church in *Bengal Past and Present* says that William Chambers was at first in Madras. He came to Calcutta in 1776. "Being of an artistic and scientific turn of mind, William Chambers designed several structural improvements in the Church, of which the old circular chancel still remains. He died in August, 1793."

Chambers, Mrs. William Chambers married Miss Charity Fraser, sister-in-law of Charles Grant, member of the Board of Trade. Archdeacon Firminger says William Chambers had a house on the south side of the old Garden Reach Road.

Cheap, George. His date in the Bengal Directory is 1781, and he is not traced after that.

Cherry, George Frederick (1761-1799). E.I.Co.'s service, 1778; Persian Interpreter to Lord Cornwallis; Resident at Benares 1793; murdered there by Vizier Ally. "It had been previously intimated to Mr. Cherry that his (Vizier Ally's) appearance was hostile, and that he ought to be on his guard, but he unfortunately disobeyed the caution. Vizier Ally made many complaints of the Company's treatment of him, and having continued his strain of reproach against them for some time, he finally gave the dreadful signal to his attendants, who rushed in at that moment, and literally cut Mr. Cherry to pieces." (*Asiatic Journal.* Note in Archdeacon Firminger's reprint of Grand's "Narrative.") Grand speaks of him as "the much regretted and accomplished Mr. Cherry."

Collins, Capt. John. E.I.Co.'s Bengal Infantry 1770; Major in 1794; Resident at the Court of Daulat Rao Sindhia, 1795-1803. Resident of Lucknow after Mahratta War; died there in 1807; called "King" Collins, "cold, imperious, and overbearing." (*Dict. of Indian Biography.*)

Cockerell, Charles. Postmaster General in 1785. Baronet in 1809; a member of the firm of Cockerell, Traill and Co. in Calcutta. Archdeacon Firminger says he was descended from Samuel Pepys, the diarist. Grand mentions "Cockerell's house at Belvedere." His son took the name of Rushout, instead of Cockerell.

Crommelin, Mrs. Crommelin, C. R. Crommelin, William. In Berhampore lies buried Charles Cromelin, who came of a Huguenot family, and died, in 1788, aged 81. He was Governor of Bombay 1760-1767. His grandson, Charles Russell Crommelin, was Secretary to the Bengal Government at the close of the 18th century, and in the South Park Street Cemetery, Calcutta, is a stone inscribed to Mrs. Juliana Crommelin, wife of C. R. Crommelin, who died November 1795, aged 25. William Crommelin may have been a brother of Charles.

Davies, Thomas Henry. Advocate in the Supreme Court. In 1790 he is mentioned in the *Calcutta Gazette*, in a list of those present at a "Public Meeting," as Advocate General. An admirer of Miss Wraugham (Mrs. Bristow), and nicknamed "Counsellor Feeble" by Hicky in his paper, the *Bengal Gazette* (*Echoes of Old Calcutta*), amongst others for whom Hicky had various kinds of nicknames.

Edmiston, James. In the E.I. Co.'s service, died 1807, aged 40.

Eliot, John. Date as writer, 1781. Revenue Department 1793. Judge and Magistrate at Tipperah. In 1811 Offg. Judge and Magistrate of 24-Pergunnahs, Superintendent, Alipore Jail; Magistrate, suburbs of Calcutta, died 1819 at Fort William.

Elliot, George. Date as writer 1781, assistant Revenue Committee, 1783, Deputy Paymaster General, Paymaster of Extraordinaries and Company's Allowances to King's Troops. Paymaster to Artillery Garrison and Ordnance. Not traced after 1794. Epitaph in *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. viii., p. 212, from cemetery at Bhagalpore, "Sacred to the Memory of George Elliot Esqre. Who died On the 17th day of October, In the year of Grace." No date of year.

Fleming, John. Appointed Inspector of Drugs and Indigo, June, 1793, "in the room of Mr. Lyon Prager." (*Calcutta Gazette*.)

Francklin, Lieut. William (1763-1839). Entered the Company's Bengal Infantry 1783. Lt.-Col. 1814, retired in India 1825. Travelled in Persia 1786. Member of Asiatic Society. Wrote *History of the reign of Shah Aulam, the present Emperor of Hindustan*, 1798, besides many other works. Died in India. (*Dict. of Indian Biography*.)

Garbrand, C. Not traced.

Grant, James. Cousin of Charles Grant (for whom see *Dict. Indian Biography*). In the E.I. Co.'s service, in Bengal 1784-9; Chief Sarishtadar, or General Superintendent of native revenue accounts under the Board of Revenue '86. Author of *Finances of Bengal*.

Gutherie, Capt. John. In *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. ii., p. 427, there is a letter written by John Gutherie describing an action in which he took part, fought by a detachment under Col. Nevil Parker, at Korah, about twenty-five miles below Cawnpore, on June 18, 1776, against the forces of Mabub Khan, a disaffected officer in the service of Nawab Wazir, in order to gain possession

of nineteen guns. "There is took seventeen guns, with the Tumbils etc., etc., all well mounted after the Europe fashion, and very handsome Their force was 5000 foot . . . 1000 horse and about 600 Rocketmen, *Bravo*. Our whole force was 1,300 *Sepoys and eight guns*. *STILL MORE BRAVO*."

Hamilton, George. Only one reference found to this subscriber. In the *Calcutta Gazette*, "A Plan for a Lottery of Estates in England, June, 1791," Eleven Commissioners were appointed for conducting the lottery, who were "to hold themselves responsible for the amount of the tickets and for remitting the same to London." Of these eleven George Hamilton is one.

Harington, John Herbert. Date as writer 1780, Revenue Department. Held successively many appointments in Bengal. In 1825 Member of Supreme Council and President, Board of Trade. In 1828 went home on absentee allowance and died in London, April 1828.

In 1796 J. H. Harington was granted a pottah for a parcel of land measuring 9 biggahs, 5 cottas, and 12 chittacks, at that part of Chowringhee called Dhee Birjee and Chowkeber. In 1810 he had let the site of what is now 50 Theatre Road, with "a wall in the middle," to Lieut. Arthur Dingwall-Fordyce, and was residing on his own property to the east of this site, where the Royal Calcutta Turf Club is now situated. What is now 45 and 46 Chowringhee is mentioned in the title deeds of 50 Theatre Road as the "property of the Children of John Herbert Harington, now in the occupation of Eneas Macintosh." What is now 44 Chowringhee was then the property of Willoughby and George Dacosta, who were members of a Portuguese family mentioned in Mrs. Fay's "Letters." J. H. Harington's land extended to what is now Harington St., then the "Public Road leading east from the High Road from Calcutta to Russa Pugla, to Short's Bazar."

Hay, Edward. Secretary to Government. Proprietor, with Jacob Rider, of the Bengal Bank, also powder-maker. At the New Powder Works, eight miles below Calcutta, he gave a farewell dinner to his friend, Warren Hastings, on the day of the latter's departure from Calcutta, Feb. 1st, 1785. (See Archdeacon Firminger's *Notes on Old Calcutta*.)

Hyde, Hon. Mr. Justice. Puisne Judge in Calcutta 1774. One of the magistrates who committed Nuncomar to trial for forgery. Passed 21 years of uninterrupted service as Judge; died in Calcutta, 1796. In Busted's *Echoes of Old Calcutta* it is stated that he lived in a house on the site of the present Town Hall of Calcutta, for which he paid a rent of Rs. 1,200 a month. A notice of his death in the *Calcutta Gazette* is concluded in the following terms. "In a society, scarcely a member of which has not experienced some instance of animated attention, of genuine hospitality, of affectionate kindness or of considerate and prompt benevolence, it would be equally useless and impertinent to enter into a laboured detail of qualities and virtues he was universally acknowledged to possess. We all feel and lament, but who can in adequate terms describe the extent of our loss!!!

"Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium!!!"

Mrs. Hyde, daughter of Lord Francis Seymour, Dean of Wells, after her return to England married in 1798, her cousin, Mr. John Payne, perhaps the "Mr. Payne of the Direction" referred to by Emin, p. 100.

Kennaway, Richard. There are notices in the *Calcutta Gazette* signed by

him, as Import Warehouse Keeper in, 1788. Probably related to Sir John Kennaway, as the latter's grandson, son of John, 2nd Baronet, was named William Richard. (He became Judge of Futteypore, and died in 1842.) Richard Kennaway, with Henry Vansittart, was executor to Robert Palk, whose house was advertised as follows—To be let and entered upon immediately.

House of the late Robert Palk Esqre., to the South of the Great Tank, now in the occupation of Henry Vansittart Esqre. For particulars please to inquire of Mr. Vansittart or Mr. Richard Kennaway.

Kyd, Major (later Lt.-General) *Alexander*. The heir of Col. Robert Kyd (and son of Capt. James Kyd, R.N.); died 1826.

Lacam, Mr. Benjamin. Free Merchant. A protégé of Philip Francis and a Calcutta contractor. Proposed reclamation of Saugor Island, and executed docks in Calcutta. In 1773 married Miss Kitty Statham. Mr. and Mrs. Lacam were fellow-passengers with Philip Francis on board the *Fox*, November 1780. (*Echoes from Old Calcutta*.)

Law, Thomas. Younger brother of Ewan Law, Chief of the Provincial Council at Patna

Leith, Sir George, Bart. Has only come down to posterity as a society man, although there must have been some reason for his presence in Calcutta other than the fact of his being a dancer of minuets! The "Ball held for the celebration of His Majesty's birthday" in December, 1793, was "opened by Mrs. Chapman and Sir George Leith" (*Calcutta Gazette*); the same account goes on to say "After supper country dances commenced and were continued with great spirit till four o'clock in the morning, and we observed, with much pleasure, for the first time, several Armenian ladies and gentlemen joining in the dance." In December, 1794, at a "Ball and Supper at the Theatre"—the Governor's house was not large enough for these festivities—"in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, the minuets began at half after 8 o'clock, the Ball opened with the two following;

Mrs. Morgan and Lieut. Nangrave.

Mrs. Chapman and Sir George Leith, Bart."

A series of eleven minuets followed, of which Sir George Leith danced three. Nothing further discoverable about this gentleman.

Macan, Turner. Custom Master. His name appears in a list, headed by William Burke, of the names of the gentlemen who circulated a card calling a Public Meeting "for the purpose of considering an address to be presented to the Governor-General previous to His Lordship's departure to the coast" (Madras), September, 1790. Macan was one of the jurors who tried the indictment of James Augustus Hicky for a libel on Hastings published in the *Bengal Gazette*, March, 1781.

Mason, Bryant. Assistant to Commercial Chief at Patna; Deputy Paymaster to Troops at Chunar, 1787; Commercial Resident at Rungpore, Salt Agent at Tumlook. Resigned 1809; lost at sea on board ship *Calcutta*, 1809.

Mavrody. A Greek name. *Mackenzie, Edward*. Not traced.

Middleton, Edmond Pitts. Revenue Department 1783; Commercial Department, Commercial Resident, Salt Agent 24-Pergunnahs. Died 1810, and buried in South Park St. Cemetery.

Murray, Colonel. Adjutant General. *Morris, Capt. James.* Not traced.

Paniatty, Mr. Now spelt Panioty. A Greek name, well known in Calcutta up to the present day.

Parthenio, Rev. Mr. The Greek priest. The original of the head of Our Lord in Zoffany's picture of the *Last Supper*, at St. John's Church, Calcutta.

Prager, Lyon. Inspector of Drugs and Indigo. In 1786, the Court of Directors "permitted Mr. Lyon Prager to proceed to Benares and reside there for the purpose of trading in Pearl, Diamonds, Diamond Boart and other precious stones in order to afford to individuals means of remitting their property to Europe and to secure to the Company their accustomed dues." (*Calcutta Gazette*.)

Prince, William. Roche, Edward. Not traced.

Russell, Claud. A Madras Civilian, sent for by Lord Clive with three others—William Aldersey, Thomas Kelsall, and Charles Floyer, in 1765, to supersede certain Civilians in Bengal (one of whom was Richard Barwell), of whose conduct the Governor disapproved. He was Collector and Military Paymaster in 1770, as may be seen from a letter addressed to him by George Vansittart, brother to the Governor, *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. vii., p. 50. Claud was brother to Dr. Patrick Russell, who saw Emin at Aleppo (see page 158), and wrote a letter to Lord Northumberland about him.

Russell, Dr. Patrick (1727-1805). M.D. Edin., doctor to the English Factory at Aleppo, 1750-'71. Much respected there and granted the privilege of wearing a turban. Studied the disease of plague there and later wrote a treatise on it. Accompanied Claud Russell to Vizagapatam in 1781. Appointed botanist to the E.I.Co. in the Carnatic: wrote on *Poisonous Snakes of Coromandel Coast*; etc. etc., made large collections of plants, fishes and reptiles. Left India with his brother in 1790. According to Emin, in 1791, see p. 496.

Shaw, Edward. Not traced.

Taylor, John. There were two others of the same name at a previous date in Bengal. This John Taylor seems to have been an official on the Board of Trade, mentioned by Dr. Busteed in *Echoes from Old Calcutta*, p. 196, as one of the numerous admirers of Amelia Wrangham, and one of the people on whom the editor of the *Bengal Gazette* had bestowed nicknames, and alluded to, in this instance, as "J. Durgee,"* in his paper. In a list of Europeans (1783) not Covenanted servants of the Hon'ble Company, residing in the District of Rungpore, "without special permission," there are mentioned Mr. Daniel Rausch, German agent for Mr. Killican at Gowalpara, and Mr John Taylor, agent for Mr. Daniel Rausch at Mogulhaut.

Tucker, Henry St. George (1771-1851). Went to Calcutta as a midshipman in 1786, became Secretary to Sir W. Jones in 1790; Captain of Volunteer Cavalry Corps. Military Secretary to Lord Wellesley 1799; Accountant General 1801 and 1805; Member of Board of Revenue 1808; Chief Secretary 1814; Left India 1815; Director of E.I.Co. and later Chairman of the Court (*Dict. of Indian Biography*).

Wright, Alexander. Captain in the E.I. Co.'s service. Father of the distinguished orientalist, William Wright.

* Also, more offensively, as "Pigdanny Durgee!"

NOTES ON ARMENIANS, SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.

Arakiel, Moses Catchick. In 1802 wrote a letter to someone in Calcutta, which was later published in the Armenian Calendar for 1816, as follows :

SIR,

I have the pleasure to give you such an account of the Armenian inhabitants of Calcutta, as I can confidently assert to be exact. ' I myself was born in the Metropolis, and what I am about to write is the Collective information from the oldest Armenians now living there. The Armenians settled in this country upwards of 150 years ago, and I feel a pride, in adding they have always been faithful subjects to the English Government, by referring to Bolt's you will find that my Great Grand Father Phanoos Calender, was in consequence of his confidential service to the English honoured with several privilege and public rights from Government. Shortly after the establishment of Calcutta by the English, the Armenians settled amongst them, and erected a small Chapel in the China Bazar where Mr. Joseph Emin's House now stands. The site of the present Armenian Church was at that time their burying ground in which there are tomb stones dated 80 years back and consequently older than the present Church. The Armenian Church was built in the year 1724 by one Aga Nazar, and the Steeple was added in 1734 by one Manuel Hazarmall, the expence attending which was defrayed with a sum appropriated* for the purpose by his father Hazarmall Chatoor. The Architect Gevond was an Armenian from Persia. No material alteration was made in the Armenian Church from the above period until the year 1790, when my deceased father Catchick Arakel embellished the Church inside, presented the Clock, added the houses for the clergy, and built the surrounding walls. The Church now goes by the name of Saint Nazareth's Church in honour of the founder. The Church at Chinsurah is the oldest that the Armenians have in this country, it was erected in 1695 and dedicated to Saint John.

I am, Sir

Your Most Obedient

MOSES C. ARAKEL.

CALCUTTA

March 25th 1802

Timber Chapel of the Armenians.

On the east side of China Bazar, a little to the south of the present churchyard of the Armenian Church, there is a small open space whence two narrow lanes diverge, the one, Hammam "Gully"—or Lane—running eastward, the other, Old China Bazar Lane, northward, ending in a small door opening into the Churchyard. The house in China Bazar at the corner of Hammam "Gully" is the one referred to as "Mr. Emin's house." Behind it is the old hammam, or Turkish bath, formerly used by the Armenians, now an outhouse. The open space whence the lanes diverge is the site of the old timber chapel, and there are said to be graves under the surrounding houses. In Mr. Mesroby Seth's *History of Armenians in India*, he quotes the permission, amongst other privileges, that the Armenians received from the E.I. Co., embodied in a Charter dated June 22, 1688, to erect a church wherever forty or more of their nationality should become inhabitants of garrison cities. It was to be built of timber (at the charge of the Company), which afterwards the Armenians "could alter and build with a stone." Fifty pounds per annum were allowed them by the

* Meaning set apart.

Company for the space of seven years for the maintenance of a priest of their own persuasion.

Name of the Church. There is no Saint Nazareth, any more than there is a Saint Bethlehem—or Saint Jerusalem for that matter—in the Armenian hagiology, and the founder of the church (doubtless a worthy person, but no Saint) was a man called Aga Nazar (Nazareth). Nazar and Bethlehem are proper names frequently occurring amongst Armenians. The original and the present name of the church is Nazareth's Holy Armenian Church. The Armenian word Սուրբ *Surp*, which signifies holy, is also used as an equivalent to the word Saint. The Virgin Mary is called the Holy Virgin; the Saints John, Matthew, Peter, and others are spoken of as Holy John, Holy Matthew, and so on. And there is no other word for "Saint" apart from the word *Surp*, or holy. All Armenian Churches are called holy, and they are so accounted in a very special sense for many reasons, beginning with all the various ceremonies which take place at the laying of the foundation stones, when twelve stones, blessed and inscribed with the names of apostles and evangelists, are laid in the foundations of the walls. The name of the founder, being identical with that of a holy place, was quite suitably connected with the church in commemoration of the man himself, and the building could not have been dedicated to any mythical saint. The mistake made in English, up to the present day, in speaking of the Church as St. Nazareth's Church, has arisen from the synonymy of the Armenian word used for holy and for Saint. It would have been better to have called it the Church of Holy Nazareth, but the original correct Armenian designation is as stated, Nazareth's Holy Armenian Church.

There were originally only two gates to the churchyard, the north gate and the southern gate. The west gate, on China Bazar, was of later construction, and above it is placed an inscription in brass letters, which is sufficient to show that there is no "Saint" involved. It runs as follows, and clearly refers to the Church itself.

Holy Nazareth, our mother kind, with outstretched arms wide openeth
Her holy bosom for her sons, to nourish them with milk of grace.

Davit Marcar Sheriman, Dionysius Herapeet, Nicholas Malkas, John Owen Petruse, Dan. Raphael Baboum, Sarkies Ter Johannes, Satur Muradkaun, Shamir Sultannum, Mirza Stephanus, John Visken, are Armenian names, several being merchants on the Bengal Establishment. The Armenians seem to have been a loyal and influential body of men at that time. In *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. ix., Part ii., is reprinted a *Rare Pamphlet*, by a Gentleman Resident in Calcutta, entitled a *Narrative of Facts leading to the Trials of Maha Raja Nundocomar and Thomas Fowke*. The Pamphlet was originally printed in London, in 1776. It includes Addresses of the Grand Jury, European, and Armenian Inhabitants of Calcutta, to the Chief Justice, Sir Elijah Impey, and the other Judges of the Supreme Court, with their replies. The following is the address presented by the Armenians.

MY LORDS,

We, the Armenians, inhabitants of Calcutta, in full conviction of many salutary effects already resulting from the administration of English laws in this Settlement, and in certain expectation of still more advantageous consequences, beg leave to express our warmest sentiments of gratitude to that power by whose interposition they were introduced, and to those hands by which we see them so impartially executed.

Ever mindful of the abilities and of the candour displayed by all the Members of the Bench, we think it our duty to signify our thankful sense of them to you, as the President, and through you to the rest of your Brethren, who, as they have uniformly exerted themselves for the public good, are also intitled to a share in our respectful acknowledgements.

We must confess our fears, upon the introduction of English laws into this country, to have been neither light nor groundless. Where our fortunes, our lives, our honour, and our religion might be at stake, we could not but shudder at the consequences of justice distributed in an unknown language, and upon principles of which we were totally ignorant.—It is to you, my lord, that we owe this obligation, not only of a release from these terrors, but of a comfort and satisfaction proportionably more solid, as our causes of uneasiness had been substantial.

We are now convinced, that Chicanery, Subornation of evidence, perjury and forgery, will never by any particularity of circumstance, or exertion of influence, escape with impunity; and the severe warnings which have been given to all offences so injurious to society, are most ample pledges for the protection of the peaceable subject in his property, his person and his reputation.

We are also told, that by your timely interposition, an attempt to introduce blank warrants for summoning any persons from all parts of the provinces, has been most effectually precluded. By this step your lordship has probably rescued an extensive kingdom from absolute destruction: for what man, independent either in his fortunes or his principles, would have resided one moment in a country where he was perpetually liable to be harassed by vexatious and expensive journies, and by a painful attendance upon a Court of Justice, at the folly, the pique, or the caprice of every litigious individual?

We now experience within the space of a few months a total removal of every serious solicitude, and the most comfortable assurances of security in the possession of all we hold valuable, in these striking specimens of the excellence of the British Law, and the impartiality of its administrators.—We are therefore very earnest in our wishes, that its salutary influence may be yet wider extended, and its establishment, (if possible) more effectually secured. Calculated as it is for a people whose climate, whose religion, manners, and dispositions, differ totally from those of India, there must necessarily be many parts of it which materially clash with our sentiments and our prejudices, though we have the most exalted opinion of its general advantages.

Give us leave then, my lord, to hope, that it may hereafter be so modified and blended with the immediately national and constitutional peculiarities of this country, as to leave us no possibility of apprehension from its most extensive exertion, or excuse for undervaluing the obligations we receive from it;—that so our gratitude may be still more warmly excited towards our Most Gracious Monarch, who in this first exercise of his authority has given us so wonderful an instance of the wisdom of his government, and so respectable a representative of the British Legislature.

We most heartily unite in wishing that your lordship may long continue

to preside in that Court from whence all our future security is to be derived; and that we may have the satisfaction of knowing, that our fortunes, our lives, and our reputations, equally unexposed to attacks of private artifices, and the fluctuation of arbitrary authority, stand inviolate upon the unalterable principles of equity.

Petrus Arratoon.
 Minas Elias.
 Owen John Thomas.
 Joseph Emin*
 Zachariah Calder.
 Gabriel Johannes.
 Carapiet Thomas.
 Catchatoor Owen John.
 Astwasatoor Gregory.
 Arratoon Johannes.
 Phanees Bogram.
 Gregory Sarkees.
 Abraham Pogose.
 Mattacky Michael.
 Cachick Arrakeel.
 Malcas Isacc.
 Suttoos Elias.
 Parsick Carapiet.
 Arratoon Petrus.
 Lazar Moorraud Cawn.
 Aviet Astwasattoor.

David Stephen.
 John Mellickrat.
 Jacob Martinus.
 Arratoon Sarkes.
 Gregory Simon.
 Sarkees Johannes.
 Vissent Gregory.
 Stephan Mirza.
 Astwasattoor Gregore.
 Arrakeel Anton.
 Thorous Gregory.
 Cachik Sarkees.
 Petrus Isacc.
 Satter Morraud Cawn.
 Arratoon Petrus.
 Baban Phanes.
 Michal Agabab.
 Moses Joseph.
 Avidick Jacob.
 Petrus Avidick.
 Cachatoor Isacc.

Phanees Jacob.

ANSWER.

GENTLEMEN,

It is by no means surprizing, understanding as you did, that new laws were to be introduced among you, formed to rule a nation differing so wide in climate, manners and religion, from you, that you should take an alarm. It will be with the highest Satisfaction I am enabled to acquaint his Majesty, through his Ministers, with what chearfulness you submit to his laws, and with what gratitude you acknowledge his royal care, extended to these regions so remote from the seat of his empire, and with what "warmth you wish, that the salutary influence of his laws may be yet wider extended, and their

* Emin's father.

establishment if possible, more effectually secured." I will likewise most faithfully transmit your hopes that the laws may hereafter be modified and blended with the immediate national and constitutional peculiarities of this country.

We enjoy great happiness from finding that our administration of those laws has tended to remove the prejudices which you so naturally entertained; and it rejoices me to have it in my power to inform you, that the same gracious wisdom and goodness that prompted his Majesty to extend the benefit of his laws to this country, has prescribed to us by his Royal Charter, in what manner and how far we are to introduce them, thereby providentially guarding against any inconvenience that might arise from a promiscuous and general introduction of them.

The principles of laws relating to property are universal. To give to every man what is his due, is the foundation of law in all countries and in all climates; it is a maxim that must be acknowledged by men of all religions and persuasions. Religion, custom, and prejudice, do indeed make the same act criminal, or more or less so, in one country than in another.

But his Majesty has already most graciously consulted your religion and customs, and the climates which you inhabit, and has with most fatherly tenderness indulged even your prejudices; it is his royal pleasure that only such of his laws shall be enforced as are conformable to your customs, climate, prejudices and religion.

We cannot but be sensibly affected by this public approbation of our conduct given unanimously by so opulent, so respectable, and so independent a body of men, as the Armenians resident in this town.

Did our consciences not co-operate with that approbation, we should feel these expressions of your sentiments as censures, not praises.

We are confident, that if the laws of England are honestly and conscientiously administered, you cannot be disappointed in the effects which you so sanguinely, expect from them; and we pledge ourselves, that it shall be our constant study to administer them in such manner that you may derive from them the greatest benefit and the fullest protection which they are capable of bestowing.

Further on in the Pamphlet it is stated that the "Export Trades in Raw Silk to Bombay and Surat," etc., etc., is "carried on and the returns made in ships and vessels belonging to the English Merchants. The principal freighters, and almost the only importers of money into the Kingdom, are the Armenians and the owners above-mentioned, and without which the territorial revenue of the Kingdom would be difficult to collect.... the greatest part of the foreign trade of this kingdom is managed by the above mentioned bodies of men; and except a little silver imported by the Dutch and the French, the only resource for keeping up the currency of this coun-

try lies in the honest industry, integrity and perseverance of the English and Armenian independent merchants residing in Calcutta. The trade of the port has increased in a duplicate proportion within these three years, as may be proved by the Custom-House books.

"Next to that from the European Merchants, stands the Address of the Armenians; a very rich body of people, whose extensive dealings and universal correspondence make them particularly useful in this country. It has ever been thought a wise maxim, by the ruling Princes in the East, to give them every encouragement and protection in their dominions. They also have confined the signatures of their Address to the principal men of their Cast residing in Calcutta."

From a publication called "Indian Recreations," printed in Edinburgh in 1803, and reproduced in the Armenian Calendar for 1818.

"The Armenians are the most respectable and perhaps the most numerous body of foreign merchants in this Capital. They carry on an extensive trade from China and most of the sea ports to the Eastward and to the West, as far as the Persian gulph. Their information from all these different quarters is deemed the most accurate and minute of any body of men in their profession. They are attentive, regular and diligent in business; and never think of departing from their lives and indulging in dissipation, even after a competency has been acquired. Their houses are therefore of old Standing, and many of them are possessed of large Capitals, as subjects they are perhaps the most peaceable and Loyal to be found in any country, as members of Society they are polite and inoffensive.

"When the convalescence of his majesty, after a severe indisposition, was publicly notified in Calcutta, a general expression of joy was made by all the inhabitants. But the most conspicuous and brilliant illuminations were displayed by an Armenian merchant by the name of Cachick Arakel, because accompanied by an act of Charity. His Loyalty did not escape the notice of Lord Cornwallis who on interrogating him what particular interest he felt in the life of his Brittanic Majesty received this reply. "I have, my lord, lived under his Government for near thirty years, it has never injured me but on the contrary always afforded its protection, and this, with industry has enabled me to accumulate a very plentiful fortune."

"This speech is not perhaps the most eloquent; but I confess that to me it has conveyed a more advantageous Idea of his understanding than if he had composed Volumes of our political Sophistry.

"When these circumstances were reported to his majesty by the Governor General Mr. Cachick Arakel was presented with the miniature of his sovereign which he continued to wear till his death, and his son now wears it in honour of his family. Some of the more respectable Armenians are commonly invited to public balls and entertainments given in Calcutta where they invariably behave with all that decorum and correctness which a knowledge of mankind generally produces. A few priests of their persuasion are maintained by them, not only in affluence but in some degree of splendor. In their fondness for Show and elegance the Armenians approach nearer the English than any merchants here, they are however more guarded in their expense, for they are seldom seen displaying their equipage till they are fully able to defray its charge."

The foregoing extracts testify to the part taken by Armenians in developing the trade of Calcutta, and the position they held amongst the inhabitants of this city during the latter half of the 18th century, although the extraordinary privileges conferred on them by the Court of Directors of the E.I. Co. in the charters of June 22, 1688, can scarcely be considered as in full force at this period, a century later. These charters had been granted partly in recognition of the great services rendered by the Armenians to the English (for an account of which see Mesrobyb Seth's *History of Armenians in India*), when they were first establishing themselves in Calcutta, and partly for the encouragement of trade.

"And whereas the said Armenians use to drive a great trade from India to Turkey overland, by way of Persia and Arabia, and are now desirous to drive that whole trade by the way of England, it is hereby agreed and declared that the said Armenians have liberty to send upon any of the Company's ships for England any sorts of goods of East India, consigning them to the Company by true invoices and bills of lading and not otherwise, paying ten per cent commission on the value of the said goods in London, besides the same freight as we ourselves pay." The Charters even went so far as to say "That we will not continue any Governor in our service that shall in any kind disturb or discountenance them in the full enjoyment of all the privileges hereby granted to them, neither shall they pay any other or greater duty in India than the Company's Factors, or any other Englishmen born, do, or ought to do."—In short, the charters provided that, in all respects, Armenians should be treated in the same way as Englishmen born.

Such favoured treatment, obviously, could hardly be expected always to continue unchallenged, and in the *Decisions of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Fort William in Bengal, from the date of the Charter of 1774 to 1841*, with notes by T. C. Morton, 1854 (2nd ed.), there will be found the following, taken from Bolt's *Considerations on Indian Affairs*.

"With reference to the above documents (the charters) the following remarks were addressed by the Company's solicitor Mr. Nuthall, to his employers, in May 1772; when the position of the Armenians in the Company's territories was the subject of debate in the House of Commons.

"1st. It is no treaty, or contract, the Armenians are not parties to it consequently are not bound by it. It is nothing more than a set of orders or regulations issued by the old East India Company for the purpose of encouraging the Armenians to employ the Company's ships in trade under particular duties and freight therein specified.

"2ndly. It does not appear from any of the India Company's records, that the Armenians ever acted under this grant, or ever claimed the privileges or immunities therein mentioned, from 1688 to this time: or ever consigned to the Company their goods from India to the Turkey trade, or otherwise, as was the plain intention of the instrument.

"3rdly. But admitting this to be an agreement binding on the old Company, and that there is evidence of its being put in execution, can it be insisted upon, that after the surrender of the old Company's charter and all their powers, the present East India Company, who derive their rights under a different charter, is concluded by it, or bound to perform, or acquiesce in it? It might as well be urged that the bye-laws and resolutions of the old Company were binding on the new Company; there is no act of Parliament, or Charter, that warrants any such position."—Mr. Sayer, the Standing Counsel

of the Company, subscribed to Mr. Nuthall's remarks, and said of them "that they effectually put an end to all pretended treaties with the Armenians in the year 1688."

These opinions on trading according to the Charters, pronounced in England, do not seem however to have affected the position of Armenians in Calcutta as British subjects. Mr. Justice Chambers, in his notes (Aug. 21, 1788) upon a case regarding the estate of an Armenian dying out of Calcutta, says "..... yet, it seems reasonable to give so much latitude of construction to the words British subjects dying within the provinces, as to include a class of Christians who are strangers and foreigners here, and who consider themselves, whether they live in the town of Calcutta or out of it, as residing under the protection of the British Government, and not of the Subahdar..... A further argument in favour of this practice may be drawn from a deed poll under the Company's seal (a) executed in London A.D. 1688, by which Armenians are permitted to live in any of the Company's towns, and to sell and purchase houses and land and to be capable of all civil offices, as if they were Englishmen born."

In one respect they were far more favourably situated than Englishmen born, for their country was nearer, Armenian women travelled to India, and they were able to marry women of their own race and religion, which was not the case with many Englishmen in India, either then, or at a later period. What appears to be the oldest tombstone of an Armenian in India is that of a woman, the wife of a priest, at Surat,* where Armenians first formed a permanent settlement. Thence they went to Akbar's Court, and the first Jesuits who visited Agra found Armenians there, at Futtehpore Sikri, in 1579, the date of this inscription. The Jesuits also, in 1600, got possession of the books of an Armenian bishop who was travelling towards Lahore. Rev. Father H. Hosten, S.J., says† that the Jesuits do not mention churches or chapels at Surat, but that their silence on this point would mean little, for Surat at that date was under Akbar, and not in the hands of the Portuguese.

* In this tomb lieth buried the body of the noble lady, who was named Marinas, the wife of the priest Woskan. She was a crown to her husband according to the proverbs of Solomon. According to our Armenian date of one thousand and twenty-eight, on the fifteenth day of November at the first hour of Friday, at the age of 53, she was taken up to the Lord of Life, a soul-afflicting cause of sorrow to her faithful husband.

Ye who see this tomb, pray to the Lord to grant mercy.

Ի տապանի աստ ամիսի յարմին տիկնսջն Տերուհի.

Ու Մարինաս վերականգն. գու կողակից Տեր Սեպանի.

Եր սա պսակ իւր կենակցի. ըստ առական յողորմանի

Իսկ մեր Հայոցս տուժարի. հազար քսանը ութ ամի.

Տանն և հինգ նոյեմբերի. ի յլլբբաթի նախկին ժամի.

53 ամաց լինի. առ Տեր կենցաղս յերաւուի.

Տիրապա(տ)ճառ հոգ վշտալի. առ կենական հաւատքի.

Որք հանդիպիք սոյն տապանի. առ Տեր հայցմամբ տուք ողորմի.

* See p. 15.

† In a letter written to me on the subject of this inscription. The inscription is in rhyme, like many of the old ones, and the date being in words, and not in figures, it is difficult to find a mistake in it. One letter in the word "Cause of sorrow" was omitted, or defaced, and is inserted in brackets.

ARMENIAN CHRONOLOGY.

The Armenians have three chronologies, eras, or calendars.

1. The ERA OF HAIK, the progenitor of the Armenian nation, son of Togarmah, and great grandson of Noah, or of Japhet, who, after the destruction of the Tower of Babel and the dispersion of the races of mankind, went to the land of Ararat and there repelled the invasion of Belus and killed him in the year 2492 B.C. This date agrees with the date given by the minute calculations of Julius Africanus and Eusebius for the death of Belus. Each year of the Haikian era consists of 12 months of 30 days each, and an additional 5 days at the end of the year, and the year commences on the 29th July, O.S., 11th August, N.S., which is, since 1900, 12th August. This is the date, one month before the autumnal equinox, observed by the Egyptians, the only race that rivals the Armenian on the point of antiquity, for the feast of the marriage of the waters of the Nile. In pagan times Armenians on this day commemorated the Deluge, by aspersions and by the letting loose of pigeons, and in Christian times the fathers of the Church fixed the Transfiguration of Our Lord for the 16th of August, 5 days after the new year, on the same day that the pagans consecrated to their goddess Venus (*Asthghik*), Ishtar, Astarte. One period or cycle of the Haikian Era lasted 1460 years, and as the era began in 2492 B.C. with the formation of the Armenian nation, so did the last year of the second period, 428 A.D., see the end of the autonomy of Armenia and the absorption of their country by neighbouring States.

2. The Armenian GREAT ERA, fixed by the Catholicos Moses II., began in the year 552 A.D., July 29, the months and days being the same as in the Haikian Era. This is the "Armenian date" mentioned in the Surat inscription, one thousand and twenty-eight, which by the addition of 551 years gives the year 1579 A.D.

3. The LITTLE ERA of the Varthapiet (monk) Azariah, by order of the Catholicos Melchisedek began in the year 1615 according to the Julian Calendar, with this difference, that the new year begins on March 22, O.S. The names of the twelve months, of 30 days each, and one additional period of 5-6 days at the end of the year, differ entirely from the names of the Haikian calendar. The Azariah date is used only by the Armenians of Julfa, in memory of the date of their deportation by Shah Abbas from their native land of Haiastan (Armenia) into Persia.

Nearly all the old graves in the Calcutta and in other cemeteries in India bear the Azariah date.

The next oldest inscription from Surat is dated 110 years later than 1579. Probably the stones in between these dates have disappeared, or are inaccessible. In Father H. Hosten's publication, *Mirza Zu-l-Qarnain, a Christian Grandee of the Three Great Mogols*, he mentions an Armenian inscription at Agra, worked into an arch and forming a window-sill, where no one would suspect its existence.

To return to Morton's *Decisions*, on p. 242 we find:—

"What is the nature of property in land and how transmissible in the province of Bengal.

"It is proposed here to inquire as to the law of land in that part of the territories of the Fort William Government which is subject to the Courts of the East India Company.

"Emin vs. Emin is the earliest known authority as to what is the general law recognised by H. M. Court to govern the descent of land in the provinces or the mofussil. In that case a bill was filed (April 1815) by the widow of an Armenian against the infant heir at law, being the eldest of two sons of her deceased husband, praying an assignment of dower. The husband, Joseph Emin, is described in the evidence to have been "a native of Ispahan in Persia and a Christian of the Armenian Church." The lands out of which dower was claimed and of and which the husband is alleged to have been "seised and possessed of an estate of inheritance in fee simple to him and his heirs for ever," were, buildings and ground in Old China Bazar and in Mullungah in Calcutta, covering about five biggahs of land, also a small house and premises, being ten cottahs in "Mouza Entally near the town of Calcutta." The usual infant's answer was put in for the heir (the other son was not a party) and the cause was heard on the 10th July, 1815, when the widow was decreed entitled to dower "in the messuages lands and tenements whereof the said Joseph Emin was . . . seised as of an estate of inheritance and in fee simple" The Commissioner assigned parcel of the property in Old China Bazar "as and for her dower;" His return was confirmed: and the Court passed a final decree on the 21st November 1816, directing, int. al., that the complainant be let into possession of the premises . . . "as and in full satisfaction of and for the dower of the said complainant in and out of the freehold messuages lands and tenements whereof the said Joseph Emin was in his life time seised." Now, inasmuch as the dower was claimed and decreed out of the whole estate, and a small part lay just beyond the Mahratta ditch . . . this decree is a holding of the Court, in 1815 and 1816, that land of an Armenian in the mofussil in which he has an absolute interest, is fee simple and descendible according to English law . . ."

The deceased, Joseph Emin, referred to in the above extract as a "native of Ispahan" in Persia, was Emin's second son, born in Julfa, who died and was buried at Bhagalpore, in July, 1814, leaving two sons. On 26th March, 1811, he was "granted a pottah for 15 Cottahs and 8 Chittacks of Ground in Bazar Calcutta which formerly belonged unto Khojah Selman Beshy." These premises are now No. 23 Canning St.

It does not appear that Emin's father Hovsep, who died in 1777, while his son was absent in Julfa, succeeded in acquiring and bequeathing to his son any of the wealth accumulated at that time by so many of his compatriots in Calcutta. Emin's application for his arrears of pay shows him to have been in somewhat straitened circumstances, with "a Wife and 4 Childrens" to support. Later on he may perhaps have entered on some kind of business, for in 1791 he is assuring Mrs. Montagu that he is "not an Abject but thank God indipendent," and this in spite of his having been "made invalid," on ninety-one rupees a month.

The name of Emin, however, seems to have been familiar in circles other than mercantile about the period of Emin's first return to Calcutta. Having

read in *Bengal Past and Present*, vol. iv., p. 498, of the curious entry in the marriage registers of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Moorgheehatta (close to the Armenian Church), in 1772, of the name of Maria Hammond as Maria Emin, I went to see the original record, and the Christian Brother in charge kindly allowed me to copy it out.

14 de Fevr 1772 Casousa Charles Seally n^{al} de Iglatterra con Maria Emin natural de Colcata nesta Igra de Sna de Rosr foraó tes temonhas Bernardo Pinto e Bete^{vy} Emen.

FR JOAO DE S. NICOLAO.

Vigro.

This marriage also took place on the same day at St. John's Church. Mrs. Sealy, married as "Maria Emin natural de Colcata," was no other than Maria Hammond, the future great-grandmother of a Viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook, through her daughter Mary Ursula, who was married at St. John's Church, Calcutta, to Thomas Baring, B.C.S., afterwards created Baronet. A month previous, on Jan. 14, the same vicar had married Maria Hammond's sister Ann to Captain Showers, and had spelt her surname quite correctly in the register (see *Bengal Past and Present*). The identity of "Maria Emin's" second witness, "Bete^{vy} Emen"—with an *e* this time—is a mystery.

RECORDS OF EMIN'S FAMILY IN CALCUTTA.

Emin's letters to Mrs. Montagu in 1785, '89, and '91, show that he was then living in Calcutta with his eldest boy, Arshak, and that his wife and other children were still in Julfa. He has told us nothing about his marriage except that he married to save his life from the plots laid against him by the ecclesiastics, and he does not even mention the name of his wife. The marriage was probably arranged for him—and perhaps he had not forgotten the little princess Marian at Astrakhan, for his silence on the subject is a contrast to all that he has had to say about the members of the "Fairsex," English, Circassian, Georgian, and others, that he met in the course of his travels. His wife was the daughter of Aga David, a man of some position in Julfa, who sent her out to Calcutta to join her husband, but at what date is not known. Her name was Thangoom-khatoon. *Thangoom* is the Armenian for something dear, or precious, and *khatoon* is a word common to most languages in those regions, meaning lady. Her tomb in Julfa shows her to have died in 1843 at the age of 95, so that she must have been about 28 at the time of her marriage. Her two sons were named Arshak and Joseph, and one daughter was called Ismeen, the other, possibly, Bégoom. The eldest son, Arshak, cannot be traced after the letter of 1791, nor do the Calcutta church registers offer any clue as to what became of him. His grave is not in the Calcutta churchyard, where his father, grandfather, great-grandmother, and his father's uncles lie buried, nor is it in Julfa. Inquiries made at Chinsurah, Saidabad, Dacca, Madras, and Bombay, in all of which places there are Armenian churches and burying-grounds, have proved fruitless. He may, however have been buried at Saidabad, for the stones there are not in

good preservation. Had his death occurred in India later than 1793 a record might have been found in the Calcutta registers. At one time there were three wardens of the Calcutta church, a dispute arose between the three, one of them took away the records to his house, and nothing previous to 1793 has survived this most unfortunate proceeding.

Successive road repairs, carried out after the manner of road repairs in Calcutta, have raised the level of the street outside the west entrance to the churchyard to a height of nearly two feet above the enclosure, which has necessitated the placing of wooden steps inside the door of the west porch of the churchyard, and also of a footway to the west door of the church, to enable people to enter dryshod, as this portion of the yard, being so much lower than the street outside, is often flooded to a depth of several inches during heavy showers of rain. The churchyard is full of graves, and in fact is practically paved with flat tombstones, with scarcely any space between, and as the steps and footway, although easily movable, are nearly always in position, several stones are concealed from view. In the search made for the grave of Arshak, Emin's eldest son, these constructions were removed for inspection of the stones underneath, and in the porch were disclosed five stones of the Emin family, lying side by side, the first line of graves at the entrance. Next to the northern wall of the porch lies David, Emin's favourite uncle, "My ruler David" (see his letter to his father, p. 104). The inscription on his grave (translated from the Armenian) is as follows,

This is the tomb of David the son of Michael Emin of Hamadan who departed this life on the 6th of March 1763.

The next stone has the following,

This is the tomb of Mirzabek the son of Michael Emin of Hamadan June 23 1769.

Next comes that of Emin's grandmother.

This is the tomb of Ripsima the wife of Michael of Hamadan August 24th 1769.

Next to this grave is one without any inscription. In former years many pious Armenians desired, from feelings of humility, that no inscriptions should be placed over their resting-places, and also that they should be interred at the entrances to cemeteries, and in places which were passages, or thoroughfares through the grave-yards, so that people should continually pass over and tread on their graves. From the position of this nameless grave, next to that of his wife Ripsima, and from what Emin has related of his grandfather's piety and resignation, it is more than likely that this grave is that of old Michael Emin himself.

The fifth grave has the following inscription.

This is the tomb of Malachia the son of Michael of Hamadan who died in the Lord on February 8 1799 in Calcutta.

The first record of the family in the church register is the death of Malachia. All these stones are very small and of a dark slate colour. No coffins were used. "Dust to dust."

The next record in the register is the death of Moses, 1804. He lies next to Malachia under a large white marble tombstone, one of the few elaborately cut stones in the yard, with a Greek key border, and, at the upper end, two medallions enclosing verses from the Psalms, as follows. There are no other stones with medallions in the churchyard.

I am as a man that hath
no strength, free among
the dead.

Ps. lxxxviii. 4.*

My days are like a shadow,
that declineth and I am
withered like grass.

Ps. cii. 11.*

Into the womb of our mother earth was placed the body of the pious man Moses by name who was the son of Joseph a native of Hamadan of the family of Emin. He lived a modest life until his good end at the age of forty-five years. He was born in India in the large city of Calcutta. O readers of this epitaph, mention his name whole-heartedly. He was summoned on the 3rd of June in the year of our Lord 1804.

The age of forty-five years, according to the Armenian way of reckoning ages, would mean that he died in his forty-fifth year, so that he was born in 1760, and the discovery of this grave was the first indication of the existence of a step-brother to Emin, proved, later on, by the letter, when it reached me, which he had written to Mrs. Montagu in 1785, in which he mentions his brother. When he returned to Calcutta to his "worn-away father," after an absence of 20 years, in the cold season of 1770-'71, he complained of the cool reception he had from him (see p. 429), which may have been partly due to the presence in the old man's home of this child of his old age. Emin was no longer an only son.

After the entry of Moses's death in the register, the clerk has casually inserted, "And on the same day there died an ordinary priest (*hasarak kahana*)."[†] An "ordinary" priest was the term used formerly to denote a visiting priest, that is, one not regularly appointed to officiate at the church in question. But in this case, the poor priest seems to have been so "ordinary," that the clerk did not so much as put himself to the trouble of recording his name!

The earliest death in Calcutta in the Emin family was that of Emin's step-mother, who is buried just outside the north-west corner of the church, under a very narrow stone, five feet one inch by one foot one inch, inscribed,

This is our eternal home, according to the Word of the Lord.

Here abides Theghki, the wife of Aga Joseph of the family of Emin, who came from Hamadan. She departed this life on the first of September 1758.[†]

Joseph lies next his second wife. Of the mother of his son Moses there is no record. His stone is very long as compared to the others, six feet five inches by two feet.

* Armenian version.

[†] Այս է տուն յառ իտենից տեառն բանի. աստ բնակի ամուսին աղա Յովսէփի որ է Էմինեանց յեղեն սերեալ էին բնիկ Համադանցի, թեկզի անուն սորա կռչի, աստի կենաց Վճարի, թիւ 143 նա. դար ամուսն հանդի :

This is the tomb of Aga Joseph the son of Michael Emin of Hamadan. He departed into the upper world on September 9, 1777.*

The fact of no coffins being used for any of these burials accounts for the extreme narrowness of all the old stones. The earliest record of a coffin being used in this churchyard is for the burial of Dishkhood, wife of Lazar Agabeg, February, 1832, the name of the undertakers being Simpson & Co.

Two tiny baby graves, lying side by side south of the church, are inscribed as follows:—

This is the tomb of Michael the son of Melikseth Emin of Hamadan who died in childhood in 1775 in the month of Nirhan (March).

This is the tomb of Hosanna, the daughter of Melikseth Emin of Hamadan who died in childhood in 1777 in the month of Shams (April).

The exact ages of children are never given, either in the registers or in the calendars, the same wording is used for all, *i mangakan hasaki*,†—literally, in the state, or age, of childhood.

The grave of Melchisedek, Melchised, or Melikseth, the father of these children, is the only one missing from the graves of the five sons of Michael Emin who came to India, the second son, Moses, having been murdered at Tabriz (p. 14). Another son of Melchisedek was buried at a much later date in Chinsurah:—

This is the tomb of Johannes the son of Melchised of the family of Emin of Hamadan who was nicknamed Marisentz. He died in the year 1808 at Chinsurah.

When Thangoom-khatoon came to Calcutta to join her husband, she must have brought her second son, Joseph, with her, for in the Church register there is the following entry.

August 4, 1806. Joseph, the son of Aga Emin, married Méline, the daughter of Simeon Stephen Baraghamian. The officiating priest was the Reverend Joseph Stephen. The best-man was Mr. Jacob Voskan.

The Armenian word rendered "best man," for want of a better word, actually signifies *cross-brother*, and the person performing this office takes part in the ceremony by holding a cross over the bridal couple during the greater part of the marriage service.

The next entries:—

1807. September 6.

God bestowed a male child on Mr. Joseph Emin.

1807. On September 21, was baptised and named little Joseph Emin; the god-father being Mr. Jacob of Hamadan.

* Այս է տապան Համադանցի Էմինեանց Միքայէլ որդի Յովսէփային որ փոխեցաւ աշխարհ լերին թէ ին 1777 տեպտեմբերի 9 ին նադար 23 :

† Ի Մանկական հասակի :

Mr. Jacob no doubt was Mr. Jacob Voskan. The duties of the best man do not end with the marriage, for he is expected to stand god-father to all the children of the couple at whose wedding he officiates.

Emin, born in 1726, had now attained the age of eighty-one years, and had witnessed the marriage of his son and the birth of a grandson.

The next entry is that of his own death, two years later.

1809. On August 2 rested (died, or, went to rest) Emin Joseph, who was buried in the churchyard by all the resident clergy.

He lies at the foot of his father's grave, and on his white marble tombstone with Greek key border, resembling that of his step-brother Moses, there is a design of cannon and drums, and below this is inscribed :—

This is the tomb of Aga Emin, the son of Joseph Emin of Hamadan who departed to the upper world on the 2nd of August 1809.*

On the 20th of August of the same year, 1809, the old register again piously remarks :—

God bestowed a male child on Aga Joseph Emin.

This son was baptised Michael, after Joseph's great-grandfather, old Michael Emin. Joseph did not long survive his father, dying out of Calcutta in July, 1814, at Bhagalpore, where he was buried in the old English cemetery.† In reply to inquiries kindly made by Archdeacon Firminger, the authorities in charge of the cemetery stated that there is now no stone there discoverable inscribed with the name of Emin. The stone, however, was in existence in the year 1868, as the late Mr. Thomas Malcolm, who was warden of the Armenian Church in Calcutta for twenty years, was requested in that year, the first of his wardenship, by Joseph Emin's eldest son‡ to arrange for a priest to accompany him to Bhagalpore to say the usual prayers for the departed, and to bless the grave of his father, a duty which apparently he was in the habit of fulfilling every year. As he died himself in Calcutta on Dec. 30 of that year (1868), the stone must have broken up through neglect after his death, since it has now disappeared. Therefore, neither of the graves of Emin's two sons, Arshak and Joseph, can now be traced.

Emin's daughter Ismeen was married in Julfa to one Hovsep Hohaunes. One of her sons, Mackertich, was sent out to the care of his grandmother, Thangoom-khatoon, at the age of ten years, in 1825. He was a pupil of the Armenian Philanthropic Academy in Calcutta till the year 1829, when he left Calcutta in a Swedish vessel for Stockholm (a voyage of eight months), whence he travelled to Moscow, and entered the Armenian Lazareff, or Lazarian, Institute in that city. He spent his life in Russia, married a Russian, and had one son who predeceased him. He was principal of the Lazarian Institute for

* Այս է տապան Համադանցի Եմինեանց Յոսէփի որդի Եմին Ազպին որ փոխեցաւ աշխարհ վերին թիւն 1809 Օգոստ 2.

† This is mentioned in the register of the Armenian Church at Calcutta.

‡ My grandfather.

twenty years, 1840—1860, when he resigned his post. He lectured in the Institute there later on, for several years, and he died in Moscow in 1890. He published many translations of Armenian historical works in Russian, five works on Armenian archaeology in Russian, five works on literature (Armenian), five works on mythology, in Russian, and ten historical works in Russian. At his jubilee as a professor nearly every continental university in Europe sent him congratulations. The "Life of Mackertich Hovsepian Emin," by one of his pupils, remarks on the fact that he could never be induced to speak of his family, and thence draws the inference that they had at one time been in very good circumstances, but had afterwards become very poor. Ismeen's husband, Hovsep Hohannes, had followed the profession of a glazier, that is to say, he was a worker in a kind of glass mosaic, made of very small pieces of coloured glass set in various elaborate designs, and used for the ornamentation of large doors in the houses of wealthy people. The author of the "Life of Mackertich Hovsepian Emin" also states that Mackertich in his boyhood had, naturally, been known by his father's name of Hovsep Hohannes, but, after having visited Calcutta, had adopted the name of Emin out of compliment to his relatives in that city, who had befriended and educated him. Be that as it may, it cannot be the reason for the action of the descendants of Hovsep Hohannes by his wife Ismeen Emin, in discarding their rightful patronymic, and appropriating instead the maiden name of their ancestress, an unheard-of proceeding amongst Armenians. An Armenian is invariably known by his own and his father's baptismal names, and, as a family or surname, he takes that of his paternal grandfather, or of some other ancestor, but always on the paternal, and never on the maternal side. The only surviving Emins, the only descendants of the author of this book who can rightfully be called by that name, are his great-great-grandchildren through Michael (b. 1809, d. 1846), the second son of his second son Joseph (b. 1781, d. 1814), by Mérine, daughter of Simon Stephen Baraghamian, who died in 1830 at the age of 40, and lies buried between the outer pillars of the porch of the Armenian Church in Calcutta. The two sons of his eldest grandson died young, as did his own eldest son Arshak.

Thangoom-khatoon, who seems to have been a very vigorous old lady, returned to Julfa to her daughter Ismeen, probably after Ismeen's son left for Russia, as the author of Mackertich Emin's *Life* relates how lonely and disconsolate his grandmother was after his departure, ignoring the fact that Thangoom-khatoon had two other grandsons in Calcutta, the eldest of whom had married in 1827, and that in 1829 she had become a great-grandmother. The old register says,

1827. October 18. Mr. Emin Joseph Emin was married to Miss Mary Sarkies Owen.*

1829. January 30. Mrs. Mary Emin Joseph Eminian gave birth to a son who was named Joseph.†

* 1827. Թիբայ 20. Պարոն Էմին Յովսէփ Էմինեան ամուսնացաւ ը. օրերդ Մարիամ Սարկիս Յովսէփ :

† 1829. Զանեբ 30. Տէգին Մարիամ Էմին Յովսէփ Էմինեան ծնաւ որդի անունն Կոչեցին Յովսէփ :

Thangoom-khatoon's second grandson married in 1830.

1830. November 27. Mr. Michael Joseph Emin was married to Miss Catherine Elaz Avdalian.*

RECORDS IN JULFA.

Ismeen's husband died in 1823. On his tombstone in Julfa his name is preceded by the word *Mah-thiesi*—i.e., one, or the man, who has seen the Death. It is a term applied to those who go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and see the Tomb, or the Death, of Christ. The inscription reads as follows.

Mah-thiesi Hovsep Hohannes died at Bagdad on Nakha 12 (July) 1823.†

His body was evidently brought from Bagdad to Julfa for burial. Next to him lies his wife.

This is the tomb of Ismeen daughter of Aga Emin and wife of Mah-thiesi Hovsep. Thira 7 (Oct. 5) in the year 1831.‡

And on the grave of Thangoom-khatoon herself is the following:—

This is the tomb of Thangoom-khatoon the wife of the late Aga Emin who died (rested) in the Lord at the age of 95 years on the 14th September 1843.§

Of Emin's other daughter there is no record.

TOMBS OF WELL-KNOWN CALCUTTA MERCHANTS.

On the old tombstones in Calcutta we generally find lengthy and ornate inscriptions to the husbands, and short and simple ones to the wives, and the name of the wife's family is very rarely given. Sometimes the husband lies under a pure white marble stone with a border, and the wife next to him under a plain black marble slab. The stones of Catchick Arakiel|| and

* 1830. Վաճառ 30. Պարոն Միքայէլ Յովսէփի Էմինն ամուսնացաւ ընդ օրիորդ Կատարինայ, Էլազ Աւադալեանին :

† Մհի. Յովսէփի Յոհաննէսն վաղճանեցաւ Ի Բաղդ. Ի Թիւին 1823 Նիս 12.

‡ Այս է Տապան Էմին Ազայի դուստր Էւ Մահի. Յովսէփի կողակից Իմինն Ի Թիւն 1831 Թիւր 7.

§ Այս է Տապան հանգուցեալ Ազայ Էմինի կողակից Թանգում խաթունին որ հանգեաւ Ի հասակի 95 ամաց Ի Տէր Թիւն 1843 Ի 14. Սեպտեմբեր :

|| See p. 504.

of his son, who were buried inside the Calcutta Church, are both pure white, but the wife and mother has a black slab between the two white ones. Catchick Arakiel's inscription is a simple one, as follows:—

This is the tomb of Paron (Mr.) Catchick, the son of Arakiel of the family of Gentloom. He was aged 48. He rested in the Lord in the year 1790, in Calcutta, corresponding with 175 of the era of Azariah, Nakha (July) 26.

Below the inscription is a horseman with a spear in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. On his wife's stone it is stated that she was of the family of Tharkan. On the wall near these graves there is a tablet to Catchick Arakiel, erected by a "grateful community," in commemoration of his building the clergy-house, enclosing the churchyard with a wall, and presenting the church with a clock, which still keeps very good time. It arrived from England in 1793, after the death of the donor, and the name of the maker is Alexander Hare. Moses Catchick Arakiel, the son, in an application to Government for help in his old age, when he was in very reduced circumstances, states that his mother (daughter of Satoor Tharkanentz) was the granddaughter of Phanos Kalanthar. (See Mesroby Seth's *History of the Armenians in India*, and Bolts' *Considerations on Indian Affairs*, 1772.)

Another well-known merchant was Sarkies Ter Johannes, one of the signatories to the Address to the Judges, p. 507, who is buried on the north side of the churchyard, together with several members of his family, including his brother, a priest of the church belonging to the Mooradian family in Julfa. This church is now in ruins. It is unusual for a priest to bear the same name as his father, but it is distinctly stated on his tomb that he was Ter Johannes, son of Ter Johannes. His age is not given, nor is that of his wife. The old inscriptions often, in fact, nearly always, omitted giving these important particulars. He was not, apparently, officiating at the Calcutta church. Sarkies Ter Johannes's inscription is elaborate and in metre, almost as ornate as Pietros Arathoon's.

The cruel bitter wind of death has blown out the light of the Armenian nation, the Armenian leader (chief) Aga Sarkies, the son of Ter Johannes. The sword of death has cut down and destroyed the crown of the Armenian community. He was an eloquent and honest man. His manners were amiable to all. Like Tobit he was charitable to the homeless and distributed money bountifully. At the age of 73 years he was put in this dark narrow cell. Now, O ye people, follow this suitable advice! Put not your trust in vain in life which is pleasant but unreal, but follow after good meditations and lay up incorruptible treasure. The date of this man's departing to the Creator of all was the year one thousand eight hundred and twelve on the eighteenth day of the month of Ghamar (July—August).

His wife shared in the esteem in which her husband was held, as her inscription is also in metre, though not so lengthy or elaborate; she was "pious in her life, a faithful wife, a tender mother, charitable to her neighbours, and an example of Christian morality."

Johannes Sarkies, son of Sarkies Ter Johannes, married the daughter of Catchick Arakiel. Her tombstone has the following inscription:—

The tomb of

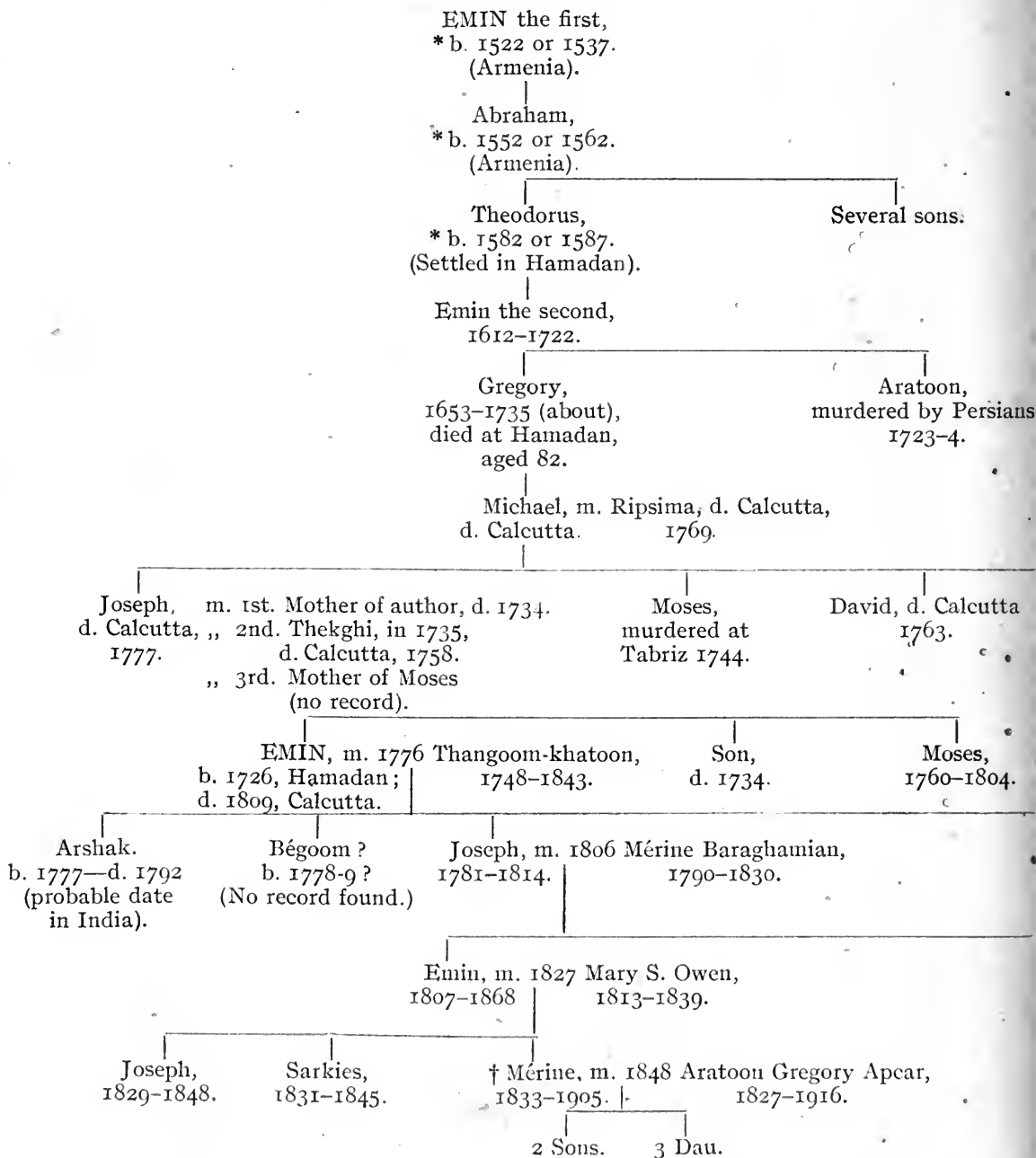
The pious lady Elizabeth Johannes Sarkies, daughter of the late Aga Cat-chick Arakiel and wife of the late Aga Johannes Sarkies, who departed this life full of years and honour at Calcutta on the 7th of May in the year 1857 at the age of 75.

L'ENVOI.

WITH the genealogical tables here appended I bring this record of my ancestor to a close, in the hope—although “there is no reasoning on tastes” in 1918 any more than there was in 1788—that it may be found to be of interest by readers in the twentieth century, as it has been in the eighteenth, by so eminent and distinguished a man as Sir William Jones. It is the record of a man whose one thought in life was the freedom of his country, and it seems strangely befitting that, in bringing it to the light again, I should lay down my pen in the very month that sees the dawning of liberty to the people for whom he was ready to sacrifice everything. May they prove themselves worthy to gain, and to retain, that liberty!

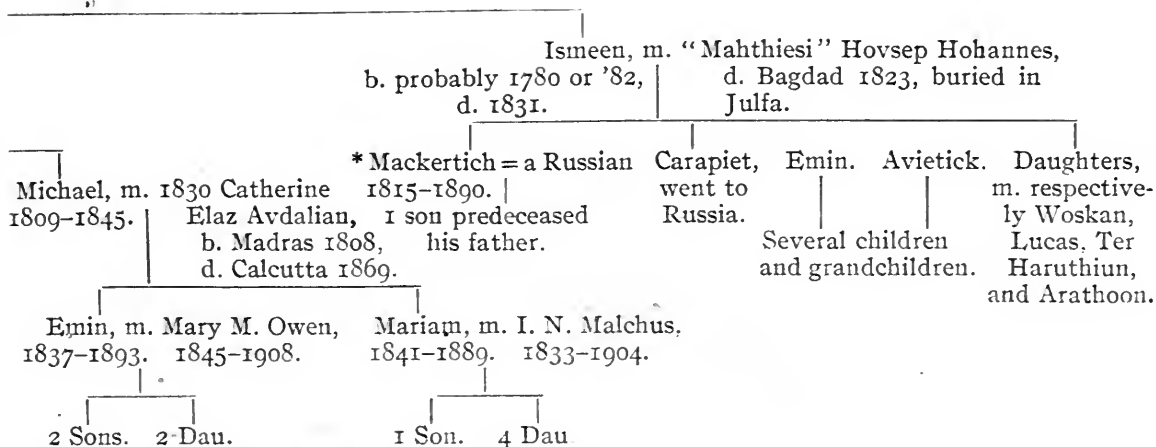
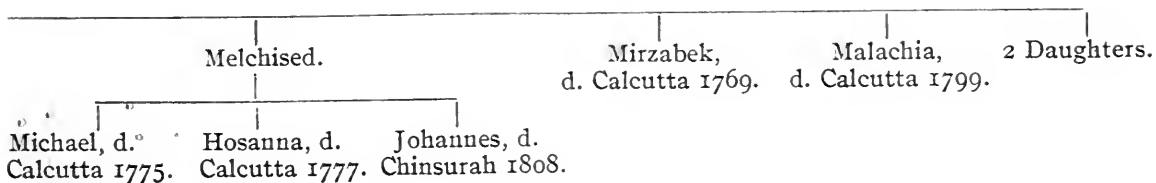
GENEALOGICAL TABLES.

TABLE I.



* Approximate dates, allowing 30 or 25 years to the generation. There may have been more than one centenarian, as in the climates of Armenia and Persia great longevity is very common.

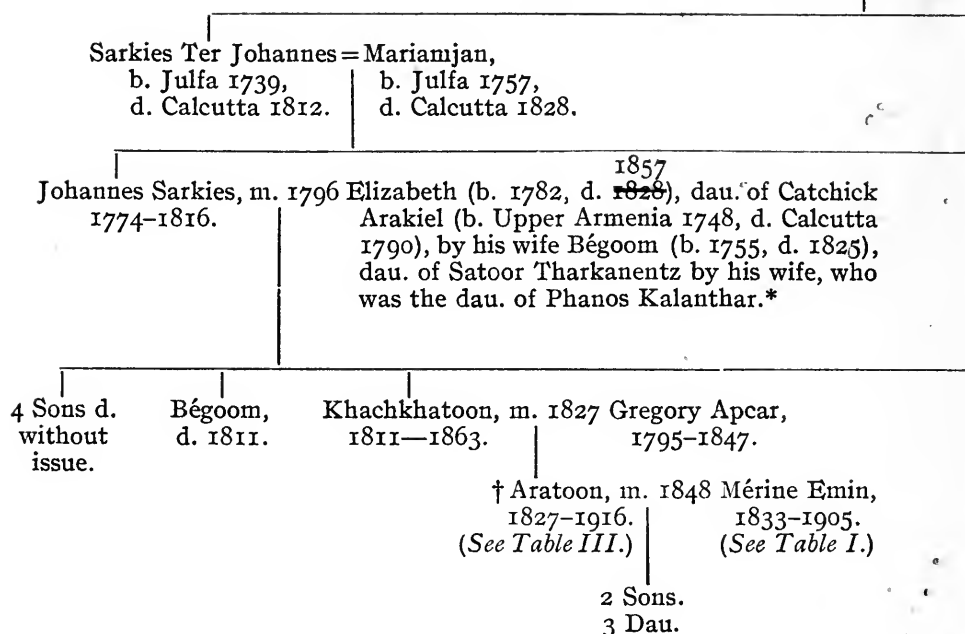
† My mother.



* This list of Ismeen's descendants was sent from Julfa. It may, or may not, be quite correct as regards the names of her sons and the order in which they are placed. The dates of Mackertich I have supplied, from his published Life and my own knowledge, as he was in correspondence with my mother towards the end of his life. But I do not think that he, born in 1815, could have been the eldest child of his mother Ismeen, as he is apparently stated to be in the Julfa list. She was probably married at the age of fourteen or fifteen.

TABLE II.

Ter Johannes
b. Julfa, probable
date 1714.



* Phanos (Stephanos) Kalanther was the representative of the Armenians with whom the Deputy-Governor Sir Josiah Child, Sir John Chardin, and others, entered into the agreement which resulted in the granting to the Armenian merchants of the charters of 1688 by the E.I. Co. His nephew, Israel Sarhaud, was heard of first in 1687, when he was sent to the camp of Zaberda Khan, the Mogol General, by the English with their agents, when they were first settling in Calcutta, and they acquired in 1698 the right of renting three villages, Calcutta, Sutanati, and Govindpore, from Azimu-sh-Shan through the influence of Sarhaud. In 1715 Sarhaud again accompanied the deputation sent to the court of the Emperor Furrokh Siyar. He was very friendly with the Emperor, and was chosen to accompany the factors of the E.I. Co., John Surman and Edward Stephenson, on account of this friendship and his knowledge of the language. The result of this was the granting of a Firman to the E.I. Co. Sarhaud is spoken of in Bolts' *Considerations on Indian Affairs* (1772) as a "very considerable Armenian merchant." For an account of Sarhaud's services to the E.I. Co. see Bolts and the extracts from papers at the India Office in Mesrobian Seth's *History of the Armenians in India*.

† Father of editress of this book.

Ter Johannes, = Thekghi,
 b. Julfa, b. Julfa,
 d. Calcutta 1786. d. Calcutta 1796.

Carapiet = Nazloom (who married second-ly in 1822 David Feridone Beglarian). 3 Sons, no issue. Ripsima, d. 1784. Other daughters.

4 Sons.
 4 Dau.

Sarah, m. 1st. in 1831 Manuk Malcolm Manuk, and secondly, Seth Apar. Other daughters who left issue.

No issue.

TABLE III.

				Seth, b. Julfa 1714.* Aghazar, b. Julfa 1739.* Apcar, b. Julfa 1754.* 	
				Several sons.	
<hr/>					
Aratoon, † m. 1813 Catherine Thomas, b. Julfa 1779, d. Calcutta 1862.				b. 1800, d. Calcutta 1849.	
<hr/>					
Sandookth, 1814-1815.	Apcar = Anna Catchick, b. 1816, d. 1862.		Seth = Sarah Manuk, b. 1819, d. 188-.		Thomas = Matilda Manuk,* b. 1821, d. 1875.
	b. 1820, d. 1880.		b. 18—, d. 187-.		b. 1821, d. 1905.
	5 Sons. 2 Dau.		No issue.		2 Sons. 3 Dau.

* Approximate dates, calculating 25 years to the generation (the actual dates being unobtainable). These are probably correct, since the actual date of Sarkies Ter Johannes, from his stone in Calcutta, agrees with the corresponding generation of Aghazar, both being 1739.

† Founder, a century ago, of the firm of Apcar & Co., one of the oldest firms in Calcutta. Came to India a penniless boy, living in a hut in Calcutta and receiving his meals at the table of a kind friend named Alexander Melchisedek (who died in Calcutta in 1849, aged over 90 years), after whom he named his youngest son. Died the owner of ships and collieries. Never forgot the poverty and struggles of his youth, and in his old age would visit the spot on which formerly stood the hut which had sheltered him, there to offer up thanks for all the mercies vouchsafed to him by Providence.

Gregory, m. 1827 Khachkhatoon Sarkies,
 b. Julfa 1795, b. 1811,
 d. Calcutta 1847. d. 1863.
 (See Table II.)

Alexander, = Mary Agabeg, Aratoon,* m. 1848	Mérine Emin,*	Lazarus,	John,	3 Dau.
b. 1824, d. 1895.	b. 1831, d. 1893.	b. 1827, d. 1916.	b. 1833, d. 1905. (See Table I.)	1828—1845. b. 1831, d. young.
6 Sons.		2 Sons. 3 Dau.		

INDEX.

- ABBAS, Shah, 2, 4, 9, 11, 14, 58.
 Ahmad Pasha, 3.
 Albemarle, Lord, 72, 73; letter to, 87.
 Allah-ghouli-sultan, murder of, 344.
 Allah-verdi, murder of, 343.
 Ancram, Lord, 184.
 Anson, Lady, 64, 66, 78, 82, 114, 123, 131, 133, 161.
 Arakel, Moses Catchick, 504.
 Arathoon, Pietros, 435-438.
 Armitage, Sir John, 93, 95.
 Arzuman, Thiuli, 347, 352, 353.
 Atham of Chrapiert'h, 291, 301-305, 347, 348.
 Avak, Varthapiet (Monk), 148, 346.
 Avankhan, Melik, 200, 339-341.

 BAILLIE, Lieut. Wm., 431, 482.
 Bangor, Bishop of, see Egerton, Hon. John.
 Barker, Sir Robert, 439.
 Barwell, Miss, 489.
 Bath, Earl of, 64, 67, 126, 145, 162.
 Beaumont, Mr., 426, 454.
 Begliarians, Meliks of Gulistan, 61, 334.
 " Apov, *Kagh*, 335.
 " " *Sev*, 61, 334.
 " " son of Yusup, 305, 352, 353.
 " Beglar, 335.
 " " the second, 351.
 " David, 358, 359.
 " Freytoun, 354, 356, 359.
 " Yusup, 291-307, 336.
 Bentinck, William, 89, 90.
 " Charles John, 89, 90.
 Black Hole of Calcutta, 107.
 Boulton, Henry Crabbe, 55.
 Bolingbroke, Earl of, 64, 66; gift of, 150.
 Boscawen, Mrs., 76, 86, 88, 92.
 Brooke, Robert, 448.
 Brown, Major James, 443. [193.
 Buckinghamshire, John, 2nd Earl of, 192.
 Burke, Edmund, 50-53, 78, 145; 394; letter of, 492.
 " William, 50, 502.

 CALCUTTA GAZETTE, Advertisement in, 489.

 Campbell, Sir Archibald, 430, 444.
 Cartier, Governor John, 431, 432.
 Cathcart, Lord, 66; 69; letter to, 90; reproduction of letter to, facing page 96; 102.
 Catherine, Duchess of Holstein, 177; Empress, 187, 191.
 Chamier, John, 472, 476.
 Chrapiert'h, province of, 333; Meliks of, 337.
 Church, Nazareth's Armenian, 504, 505.
 Clive, Lord, 18, 444, 492.
 Cox, Mr., 431.
 Conway, General, 77.
 Cumberland, Duke of, 7, 63, 69-71, 73-76, 82-86, 100, 102, 115.

 DAVIS, Mr., 47, 55, 60, 104, letter to, 129.
 Dorrel, Mr., resident of Basra, 6.
 Drake, Governor Roger, letters to, 99-102; 107.
 Draper, Daniel, 449.
 Dumaresque, Dr., 162, 173, 177.

 EGERTON, Lady A. Sophia, 64, 66, 89, 90, 131, 161; reproduction of letter of, facing p. 97.
 " Lt.-Col. Charles, 449.
 " Hon. John, 89.
 Eliot, General, 93, 95, 97.
 Elizabeth, Empress, 162, 173, 176, 202.
 Emin, Aratoon, murder of, 5.
 " Arshak, 467, 495, 496, 514.
 " David, 7, 13, 21, 22, 515.
 " the first, 2.
 " Gregory, 6.
 " Hovsep, or Joseph, son of Michael, 4, 5, 7, 16-22, 47; letters of, 21, 106, 446; Emin's letter to, 102; 513, 516, 517.
 " Ismeen, 518.
 " Joseph, son of Emin, 513, 517, 518.
 " Malachia, 7, 515.
 " Melchised, 7, 11, 517.
 " Michael, 3, 5, 6, 8, 11-14, 22, 515.
 " Mirzabek, 16, 515.
 " Moses, son of Michael, 7; murder of, 16, 68.
 " Moses, son of Hovsep, 491, 516.
 " Ripsima, 515.

Emin, the second, old champion, death of, 3.

Essex, man-o'-war, 96, 97.

Ptermiatsin, 148, 150-153.

Evelyn, family tree of, 44; grandsons of Sir John, 40, 41.

„ John, 40, 41.

„ Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 137, 138.

FERDINAND, Prince, of Brunswick-Wölfenbüttel, 98, 114, 121, 125.

Frederick, King of Prussia, 7, 115-121; description of 123, 124, 126; complexion of, 163; 203.

Floyer, Charles, 432.

GALITSIN, Prince, 162, 163, 188-191.

George II., 122, 126, 184.

Gohar Khanum, letter of Emin to, 251, 341.

Griffin, Admiral, 16.

Gulistan, province of, 334; Meliks of, 334.

HANWAY, Jonas, 162.

Hassan-Djalalians, Meliks of Khachin, 337.

Hastings, Warren, 429, 439, 443, 478, 479.

Hawke, Admiral, 77.

Heraclius, Prince of Georgia, letters to, 108-154, 205 onwards, 326, 385.

Hornby, William, Governor of Bombay, 449.

Howe, Commodore Lord, 93, 94, 95.

Huntingdon, Lord, 163-165.

„ Selina, Lady, 163.

IBRAHIM Khan, 310, 317-320, 349.

Impey, Sir Elijah, Address of Armenians to, 505; answer of, 507.

Israelians, Meliks of Chrapiert'h, 337.

JANIZARIES, 4, 147.

Johannes, Catholicos, of Gandsasar, 309-312, 320.

Johannes, Sarkies Ter, 507, 521.

Jones, Sir William, letter of, xxi.; xxiii., xxiv., 488, 491, 494-496.

Julfa, 11, 14, 456-467.

KARABAGH, description of, 307; map of, facing 360; Meliks of, 60; provinces of, 333.

Keith, Robert, 162, 172, 193.

Khachin, province of, 333; Meliks of, 337.

Kherim Khan, 209, 349, 456, 457.

Knudson, Col., 450.

Kyd, Major Robert, 438.

LA TOUCHE, William Digges, 425, 451.

Ligonier, Lord, 115.

Livius, George, 426, 454.

Lyttelton, George 1st Lord, 66; letters of, 123, 145; letters of Emin to, 98, 125, 131, 178.

„ Charles, Dean of Exeter, 132.

MACARTNEY, George Lord, 196.

Macpherson, Governor, 478, 479; Emin's applications to, 480, 482, 486.

Malet, Charles Warre, 473, 478.

Mann, Horace, 134.

Marian, princess, 201, 251; letter of, 260; letter of Emin to, 261.

Marlborough, Duke of, 64, 93-99, 121, 123, 126.

Matcham, George, 474, 475.

Mitchell, Sir Andrew, 115-122.

Mirza-khan, wife of, 312; treachery of, 343.

Monsey, Dr., 64, 65, 84, 97, 99, 126, 162, 492, 495; letters of Emin to, 77, 81, 130; letter to Mrs. Montagu, 145.

Montagu, Mrs., letters of, 85, 92, 126, 487; letters of Emin to, 70, 76, 82, 87, 114, 123, 137, 160, 167, 486, 490, 493.

Moore, Henry, 421, 449-455.

Mordaunt, Sir John, 77.

Murray, Peter, 482.

NADIR Shah, 5, 7, 8, 12-14.

Napier, General, 64, 69, 74.

Northumberland, Earl (Duke) of, 52, 57, 66, 102, 232; letters of, 434, 440; letters of Emin to, 58, 71.

PANAH KHAN, 313; rise of, 341; death of, 349.

Patronesses, Emin's, letter to, 178.

Payne, John, 100, 102, 501.

Pearse, Col., 450, 479, 483.

Peter the Great, 149, 176; 189-191; 201.

Peter III., 179, 182.

Pitt, Miss Mary, 127.

Pitt, William, letter of Emin to, 91, 92, 99, 127; letter to, 485.

RICHMOND, Duke of, 64, 66; aunt of, 90, gift of, 240.

Russell, Claud, 430, 432.

„ Dr. Patrick, letter of, 158; 496.

- SCHOOL, St. Anne's, 19.
 Scott, Mrs., letter of, 497.
 Secker, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, 65, 100, 162.
 Shahnazar, Melik, 314, 339, 343, 344, 349.
 Shaverdi Khan, 292-307; 348.
 Shipowners, Armenian, 17.
 Simon of Erivan, Catholicos, 118, 321.
 Sloane, Sir Hans, 43.
 Sloper, General, 479.
 Solomon, Prince of Georgia, 402.
 Stanhope, Mr. Charles, 64, 65, 72, 106.
 Stuart, Hon. Frederick, 429.
 Subscribers, Notes on, 498-503.
 Sultan Hossein, Shah, 3, 14.
 TAHMURAS, King of Georgia, 175, 347.
 Talbot, Miss, 64, 65, 162, 435.
 Thangoom-khatoon, wife of Emin, 457, 467, 481, 491, 514, 518-520.
 Thizak, province of, 333; Meliks of, 339; Iesai of, 350.
 Twistleton (Thistleton), 450, 451.
 VARRANDA, province of, 333; Meliks of, 338.
 Vorontsoff, Count, 173; letter to Heraclius, 180; 187-191.
 WALES, Prince of, 164, 165, 166.
 Walmoden, Count of, 127, 128.
 Williams, Lady Frances, letter of, 85.
 Worronzoff (see Vorontsoff).
 Wynch, Alexander, 444.
 YARMOUTH, Lady, 92, 126, 127, 163, 184.
 Yorke, Sir Joseph, 114, 115, 121, 123, 126.

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